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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Grand Rebellion;

CONTAINING,
The most Remarkable TRANSACTIONS
from the beginning of the Reign of King
CHARLES I. to the Happy Restoration,
TOGETHER

With the Impartial CHARACTERS of the most
Famous and Infamous Persons, for and against
the Monarchy. Digested into Verse.

Illustrated with about a Hundred Heads, of the
Worthy Royalists and other Principal Actors; drawn
from the Original Paintings of *Vandike, An. More,*
Dobson, Car. Johnson, and other Eminent Painters;
and Engrav'd by the best modern Artists; as appears
by their Names in the List annex'd to the First Volume.

Useful for all that have, or shall buy the *Lord Clarendon,*
or other Historians of those Times.

In Three Volumes.

Volume the Second, which ends with the Mur-
der of King *CHARLES* the First.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. MORPHEW near *Stationer's-Hall.*

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THE HISTORY

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THE
History of the Grand Rebellion.

VOL. II.

The most
Remarkable Transactions
Of the Thirteenth Year of the Reign of
King CHARLES the First,
Anno Dom. 1637.

A Diet being call'd, the King sent o'er
The Earl of *Arundel* Ambassador,
T'Imperial *Ferdinand* the Third, to treat
About restoring the *Palatinate* :
But the *Bavarian* Duke, who had possess'd
The Upper-Part, in all Degrees the best,
With the Elect'ral Dignity, would not
To any Terms or Overtures be brought ;
That whatsoe'er upon that Head was mov'd
By the King's Agent, ineffectual prov'd,
Tho' the young injur'd Prince, who had been thrown,
By's Brother, out of his Dominion,
Might have, on hard Conditions, been restor'd
To the Low'r-Part ; but th' interceding Lord
Reply'd, he'd no Instructions to agree
On less than the whole Principality ;

Could

A. D. 1637. Could therefore on no Terms conclude, that might
Diminish or impair th' Elector's Right.

Which Answer to the Emp'rour put an end
To the Negotiation then in hand,
And left the Prince still wandering in distress,
Without the hopes or prospect of Redress,
Excepting some advantage that might spring
From his own Sister's Marriage with the King
Of Poland, but the Match, tho' near agreed,
Did not according to his Wish succeed,
For the sly Jesuits did the same prevent,
Because the Princess was a Protestant,
And stir'd the Polish Clergy to exclaim
Against their King's espousing such a Dame,
That now the Prince was of all hopes bereft,
And only to the Care of Heaven left.

This Year * that Factious Scribler *William Pryn*,
A noted Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn*,
A daring Man, of singular Renown
Among the Party that oppos'd the Crown,
Was, for dispersing Libels, with intent
To slander both the Church and Government,
Convicted, by substantial Evidence,
In the Star-Chamber, after long defence.

John Bastwick, a Physician, fam'd by those
Who were their injur'd King and Kingdom's Foes,
Was censur'd also for Aspersions thrown
Upon the Court of High-Commission,
He having stood accus'd some time before,
And to the Gate committed by that Pow'r,
Where he remain'd close Pris'ner for the Fact
Of Publishing a shrewd Seditious Tract †.
During which time he boldly did exert
His Pen against the High-Commission-Court,

* January 14.

† Flagellum Pontificis & Episcoporum Latialium.

Framing base Libels to oblige the view
Of Faction, more particularly two*.

A.D.
1637.
~

A third Offender, posted in the Reer,
Was *Burton*, a disgusted Minister,
Who having serv'd at Court, and turn'd from thence,
Had, in a Sermon, given great Offence,
Preach'd on that Day which *Rome* design'd should be
The time of her conflagrant Massacre.

All were Convicted, and, without redress,
Sentenc'd to pay five thousand Pounds a piece,
To stand on Scaffolds in the *Palace-Yard*,
There each alike to have his Ears close par'd,
And, during Life, to sep'rately be shut
In distant Prisons from the Town remote;
But Lawyer *Pryn*, who had been Cast some Years
Before, and sentenc'd to resign his Ears,
For writing and exposing what had been
Condemn'd and censur'd as against the Queen †,
With S and L || was branded on each Cheek,
That his mark'd Face his punish'd Crimes might speak;
A cruel Postscript added by the Bench,
To gratify the Lord Chief Justice *Finch*.
Which Judgments were inflicted on the Three,
With nothing less than due Severity,
Such that occasion'd some to think it hard
No part of so much Rigour should be spar'd.

*For Pity oft will lawful Justice blame,
Tho' stubborn Folly has deserv'd the same.*

* A Latin Apology, Ad Præsules Anglicanos: And, A Litany
against the High-Commission-Court.

† *Pryn's Histriomastix.*

|| *Slandorous Libeller.*

A. D.
1637.

The Princely Brothers * now to *Holland* went,
 Designing well what fail'd of the Event;
 For going over pre-assur'd from hence
 Of the King's Purse, to answer their Expence,
 His kind Assistance and his Royal Care
 To help 'em, gain'd the Two such Credit there,
 That at a needful Juncture they obtain'd
 The Prince of *Orange* as a useful Friend,
 And so prevail'd with the United States,
 That to assist the Brothers in their Streights,
 They rais'd a slender Army underhand,
 To be at the Elector's sole Command,
 Who with a Body of Five thousand Men
 Advanc'd before the Town of *Lemmingen*,
 Which they besieg'd, but *Hatsfield* † with a Force
 Superior much, in able Foot and Horse,
 Surrounded and compel'd 'em by surprise,
 To fight beneath great Disadvantages,
 That full Two thousand of the Prince's Men
 Were in the wreaking Field of Battle slain,
 And many Pris'ners taken on the Spot,
 Among the rest Prince *Rupert* had the Lot
 To be detain'd, and that brave *English* Peer
 The Earl of *Craven*, once so famous here:
 The Prince Elector, by a timely Flight
 Escaping, when he found he'd lost the Fight,
 The poor remains dispersing as they cou'd,
 To shun Captivity or loss of Blood.

*Thus injur'd Princes, by resisting Fate,
 Are often made still more unfortunate.
 Which shews the Justice we below profess,
 Is but a doubtful Warrant for Success.*

* The Elector Palatine add Prince Rupert.

† One of the Emperor's Generals.

Williams, of *Lincoln* Bishop, and a shrewd
 Discerning Man, more opulent than good,
 Who'd been remov'd about ten Years before,
 From that great Post of Lord High Chancellor,
 Was charg'd with Subornation, guilty found,
 And by the Chamber* fin'd Ten thousand Pound,
 Also in Prison to remain immur'd,
 During the Pleasure of his Sov'reign Lord.
 The Bishop made a strenuous Defence,
 But could not overthrow the Evidence,
 That he was forc'd with Patience to support
 Himself beneath the Sentence of the Court:
 Nor did the rig'rous Usage of the State
 Alone, in these Proceedings terminate;
 For tho' this Court their utmost length had run,
 The High-Commission had not yet begun,
 By *Laud*, Archbishop, as 'tis said, prepar'd,
 To use the sinking Prelate still more hard,
 Who had oppos'd that strict Conformity
 To th' Orders of the Church, injoin'd to be
 Observ'd by all the Clergy; but the late
 Archbishop† had vouchsaf'd to give so great
 A Latitude, that most had laid aside
 Those Rites with which they ought to have comply'd,
 Therefore resolv'd by the succeeding Lord
 Archbishop that the same should be restor'd,
 Whose just Endeavours *Williams* had withstood;
 And this had kindl'd that unhappy Feud,
 Suppos'd to be the Reason why his Guilt
 The weight of such strict heavy Justice felt;
 For the last Court, his Suff'rings to encrease,
 Strip'd him of Office and of Benefice ||,

A.D.
 1637.
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* *Star-Chamber*, July 11.

† *Abbot*.

|| *Suspended him of both*.

A.D.
1637. Sequestering all Church-Incomes he possess'd
To the King's Use, and left him thus distress'd.
Archbishop *Laud*, upon the other's Fall,
Within his Di'cess exercising all
Church-Jurisdiction, hoping that he might
Reclaim that See, and set the Clergy right,
By whose Remissness the Dissenting Race
Had taken Root therein, and thriv'd apace.

In *Edenburgh* the discontented Kirk
Of *Scotland* now began that fatal Work *,
Which brought upon their kind indulgent Prince,
And all his Realms, so sad a consequence ;
The first occasion of their Tumults there,
When ripe for Mischief, was the Common-Pray'r,
Which the good King was willing to advance,
Against the *Scotch* Fanatick Ignorance,
Pursuant to the Scheme his Father laid,
When first the Kirk Episcopal was made,
Who had an Act at *Aberdeen* obtain'd
Of their Assembly †, to that pious End,
Compiling, as by them empower'd to do,
A Liturgy in order thereunto,
That the *Scotch* Kirk with *England* might agree,
And with Church-Worship hold Conformity ;
But for a better Kingdom left his Throne,
Before he finish'd what he had begun ;
So that the Pious Management and Care
Of this good Work devolv'd upon his Heir,
Whose divine Soul was zealously inspir'd
With all that such a heav'nly Task requir'd.
Thus, by his Father's great Example led,
The King had, Years before, some Progress made,

* July 23:

† An. Dom. 1616:

And in his Royal Chapel * introduc'd
 The Common-Pray'r, in hopes it might be us'd
 In other Churches, if the vulgar Ear
 Should pass the same with Approbation there:
 But this Essay, tho' many did attend
 The Service, yet it answer'd not the End;
 For this new form of Worship thus advanc'd,
 B'ing that of *England*, was discountenanc'd
 By the *Scotch* Bishops, fearing that in case
 They should the *English* Liturgy embrace,
 It might from thence be argu'd and maintain'd,
 Their Kirk did on the *English* Church depend;
 The Northern Prelates therefore did agree,
 To pray the King their Liturgy might be
 The same intended in King JAMES's Reign,
 Pursuant to the Act of *Aberden*:
 Accordingly His Majesty comply'd,
 And they receiv'd the same well satisfy'd,
 Which, when by divers Bishops of their own,
 And Clergy then attending on the Throne,
 The Form was model'd to their Hearts content,
 Was Printed here, and into *Scotland* sent,
 Where all the Council readily agreed,
 In the Great Church † it should forthwith be read,
 And special Order given to proclaim
 In e'ery Church in *Edenburgh* the same,
 That all Men might have notice when and where
 They had appointed the new Form of Pray'r.
 This Publication fill'd the sacred Place,
 Upon the Day assign'd for *English* Mass;
 For so the Common-People were prepar'd,
 By some good Guides, to think it, e're 'twas heard,
 And therefore came not thither to agree
 Therewith, but to revile and mutiny;

A. D.
 1637.
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* In *Edenburgh*,

† St. Giles's.

A. D. 1637. As it appear'd, for when the Rev'rend Dean
 Open'd the Bugbear Book and read therein,
 A number of the meanest sort began
 To clap their Hands, and loudly to prophane
 The Holy Service, deeming it to be
 A Jargon of the Dregs of Popery,
 Making an uproar and indecent Noise,
 That scar'd the rest, and drown'd the Reader's Voice,
 Tho' sev'ral Bishops, Counsellors of State,
 And all the neighb'ring Persons that were Great,
 Attended the Occasion to restrain
 And awe the Common People, but in vain;
 For in the Tumult a contentious Scot *
 Snatch'd up the folding Stool whereon she sat,
 And cast it at the Dean with all her Might,
 To shew a rare example of her Spight,
 Crying aloud, within the Holy Place,
False Thief, what dost thou at my Lug say Maß?
 Which sacred Insolence begat much more
 Disorder and Confusion than before;
 That then the Bishop, to appease the Storm,
 And stop their Rage from doing further harm,
 The Pulpit did ascend, in hopes to move
 The disobedient Flock to Peace and Love;
 But his Endeavours met with no regard,
 The Devil had too far possess'd the Herd,
 That they, instead of list'ning to the soft
 And moving Eloquence he us'd aloft,
 Had no respect to what the Prelate said,
 But threw their Cudgels at his Rev'rend Head.
 Th' Archbishop of St. Andrews much surpris'd
 To see the sacred Function thus despis'd,
 Call'd the Provost and Bailiffs from their Seats,
 In order to suppress these rising Heats,

* Jannot Gaddis.

And to protect and guard the Holy Robe,
 From the rude Insults of the daring Mob;
 Accordingly they rang'd the Church about,
 And thrust the most suspected Rabble out,
 Till, with some hazard, they at length had clear'd
 The Isles of those who most were to be fear'd,
 And then the frighted Dean, as he design'd,
 Went thro' the Service by the King injoin'd;
 The Mob secluded, conscious of no Crime,
 Pelting the Doors and Windows all the time;
 Yet they within pursu'd their good Intent,
 In due Obedience to the Government:
 But still the Peoples Rage, that smoth'ring lay,
 Surviv'd the sacred Office of the Day,
 And rather burnt the fiercer, when they found
 They could not stifle what they would have drown'd;
 For as the Bishop* to his House retir'd,
 A Gang, who had against his Life conspir'd,
 Assaulted him so roughly by the way,
 That had he not been rescu'd in the Fray,
 By pow'rful Hands, we reas'nably suppose
 He'd perish'd by the violence of his Foes.

*Thus when the scum of humane Race run mad,
 The wise and honest suffer by the bad.*

On the same Morning, tho' with pannick dread,
 At the next Church the Form was also read,
 But with much Noise and Tumult, to their Shame!
 Tho' not sufficient to impede the same,
 By Argyle's† Colleague likewise 'twas begun,
 But the good Man was scar'd from going on,
 By Curses, Threats, and the unbridl'd Rage
 Of such as fear'd no Blood nor Sacrilege.

* Of Edinburgh,

† Bishop of

A.D. Two were suspended after * who refus'd
 1637. To read it, fearing they should be misus'd,
 When they had heard the People so exclaim
 Against such Clergy as began the same.

The Morning-Service having met this rude
 Unchristian Treatment from the Multitude,
 The Council sate as soon as Church was done,
 To stop Disorders in the Afternoon,
 Which were so well prevented by their Care,
 That no Indecence in the time of Pray'r
 Was offer'd, but the Service-Book begun
 And ended, as it ought, revil'd by none ;
 Only the Rev'rend Bishop was, by some,
 Ill us'd that Evening in his Passage home ;
 Nor did his Robe protect him from their Blows,
 For Factious Malice no distinction knows.

The Magistrates, at first, seem'd much incens'd
 At all these Tumults that had been commenc'd,
 And such new Acts and Edicts undertook,
 As might the best promote the Service-Book,
 And make the Clergy safe that should advance
 The same, and give it all due Countenance ;
 Two Letters sent to the Archbishop here,
 Entreating him to recommend their Care
 And faithful Zeal and Service to the King,
 In their promoting and establishing
 The Form of Pray'r, upon the Kirk injoin'd,
 In peace, according to his Royal Mind.

These soothing Letters made the King recal
 That Rigour he design'd to've us'd with all
 Who had with so much Insolence withstood
 What he propos'd for both the Kingdom's good;

* Hamley and Rollock.

But now he hop'd by Clemency to gain
His Point, tho' Royal Mercy prov'd in vain;
For by the time the Council had agreed
The Book of Service should again be read,
And had prefix'd a certain Day whereon
This irritating Work was to be done,
The Magistrates, who'd prais'd but just before
Their great Fidelity to Sov'reign Pow'r,
Had so far lent their condescending Ears
To three perverse suspended Ministers*,
That they recanted, their Allegiance broke,
And sided with the Herd against the Book,
Petitioning the Council to postpone
The Service till the Pleasure of the Throne
Should, from the Royal Hand, be further known.
Such of the Clergy also who were proud
Of curry'ng Favour with the restless Croud,
Petitioning the Council to suspend
The Orders that injoin'd them to attend
The Service also, since it could not be
Perform'd with Safety or Indemnity.

A.D.
1637.


Thus Matters stop'd, the Harvest coming on,
That nothing more was till *October* done,
In which convenient Int'rim those that laid
The Scene whereby these Tumults had been made,
Imploy'd their Time so subt'ly to promote
The turbulent Designs they had on foot,
That by the Day † the Council had agreed
To meet, and on the former Head proceed,
The Town || was throng'd with all Degrees of Men,
Who from remoter Parts were come to ken
The truth of Matters, having heard the Work
In hand was to subvert the *Scottish* Kirk,

* Rollock, Ramsey, and Henderson.

† Octob. 27.

|| Edinburgh.

A. D. And to establish Mass, at least to change
 1637. Their ancient Worship to some Form as strange ;
 ~ These Apprehensions caus'd the Multitude
 To prove so wild and insolently rude,
 That the first Day the Northern Council met,
 The noisy Crouds and Tumults were so great,
 They made three Proclamations to disperse
 The clam'rous Rout, who thereupon grew worse.
 The first importing, That no Church-Affair
 Should be debated whilst the Throng was there,
 Requiring all in Four and twenty Hours,
 In due Obedience to the High'r Pow'rs,
 To quit the Town of *Edenburgh*, unless
 Within the same they had a dwelling-place,
 That all such Persons should incur the Crime,
 Rebellion, if they tarry'd past the time.
 The second was in order to remove
 Their Sessions *, lest it otherwise should prove
 A means of bringing in a vast resort
 Of Country-People to attend the Court.
 The third was to call in and to condemn
 To Flames the Fruits of a malicious Pen †,
 Written to cast; in *Scotland*, a severe
 Reproach upon the Church-establish'd here.
 But these had small effect upon the Croud,
 Except to make 'em more perverse and rude ;
 For as it happen'd on the foll'wing Day,
 The Diocesan Lord of *Galloway*,
 From the vile People met with great abuse
 I'th' Street; as moving to the Council-House,
 Which he no sooner enter'd but the base
 Tumultuous Rabble gather'd round the place,

* What we call our Term.

† Intitled, A Dispute against the *English* Popish Ceremonies ob-
 truded upon the Kirk of *Scotland*.

Where he and the Chief Justice were design'd
To sit, b'ing in some special Matter join'd ;
But the invidious Rout, whose Fury ran
Too madly high against the good old Man,
Demanded a Surrender of the Guide,
That's Blood might satiate their Revenge and Pride.
The Treasurer who soon was advertis'd
Of these Proceedings, at the News surpris'd,
Came to the Bishop with uncommon haste,
To help his Friend so barb'rously oppress'd,
But soon as hous'd, to his discomfort found,
That equal Dangers did himself surround ;
Whereon the City-Council and Provost
Were call'd, to scatter this rebellious Host ;
But these, by daring Numbers over-pow'r'd,
With loss of Life were threaten'd if they stir'd,
Before they'd sign'd a Paper to detest
The Popish Book of Service, like the rest ;
And that they also should restore the Three *
Suspended for their Nonconformity.

No sooner had this Passage reach'd the Ear
Of those within, but the Lord Treasurer
And Earl of *Wigston* ventur'd to go down
To th' House, where sate the Council of the Town,
Hoping the Peoples Rage might be declin'd,
Since their rebellious Scroll had thus been sign'd :
Nor did they find the Fever of the Rout
So high, but much abated, as they thought,
Till from the Town-house they return'd, to free
The Bishop, as they hop'd, from Jeopardy,
Then were so rudely handl'd in the Street,
By Ruffians frantick with unbridl'd Heat,
That from the frighted Treasurer they took,
As a free Prize, his Hat, White-Staff and Cloak,

* Ramsey, Rollock, and Henderson.

A.D. Both meeting with Indecencies so great,
 1637. In passing back to th' Council-House of State,
 W That they were forc'd in this distress to send
 For divers Lords and Gentry to defend
 Their Persons, such as had the Book oppos'd,
 And with the Peoples Bent and Temper clos'd,
 Who, by their Influence, restrain'd the Croud,
 And guarded those in Fear to *Holy-Rood* *,
 Except the Bishop, who was safe convey'd
 To his own Lodgings, very much dismay'd.

*Let no Man be severe to gain his Ends,
 Since Foes in time of need may prove our Friends.*

Thus we may see the Proclamations made
 At the High-Cross, no other Issue had
 Than to incense the People but the more,
 And still to arm the Croud with greater Pow'r;
 For the first Factious Tumult that appear'd,
 Consisted only of the common Herd,
 And were decry'd by the superior sort,
 As Scum, that made all Sacred Things their Sport,
 But the best Citizens were found among
 The latter Croud, to Countenance the Throng,
 And methodize their impudent Demands
 Into Petitions sign'd by num'rous Hands,
 First boldly to the Council-Table sent
 Commissioners, who prov'd so insolent
 As to require that Power to restore
 Their Reader † and each silenc'd Minister,
 And to assure 'em that the Kirk should find
 Redress of all the Magistrates had sign'd.
 Soon after backing their Demands with two
 Petitions, their rebellious Heat to shew;

* *The House so called.*

† Henderson.

One from the Men and Women of the Town*,
Children and Servants, to confront the Crown.
The second in the Name of divers Peers,
Knights, Gentry, Burgesſes, and Miniſters;
Both to deteſt the Service-Book injoin'd
Upon the Kirk, againſt the Peoples Mind.

*Thus many for Religion ſtickle hard,
Who ne'er till then did any Faith regard,
Nor e'er contended for the doubtful Right
Of Holy Things, except to ſhew their ſpight.*

The laſt Petition to the King was ſent,
That Sov'reign Pow'r might know the Peoples bent,
Whoſe Diſobedience ſo diſpleas'd the Throne,
That he reſented highly what they'd done,
And gave no Answer to the rude Contents
Of their perverſe unbridl'd Inſolence,
But order'd that the Council † ſhould declare
The great Averſion he ſhould always bear
To Superſtition and to Popery,
Reflected on his Crown and Dignity,
By thoſe tumultuous Spirits who had made
Theſe vile Commotions, hardly to be laid.

The Northern Council apprehending now,
That *Lithgow* was too near to *Edenbrough*,
Adjourn'd their Sefſions to a Town ‡ remote,
In hopes thereby to thin the Faction Rout.
This done, the Lords the King's Commands obey'd,
And at the Croſs new Proclamation made,
In order to diſperſe the Croud and clear
The Town, where they as yet together were,
Assuring them the King had no intent,
But to maintain the Kirk and Government,

A.D.
1637.
w

* Edinburgh.

† Of Scotland.

‡ Sterling.

A.D. 1637. As then establish'd, hoping this might be
 A means to stop their further Mntiny,
 Yet when the same was publish'd to the Herd
 At *Lithgow*, *Sterling*, and at *Edenburgh*,
 Whilst reading, 'twas receiv'd with Scoffs and Jeers;
 By the attentive Croud that lent their Ears,
 And when 'twas ended, Men of all Degrees,
 Lords, Gentry, Ministers, and Burgessees,
 With a vast conflux of the common Sort,
 Protested all, and made the same their Sport;
 And in pursuance of their bold neglect
 Of Sov'reign Power, and the disrespect
 And daring Disobedience they had shown
 To th' distant Ruler of the *British* Throne,
 They now began above the Laws to tow'r,
 And to invest themselves with Sov'reign Pow'r;
 Erecting Councils of their own to sit,
 Debate and govern as themselves thought fit;
 One Table of the disaffected Peers,
 A second of the Gentry, Commoners,
 A third of Burgessees, a fourth to be
 Consisting only of the Ministry,
 Chusing from them a Table of the best
 And wisest, to preside † above the rest:
 And whatsoe'er these Ruling-Tyrants said
 Or did, was thro' the Land to be obey'd.

*Thus Rebels who oppose a Lawful Throne,
 Will stoop to num'rous Tyrants of their own,
 And be, with Patience, mis'rably oppress'd,
 By the worst Means, which they esteem the best.*

The End of the Thirteenth Year.

† Called Commissioners,



*M^r WILLIAM PRYNNE Barister
at Law, & c.*

A.D.

1637.

W

Mr. WILLIAM PRYN'S
CHARACTER.

IN *Lincoln's-Inn*, 'twixt Law and Gospel bred,
For both he study'd, and in both was read,
And having much delighted to converse
With cavilling Divines, whose chief Discourse
Was to perplex and criticise upon
The Holy Myst'ries of Religion;
And partial to their own prepos't'rous Dreams,
Were for erecting new Reforming Schemes:
From such Communication had he drawn
A venomous dislike to Rev'rend Lawn,
And to the Church contracted so much hate,
That it begot irrev'rence to the State,
A Factious pitch to which they surely rise,
Who do her sacred Discipline despise;
These strong Aversions cherish'd by a proud
Imperious Nature, arrogant and rude,
Prompt him to vent and gratify his Spleen,
In sev'ral Libels insolently keen,
Which did much hurt, but to himself the most,
For his loose Pen his Ears and Freedom lost,
And brought his shameful Cheeks at last to wear
The odious Mark of *Sland'rous Libeller*;
Whose Learning, had it been but well imploy'd,
Had made him happy, but his Zeal and Pride,
Commix'd with Malice, did his Judgment blind,
And turn'd to Filth the Riches of his Mind.

So Beauty is a Blessing to the Chaste,

But proves a Curse when sinfully embrac'd.

THE

A.D.

1637.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

Dr. JOHN BASTWICK.

A Crackbrain'd Mortal, who had taken care
 To glean more Learning than his Head could bear,
Latin and Physick he had read, 'tis true,
 But wanted Wit to temper what he knew,
 In Camps and Schools he'd Educated been,
 And got a Foreign Doctorship therein :
 A *Leyden* Titular, of no Degree
 At Home in either University ;
 To both a Stranger here, nor was he known
 To th' College of Physicians, or the Town,
 Till noted for a *Latin* Tract he writ,
 Stuff'd full of Malice, temper'd with some Wit,
 Against the Rev'rend Bishops, to revile
 That Holy Order, in a taking Style,
 And to prophane th'establish'd Church to please
 Her factious, proud, dissenting Enemies,
 Printed in *Holland*, and from thence convey'd
 To *London*, there with great Industry spread :
 And that the Faction's Modesty might seem
 Like their Obedience to the Pow'r supreme,
 The spiteful Tract was tender'd * to the King,
 Most humbly, as a worthy Offering ;

* Dedicated.



Cap: John Bastwick
D. of Physick



Handwritten text, likely a signature or a date, located at the bottom of the page. The text is very faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to be written in a cursive or semi-cursive style. It is positioned in the lower half of the page, below the large oval shape.

A bold provoking Insolence that none
But such a Tribe could offer to a Throne.
However, he that penn'd the goodly Piece,
And cloath'd his Malice in a *Latin* dress,
Was soon severely handl'd by the Laws,
And made a Suff'rer for the *Good Old Cause*;
Had his Ears crop'd to recompence the Pains
Impos'd by Faction on his fiery Brains,
And was debarr'd of Freedom; to restrain
The danger of so bold and keen a Pen.

A. D.
1637.
W

*Thus Wit and Learning, lest the Mind's supply'd
With Wisdom; that superior cautious Guide;
Are two-edg'd Swords, by which we Mischief do;
Not only to ourselves but others too.*

A.D.

1637.

W

THE CHARACTER

OF
Mr. HENRY BURTON.

When JAMES of *Scotland* rul'd the *British* Throne;
Burton attended CHARLES the Royal Son,
 As Closet-keeper, daily to prepare,
 At Chapel-hours, the Prince's Books of Pray'r,
 And having for some Years that Post possest,
 At length took Orders and became a Priest;
 Soon after which the King fell ill and dy'd,
 And Royal CHARLES his Father's Seat supply'd,
 Continuing Doctor *Neyl** who long had been
 Clerk of the Closet in King JAMES's Reign,
 Which Station *Burton* challeng'd as his due,
 And at the loss thereof impatient grew,
 Complaining with a loud indecent Tongue,
 'Gainst Bishop *Neyl*, as if he'd done him wrong;
 At Court committing, with a shameless Face,
 Such saucy Errors, to his Gown's Disgrace,
 That, to his Scandal, he was banish'd thence,
 By Inhibition, for his Insolence.
 This Usage gave fresh Venom to his spight,
 And rais'd his Fury to a greater height,
 That his vile Malice was improv'd, frome one,
 To all the Fathers dignify'd with Lawn;

* Bishop of Durham.



*M.^r Henry Burton Rector
of S.^t Mathews Fryday-street*



And now turn'd Lecturer, that he might rail
 Aloud against the Lords Episcopal.
 By which engaging Methods, by degrees,
 He gain'd upon our *English* Pharisees,
 And wanted not a Tribe to animate
 And praise him for the veh'mence of his Hate,
 Which pleas'd those Hypocrites who seldom fail
 T'approve the Guide that teaches to rebel.
 Upon the Day appointed as a Fast,
 In Memory of *Rome's* intended Blast,
 He preach'd a Sermon so profusely full
 Of Malice, and so impudently dull,
 Against the Rev'rend Bishops, that the State
 Could not be mild with Insolence so great;
 But us'd him as an Enemy avow'd,
 With all the Rigour that the Laws allow'd,
 Condemning him, regardless of his Gown,
 For poys'ning others Ears, to lose his own.
 Also Five-thousand Pounds he was injoin'd
 To pay, and during Life to be confin'd.

A. D.
 1637.


*Thus does the Malice, level'd at the Great;
 By Fools; upon themselves reverberate;
 As Childrens Darts shot upright in the Air,
 Upon their Heads return, for want of Care.*

A. D.
1638.
{

The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Fourteenth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

Anno Dom. 1638.

THE *Scots*, excited by the Faction here,
 Did e'ery Day more insolent appear,
 And having fix'd what they were pleas'd to call
 Their Tables, and their Table-General,
 The wild Assembly then presum'd to send
 A Summons for each Bishop to attend,
 And Excommunicated all, because
 They would obey no Lords against the Laws,
 Which render'd them so odious to the Crowd,
 That they were fearful to appear abroad,
 Whilst the Assembly govern'd uncontroul'd,
 And daily grew more dangerously bold,
 In Point of Faith proceeded to revive
 An old Confession stil'd the *Negative*,
 In which they forc'd not People to abjure
 The Pope alone, his Errors and his Pow'r,
 But sev'ral Rites and Principles as naught,
 Then by the Church of *England* us'd and taught :
 To which they also did annex a Band
 Or Covenant, imposing a Command
 On all, to swallow what they'd thus begun
 Without the Approbation of the Throne.

The

The common People over-run with Zeal,
 Reproaching and chastising those with ill
 And shameful Usage, who refus'd to take
 The same, altho' deny'd, for Conscience sake,
 By the Learn'd Heads of sev'ral Colleges,
 Professors in their Universities,
 Many grave, sober, rev'rend Parish-Guides,
 And numbers of the Laity besides,
 Because they knew, by Statutes of their own *,
 That all Assemblies call'd, without the Throne
 Had giv'n consent, were made Sedition.

A. D.
 1638.

The King, displeas'd, as well he might, with these
 And other such like gross Indignities,
 After he'd promis'd they should have content,
 In all material Points of their Complaint,
 Resolv'd forthwith, by Power, to suppress
 What could not now be done by milder Ways;
 But *Hamilton*, whose Influence was great
 Upon the King, in all Affairs of State,
 Disswaded him from his intended Course,
 Alledging there was safer Means than Force,
 Off'ring himself to mod'rate and compose
 The growing Diff'rence, without Arms or Blows,
 Which so prevail'd upon the King, whose Mind
 Was much to Peace and Lenity inclin'd,
 That he empower'd the Marquis to repair
 To *Scotland*, as his High-Commissioner;
 But when he thither came he quickly found
 The new Reforming Clan had gain'd such Ground,
 That his best Measures were too weak to quell
 The dangerous Effects of frantick Zeal.
 For when the brainless Herd pretend to Grace,
 No Reason can restrain their wild Excess;

* 9 of Mar. Act. 75. 10 Jac. 6. Act. 72.

4 D. Self-Interest then for Law and Justice stands,
1638. And gives a Sanction to their vile Demands.
Nor could the Marquis stop their Holy Pride,
Or make 'em lay their ill Designs aside:
Nor by the fairest Promise or Pretence,
Recov'r 'em to the least Obedience,
Altho' he travel'd oft between the King
And them, but could no satisfaction bring
To either side, the Clergy of the Kirk,
And their Confed'rates in the Holy Work,
Had broke so far at once thro' all the Laws
Of *Scotland*, to advance the *Good Old Cause*,
That they would hear of nothing from the Throne,
But thought, already, all the Land their own.
At length the Privy-Council here advis'd
The King, that he would graciously be pleas'd
To let a strict and speedy View be made,
Of those Petitions which the *Scotch* had laid
Before him, and vouchsafe forthwith to grant
The Pray'rs of all their Papers of Complaint,
Perswading Royal Goodness any Course
Was better, at that time, than open Force,
To this the Sov'reign also gave consent,
And *Hamilton* again to *Scotland* went,
Believing nothing could a Peace impede,
Since Majesty had first so far agreed:
But crafty Faction still reserving more
Than what they durst to ask of Sov'reign Pow'r,
Hd further Ends in Prospect, than to take
The best Concessions that the King could make,
Unless he'd tamely giv'n 'em up his Crown,
And never more pretended to the Throne,
That still the active Marquis but apply'd
In vain, to humble the Confed'rates Pride,
Who'd new Objections daily to propose,
To shew, no Terms would make the Rebels close;

For

A.D.
1638.
W

For tho' the Council there seem'd over-joy'd,
That the kind Monarch had so far comply'd,
As to establish by his Royal Pow'r,
What they'd usurp'd against the Law before,
And for the sake of Peace, and for their Ease,
To grant 'em all desir'd Immunities:
Yet when the Marquis, in his Native Land,
Pursuant to His Majesty's Command,
Had issu'd out, to give the Kirk content,
The Proclamation which the King had sent,
Containing all the large Concessions made
By Majesty, provided they obey'd,
The only kind Reception that they gave
The grant of all they had presum'd to crave,
Was by the factious Covenanters shew'd,
In base Revilings and Ingratitude,
And odious Pulpit clamours, to encrease
The common Peoples Fears and Jealousies,
That frighted and mislead they might decline
Their Prince's Bounty as an ill Design,
Taking much Pains to vilify the Court
Of England, lest their Reign should be but short.

*For Faction never thrive till they betray
The giddy Croud to boldly disobey,
Who by rank Teachers, full of Holy Pride,
Must from their Duty first be led aside,
That Zeal and Malice may prepare the way
For crafty Knaves to make the Fools their Prey.*

The Scotch Confed'rates height'ning their Offence,
By slighting thus the Favours of their Prince,
And making all things desp'rate by their rude
Deportment and absurd Ingratitude,
The Marquis finding all Attempts in vain,
With the King's leave, return'd to Court again;

A. D. 1638. And then the *Scots*, to shew their drift, took care
 To speedily provide for open War,
 Inviting home Commanders from abroad,
 I'th' Service of the *Dutch* and *Swede* imploy'd,
 Seiz'd the King's Arms and Stores, and got Command
 Of most Strong-Holds and Castles in the Land,
 Made * *Lesly*, who was best esteem'd of all
 Their Officers, their Captain-General,
 He swearing to be true to them, and they
 Who took up Arms, all swearing to obey.
 And in this threat'ning Posture of Offence
 They stood, to justify their Insolence.

Nor had the King been negligent the while,
 In raising Arms against his Native Soil,
 But early in the Spring was well supply'd
 With Force sufficient to chastise their Pride,
 Giving the Post of Captain-General
 To the *Scots* Foe the Earl of *Arundel*,
 Appointing *Effex* to command the Reer,
 Esteem'd at that time as a trusty Peer;
 Made Earl of *Holland* Gen'ral of the Horse.
 And thus both Sides prepar'd for Civil Wars.

*A bloody Scene the good Fanaticks here
 Were more inclin'd to propagate than fear,
 Who, above all Men, are precisely skill'd
 In pulling down, but know not how to build.*

The End of the Fourteenth Year.

* Alexander.



Generall LASLAY
Earl of LEVEN. &c.

A.D.
1638.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

General LESLY, Earl of Leven.

A Valiant *Scot*, in Foreign Climates bred,
 Had been Lieutenant-Gen'ral to the *Swede*,
 And acted with Success beneath the Great
Gustavus, (who at *Lutzen* met his Fate)
 Was by his Native Country first imploy'd,
 When Zeal had burst into Rebellious Pride,
 Leading Three-thousand Men into the Field,
 Poor rustick scabby Loons, in Arms unskill'd,
 Which he dispos'd upon a rising Brow,
 With such Advantage, that they made a show,
 As if they boldly stood prepar'd to charge
 The Enemy, with numbers twice as large:
 Which Stratagem gave *Holland* such surprise,
 So pall'd his Courage and deceiv'd his Eyes,
 That with superior Forces at his Back
 He halted, and was fearful to attack
 Their despicable Bands, which he might soon
 Have scatter'd, had he march'd but boldly on,
 And at that time, with loss of little Blood,
 Had early nip'd Rebellion in its Bud.
 But, without Action, he to *York* retir'd,
 And to the King reported and averr'd,
 Not what he really saw, but what he fear'd.

 }
 }
 This

A.D. 1638. This crafty Conduct soon produc'd as great Advantage to the *Scots* as a Defeat,

And rais'd their Gen'ral's Reputation high,
 Who, without Blows, had made the *English* fly,
 Prevail'd upon the King to treat and yield
 To Grants they should have tug'd for in the Field,
 But never could have gain'd, had *Holland* fought
 Their ill-arm'd Forces, as at first he ought :
 But Royal Goodness hoping to prevent,
 By gracious Means, their further Discontent,
 Comply'd with all the craving *Scots* desir'd,
 To cool those Spirits too much Zeal had fir'd,
 And by his Condescensions, which were great,
 Reduc'd that Kingdom to a peaceful State ;
 And in the time that he resided there,
 Did many Honours undeserv'd confer,
 Among the rest, old *Lefly*, who had led
 The Rebels, was the Earl of *Leven* made ;
 For which he fawn'd and vow'd he'd never more
 Oppose the King, his Person, or his Pow'r,
 But serve him, when requir'd, in any Cause,
 Without reserve, or asking what it was,
 An outward true *Scotch* Compliment he pass'd
 Upon his Sov'reign, as it prov'd at last ;
 For soon as *Scotland* laid their Heats aside,
 And with their kind forgiving Prince comply'd,
Lefly, their Gen'ral, was to *Ireland* sent,
 With all his Force, by King and Parliament,
 That the Disorders there might be suppress'd,
 Which, at that Juncture, e'ery Day encreas'd ;
 But when the *Scots* were forward to appear
 Again in Arms, to please the Rebels here,
 No sooner did they private Letters send
 To their new Earl, and old commanding Friend,
 But he their Summons instantly obey'd,
 And quite forgot the Promise he had made,

A.D.
1638.
~

Headed an Army for the Pious Work,
And, joining *Fairfax*, laid close Siege to *York*.
At *Marston-Moor* was forc'd to fly the Field,
Where all his Army were dispers'd or kill'd,
And when himself had run ten Miles in haste,
Was taken by a Constable at last.
But tho' the *Scots* such rugged Treatment found,
Fairfax and *Cromwel* still maintain'd their Ground,
And by the dint of Brav'ry won the Day,
When all their Northern Friends were fled away,
Whose Gen'ral, by some Stratagem, regain'd
His Freedom, after he'd been Hours restrain'd,
Which Fortune render'd the Defeat more great,
And made the Loyal-Side less Fortunate.
Thus the *Scotch* Hero, tho' he'd given his Word,
Against the King to ne'er unsheath his Sword,
Yet, without Hesitation, frankly shew'd
His Country in his breach of Gratitude.
However, after all his Service done,
The Battles fought and Dangers he had run,
Was laid aside, pretending that his Years
Had render'd him unfit for War-affairs,
Tho' 'twas to honour one of High Degree,
With the same Post, as true a *Scot* as he.

*In Camp or Court 'tis difficult to find,
Among the Great, an uncorrupted Mind;
In both, too often, they abuse their Trust,
Then strive, by force, to make their Actions Just,*

A.D.

1638.

W

Sir DENZIL HOLLIS'S

CHARACTER.

THE younger Brother of the Earl of *Clare*,
 A Gentleman of Parts and Character,
 Cry'd up by all the Factious Tribe that run
 With such precipitation 'gainst the Crown:
 Nor was there any Commoner more free,
 Or diligent, to serve their Ends than he;
 Yet must it be acknowledg'd he'd the Grace
 To no ways be concern'd in *Strafford's* Case,
 Who, to the Knight by Marriage was ally'd,
 Hugging his fruitful Sister for his Bride.
 None had among the Party greater Fame,
 For acting 'gainst the Court and *Buckingham*,
 Tho' for the same he after underwent
 A heavy Fine and sharp Imprisonment;
 Which he could ne'er forgive, but to the hurt
 Of both, oppos'd the Schemes of King and Court,
 Nor was the Knight inferior to the rest,
 Who, to promote Rebellion, did their best,
 But hunted with the Pack, who still pursu'd
 The Throne, and run in quest of Royal Blood,
 Till by their Factious Pains and cruel Care,
 They brought their wicked Purposes to bear;
 And by their Deeds so infamously base,
 Fix'd an eternal Odium on their Race.

*Thus wicked Men, by voluntary Deeds,
 First call down lawful Justice on their Heads,
 Then angry grow, and prompted by the Curse
 Of Prejudice, proceed from bad to worse.*



*The Right Hon.^{ble}
Denzel Baron Holles of Ifield.
Etat. 78. Año. 1676. Ob. 1679.*







J. F. int. van Dyke Pinx.

M. J. Vucht. Scul.

FRANCIS Lord Russell, Earl of
Bedford, &c.

A.D.
1638.

The CHARACTER of the Earl of BEDFORD, Son of the former.

A Busy Noble, destin'd to pursue
 The fatal Ends the Faction had in view,
 No Justice fear'd, nor evil Labour spar'd,
 To tread the Steps his Father had prepar'd;
 But at an Army's Head, in open Field,
 Against his injur'd Sovereign rebell'd,
 Tho' by a handful trusty to the Crown,
 Was kept by *Heriford* out of *Sherborne* Town,
 March'd to and fro and led his Troops in Pomp,
 But did no signal Service to the Rump,
 Except by his appearance in their Cause,
 T'encourage others to despise the Laws,
 And lend a plotting Head or active Hand,
 To work the ruin of their Native Land.
 'Tis true, he did possess, with *Holland's* Lord,
 The Quarters of the King at *Wallingford*,
 But, in a little time, return'd from thence,
 Into those Quarters call'd the Parliaments.
 Thus march'd about in State, and shew'd his Pride,
 More than his Courage on the Rebels Side.
 However, none retain'd a greater Zeal
 For those who had inflam'd the Commonweal;
 As if he thought no Scandal could be worse,
 Than for the Son to steer a diff'rent Course,
 From what his Father had, with so much Care
 And labour, shap'd for his succeeding Heir.

*Thus when mistaken Parents lead the way,
 It is no wonder that the Children stray,
 For their Examples, if unjust or lewd,
 Become our ruin, and our rise if good.*

The

A.D.

1639.

The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First.

Anno Dom. 1639.

THE Royal Forces rais'd against the *Scot*,
 Consisting of Twelve-thousand Horse and Foot,
 Besides a Fleet with a sufficient Host
 On Board, to terrify the *Scottish* Coast,
 Were all compleatly ready in the Spring,
 T'obey at once the Orders of the King;
 Who also summon'd (whether Foe or Friend
 To the *Scotch* Cause) the Lords to all attend
 His Person, holding by the Laws a Right
 To call 'em when himself went forth to Fight,
 Hoping his splendid Pomp might have a good
 Effect, and stop the loss of Christian Blood.

*For fear of strength superior often makes
 The proud and daring bend their stubborn Necks.
 The most tyrannick Foe submissive grows,
 At sight of Pow'r too mighty to oppose,
 And rather will shake hands than hazard Blows.*

In *March* the Monarch drew his Army forth,
 And mov'd by slow Gradations tow'rd's the *North*,
 Commanding *Essex* with the Lightest Horse,
 And Foot Two-thousand to augment his Force,

Tad:

A.D.

1639.

W

T'advance before with unretarded speed,
To the Hanse-Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*,
And to possess, if possible, the same,
E're *Lesly's* Northern Forces thither came,
Accordingly he march'd both Night and Day,
Meeting with sundry *Scotchmen* by the way,
Who gave him strange Accounts, and prepossess'd
The Earl of mighty Numbers they had rais'd,
Affirming that the *Scots*, some Days before,
Had got the Town of *Berwick* in their Pow'r ;
And that in case he ventur'd to go on,
His Army would for certain be o'erthrown :
With such Reports the Roads, as if by chance,
Were lin'd, in hopes to stop the Earl's advance,
And make the *Scots*, who were but weak, appear
More ready, and much stronger than they were.
The same surprising Shams were also carr'd
To th' King, and by some Northern Lords averr'd,
With this addition, that the *Scots* had met
The Earl and giv'n him an intire Defeat ;
Which Fables were improv'd by some expert
Seditious Nobles in the moving Court ,
But Truth was soon from all these Vapours clear'd
And factious Impudence barefac'd appear'd ;
For the poor Arts they practis'd to impede
The Earl, prov'd Wings to expedite his speed,
That if the *Scots* should have possess'd the Town,
His want of Haste might not incense the Crown :
He therefore still march'd forward, finding no
Appearance of a formidable Foe,
Or any thing to obviate or retard
His free possession of the Place desir'd,
Which he soon enter'd, and dispatch'd from thence,
To th' King, a Courier with Intelligence,
That so abash'd those Nobles who had us'd
Their Prince so ill that they were quite confus'd ;

Yet

A. D. Yet Sov'reign Goodness pass'd their Treach'ry by,
 1639. Without Reflexion, or a Look awry.

*For Silence is allow'd the most discreet
 Resentment in a Prince, when 'tis not fit
 To punish, but more prudence to delay
 His Royal Anger to a future Day.*

The King, by this time, with his pompous Train
 Of Nobles added to his warlike Men,
 Had enter'd York, where he was early join'd
 By all the Northern Worthies well inclin'd,
 And some such Lords and Gentry who were known
 To be but ill-affected to the Throne,
 And rather came as undermining Spies
 Upon the King's Designs, than otherwise.
 However, they encreas'd the great Resort,
 And added still more Splendor to the Court,
 Wherein such Crowds of *Scottish* Lords appear'd;
 That now the Loyal *English* Nobles fear'd,
 The King's Designs were e'ery Day betray'd,
 And to the distant Rebels publick made;
 Therefore the Council-Board thought fit to frame
 A solemn Oath, for all Men to disclaim
 The Rebel's Side, abjuring the Offence
 Of giving to the *Scots* Intelligence;
 Also to strictly bind 'em to the Throne,
 In the most sacred Form that could be drawn,
 Hoping thereby to purge the Court of those
Scotch Nobles they suspected to be Foes;
 Not doubting but the *English* Lords would take
 The same, and not the least Exception make.
 But when it came to be impos'd, the *Scots*
 All swallow'd down the Test with oily Throats,
 And none refus'd the Edict to obey,
 But those two factious Nobles *Brook* and *Say*,

Alledging

Alledging, That no Subject was confin'd
To take an Oath, except by Law enjoin'd :
That if His Majesty had cause to be
Suspicious of their Truth and Loyalty,
He might proceed against them as it best
Became the pleasure of His Royal Breast :
But since they were not legally requir'd
To bind their Conscience, as the King desir'd,
The publick Good forbid them to agree
With what might hazard common Liberty.

A.D.
1639.
~

This gave the Court new matter of dispute,
Which did not with the present Juncture suit ;
And tho' the evil Spirit that possess
These two was not conspicuous in the rest,
Yet the Discourses that each Day arose
Upon the Subject, did so far disclose
The Court's Distemper, that it plainly shew'd,
Their standing out had done the King no good,
Tho' all, both *Scotch* and *English*, had beside
The Lords premis'd, without disgust comply'd ;
Therefore the factious Two that did appear
So obstinately bold, committed were ;
But the King soon dismiss'd 'em and requir'd,
That each to his own House forthwith retir'd.
And now the *Scots*, with pannick Fear possess,
The King with much Humility address'd,
Expressing great Concern, that they should be
Misrepresented to His Majesty ;
Assuring him, their Hearts could entertain
No Disobedience to disturb his Reign,
That they desir'd no more than to submit
Their Grievance at their Sov'reign's Royal Feet ;
And that they did unfeignedly agree,
All their Misfortunes should intirely be
Determin'd by His Gracious Majesty.

A. D.

1639.

These crafty Fawnings, tho' it gain'd some Friends,
 Was not sufficient to obtain their Ends ;
 For many mov'd by their submissive Style,
 Believ'd their smooth Diffimulation real ;
 And therefore thought 'twas pity to proceed
 To Blows, when all might be without agreed.
 But the wise King appris'd of their Deceit,
 Did all their flatt'ring Stratagems defeat,
 And with his Army resolutely mov'd
 Tow'rds *Berwick*, tho' his March was disapprov'd
 By some about him, who began to fear
 Those Dangers which they now approach'd more near;
 And therefore thought 'twas safest to compose
 The wid'ning Breach before they came to Blows.
 But the King, deaf to their Advice, march'd on,
 To the *Scotch* Borders, and beyond the Town
 Of *Berwick* pitch'd his Royal Tent, and there
 Incamp'd his Army in Rebellious Air,
 And hearing that the *Scots*, with all their speed,
 Were boldly moving forward tow'rds the *Tweed*,
 Commanded *Holland*, with an able Force,
 Of Foot Two-thousand, and Three-thousand Horse,
 Besides Artill'ry, to advance and fight
 The Rebels, wheresoe'er they came in sight ;
 Accordingly he march'd, until he found
 The *Scots* drawn up upon a rising Ground,
 With so much Art, by *Lesly*, that he thought
 Their Number, which was scarce Three-thousand Foot,
 To be four-times as many as they were,
 Which so dispirited the dastard Peer,
 That he return'd in haste, without a Blow,
 When half his Forces might have crush'd the Foe,
 And by one home-attack prevented all
 Those future Woes that did the Land befall :
 But Fear or Treach'ry struck his Reason Blind,
 And pall'd the Native Courage of his Mind,

That

That he retreated, to his shame, and lost
 The happy Juncture, to the Nations cost;
 And by preventing one small shower of Blood,
 Drown'd the whole Kingdom in a Crimson Flood;
 And when return'd, did to the Camp and Court,
 Make such a strange and terrible report
 Of what he'd seen, as if the Foe appear'd
 So vastly num'rous to be justly fear'd,
 That the King's trusty Friends, who were before
 For humbling *Scotland*, by the dint of Pow'r,
 Frighted with these Chimera's, chang'd their Mind,]
 And to a Treaty now seem'd most inclin'd;
 The *Scots* dispatching to their *English* Friends,
 Such crafty Letters as might gain their Ends,
 Addressing in a Style that best might fit
 The Humours of the Men to whom they writ,
 Seducing many to believe they meant
 No Evil to the Church or Government;
 But so much Duty to the King profess'd,
 And such Submission in their Cant express'd,
 That the whole Court seem'd how convinc'd that words
 Would to both Sides more useful prove than Swords,
 And therefore wrought upon the King to treat,
 When he had Pow'r to force them to submit;
 But too much Mercy and his Friends Advice,
 Cast such a fatal Mist before his Eyes,
 That wanting careful Pilots he was steer'd
 Upon that Rock which Royal Wisdom fear'd:
 The King b'ing thus trepan'd into a Snare,
 Commissioners by both appointed were *,

* On the King's Part, the Earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, and Berkshire; Secretary Coke, and Sir Harry Vane. And for the Scots, the Earls of Rothes and Dumfermling, the Lord Lowden; the Lord Douglas, Alexander Henderson, and Archibald Johnston:

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1639.
Who with the greatest Expedition met,
And after some short Wrangling and Debate,
All Enmity forgot, and did agree,
That both the Armies should disbanded be,
The Forts and Castles render'd to the Throne,
And all things bury'd in Oblivion;
For Justice none to be reserv'd, because
They urg'd, no Person had transgress'd the Laws,
That an Assembly and a Parliament
Should both forthwith be summon'd, with intent
To make a full and lasting Settlement.

Just as the King had sign'd the fatal Peace,
Which prov'd the Source of *England's* Miseries,
His Majesty's *Scotch* Adm'ral, who by Sea
Had acted with concurrent Treachery,
Came full of fawning Shams and crafty Querks,
To pay the King a Visit at the *Berks**,
Brought thither, 'twas conjectur'd, by the Fame
O'th' Treaty, which was o'er before he came.
Nor had he done more Service with his Force
By Sea, than tardy *Holland* with his Horse,
But corresponded with the Foe, and did
More good than harm to the rebellious Side;
And tho' his Country, e're he serv'd by Sea,
Esteem'd him as their greatest Enemy:
Yet e're he parted from the Camp he won
Their Favour, to the Inj'ry of the Throne.

The Army, who had done small good or hurt,
B'ing now disbanded to oblige the Court,
Altho' the *Scots* were by the Peace enjoind
To've first perform'd the Articles they'd sign'd;

* A spacious Field so call'd, lying beyond Berwick.

A. D.
1639.

However, Royal Goodness, to prevent
Suspicion, b'ing advis'd to't, gave consent,
And so return'd in much less Pomp to Town,
Than he set out, which was no sooner done,
But the *Scots* laughing in their Sleeves renew'd
Their former Work, to shew their Gratitude,
Using their Bishops basely, and with more
Irrev'rence and worse rigour than before;
Confirm'd their Edicts, gave out fresh Command
Their Excommunications still should stand;
And in their Publick Marts and Streets abus'd
All those who had the Covenant refus'd,
Publish'd such impious Papers to affront
The Throne, as by the Hangmen here were burnt;
Broke thro' the solemn Treaty they had made,
To th' shame of those who had the King betray'd,
And caus'd him by their Counsels to forsake
Those Measures he was once resolv'd to take,
Which if pursu'd according to his Pow'r,
Had made them humble, and himself secure;
But when the King was wrong'd on e'ery side,
'Twas hard to curb such daring Rebels Pride,
Who, now his Forces were disbanded, teas'd
His Royal Breast, and did what e'er they pleas'd,
Richlieu the cunning Cardinal of *France*,
Assisting all he could that might advance
Their ill Designs, and move 'em to become
More daring, insolent, and troublesome.

*Thus Princes Courts, like Harlots, hate to see
Their Rivals flourish in Prosperity,
Omitting no vile Arts to overthrow
And bring each other despicably low.*

The King soon finding he abroad had lost
Much Credit by his brave, but useless Host,

A. D. In making such a Treaty when he'd Force
 1639. Sufficient to have steer'd a better course,
 Grew much perplex'd he should be thus ensnar'd,
 And trick'd, amidst an Army for his Guard,
 Whilst those who found th' effects of their Advice,
 And saw, too late, they'd counsel'd him amiss,
 Tho' they meant well, as *Clarendine* asserts,
 Appear'd with stupid Looks and sinking Hearts,
 Each finding Friends, or other Means, to clear
 Himself and charge the oversight elsewhere,
 B'ing all, as they had cause, asham'd to own
 The guilt of so much Mischief to the Throne.
 However, since the King would not be brought
 To wholly drown so infamous a Fau't,
 On Secretary *Coke* the Blame, at last,
 By joint Contrivance of the rest, was cast,
 And the old Man, who had arriv'd almost
 At's Eighti'th Year, degraded of his Post,
 Whilst *Hamilton*, by Int'rest of the Queen,
 To the same Office rais'd Sir *Harry Vane*,
 The only Person *Strafford* least approv'd,
 And therefore by his Enemies belov'd.
 Besides, the Earl, so made but just before,
 Had Friendship for the Knight * turn'd out of Pow'r,
 Who'd been of use to *Strafford*, who remain'd
 In *Ireland*, whilst the *Scots* their Point obtain'd.
 So that this Change created in the Court
 Some murm'ring, at a time not proper for't,
 And forc'd the Queen t'exert her utmost Pow'r,
 To perfect what she wanted to procure,
 Which, in a little time, produc'd such great
 Internal Burnings, both in Church and State,
 That many sad Disasters thereupon
 Ensu'd, destructive to the injur'd Throne,

* Sir Edward Coke.

Tho' the first open Flames again appear'd
Among the *Scotch* unfaithful scabby Herd,
Who, when they can't be humbl'd, must be fear'd.

A.D.
1639.
W

*For all Rebellious Ruffles are begun
To try the Pow'r of him that rules the Throne;
And if the Prince be tim'rous to enforce
The Laws, by strength of Arms, he falls in course.*

A Letter intercepted now by chance,
From treach'rous *Scotland* to the King of *France*;
Was to the Royal Hand convey'd, to shew
The base Designs of the Confed'rate Crew;
By the chief daring Covenanters sign'd,
And sev'ral Lords who in their Int'rest join'd,
Particularly *Lowden*, then at Court,
A Peer of *Scotland*, born for *England's* hurt,
Wherein the Traytors made a sad Complaint
"Against their Native Monarch's Government,
"Imploring, in an humble Style, the Throne
"Of *France*, to give the *Scots* Protection,
"And send them such Assistance as might ease
"Their Country of its great Calamities,
"Begging one *Colvil*, whom they sent, might be
"Receiv'd with Credit by His Majesty.

This trait'rous Letter giving great Offence
To all that lov'd their Country or their Prince,
Lowden was call'd before the Council-Board,
And strictly there examin'd, but the Lord
No other Answer made than, *That 'twas writ
Before the late Scotch Treaty was compleat,
Which coming early to a good event,
The Letter was postpon'd and never sent;
That if to any Crime it did amount,
Scotland alone should call him to account,
And therefore thought he justly might demand
Leave to return into his Native Land.*

A.D. 1639. But the whole Council thought it not a time
 To slightly pass by such an odious Crime,
 A twofold Treason of the blackest kind,
 Not proudly, but revengefully design'd
 T'enslave both Kingdoms, had their bounteous Prince
 Proceeded to chastize their Insolence.
 The Council therefore made him know their Pow'r,
 And sent both Lord and Colvil to the Tow'r,
 The latter being taken in the Town,
 Who, for no good, was skulking up and down;
 All Men expecting they'd have soon been try'd,
 And for their vile Conspiracy have dy'd.

This new Discov'ry gave the King a great
 Surprise, and shock'd his Ministers of State,
 B'ing all perswaded that such daring Plots
 As these, could not be thought of by the Scots,
 Unless they carr'd more Poyson in their Hearts,
 Than could be well expel'd by easy Arts.
 Besides, the Royal Treasure being spent
 In the last Summer's fatal Management,
 The King, amidst these Difficulties, met
 A select Council of the Cabinet,
 Who all, with one determinate Consent,
 Advis'd the Calling of a Parliament,
 To which the King as readily agreed,
 And sent out Writs with all convenient speed.

*When Northern Winds had conjur'd up a Storm,
 That threaten'd England with destructive harm,
 'Twas hard the Pilot should be forc'd to steer
 For safety on those Shelves he'd cause to fear.*

The End of the Fifteenth Year.

A.D.

1639.

M

THE

Earl of SALISBURY'S

CHARACTER.

BRed up at Court, in that deceitful Air,
When the *Scotch* Monarch had the ruling Care,
Descended from a Grandfire who had been
A crafty Statesman to a glorious Queen;
Son also to a Peer as Wife and Great
As ever steer'd the *British* Helm of State;
Who only left, when he departed hence,
His Titles to his Children, not his Brains.
In JAMES's Reign the young surviving Lord
Had been call'd early to the Council-Board,
Where with such Zeal he did himself deport,
And prov'd s'obsequious to the pompous Court,
That he ne'er fail'd to do what they requir'd,
But over-acted all that they desir'd;
And from that time would vig'rously enlarge
Whate'er he thought his Duty to discharge,
None proving, among those of High Degree,
So great a Tyrant, when in Pow'r, as he;
Nor any Man more backward to obey
Those Motives which should all Mens Actions sway.
Few Words he us'd, except the Hound or Hawk
Became the sporting Subject of his Talk,
Concurring always in Affairs of State,
With what the Crown propos'd, without Debate,
Till his Mind chang'd, when things began to bear
A diff'rent Face from what they us'd to wear,

And

A. D. And then he run quite counter to the Throne,
1639. Undoing all that he before had done :

Yet when the King to York his Progress made,
The Lord went also thither, where he staid
Till some fresh Motives did again convince
His Thoughts, 'twas safest to desert his Prince.
Then, mounting sily, stole away by Night,
And, wing'd with Fear, tow'rd's London took his flight;
And there, like a true Turncoat, gave consent
To all things that were done by Parliament.
And when the Rebels had subdu'd the Throne,
O'erturn'd the Laws and made the Pow'r their own,
And Bully Cromwel, when the Civil Wars
Were ended, had dissolv'd the House of Peers,
The trusty Lord made Int'rest and was chose
A Member of the factious Common-House,
There join'd in Consort, voted like the rest,
And was as rank a Rebel as the best.

*Thus when the Great shall, thro' the poor pretence
Of Pers'nal Safety, break through Honour's Fence,
They seem less worthy to the Just and Wise,
Than Scoundrels that from Dirt and Dunghil rise.*

A.D.
1639.
W

THE

Earl of BERKSHIRE'S

CHARACTER:

His Loyalty was firm, his Spirit great,
But wanted Int'rest to assist the State :
Near *Oxford*, by the Rump, was Pris'ner made,
And from that County to the *Tow'r* convey'd,
The House suspecting he was sent that way,
T'enforce the King's Commission of Array,
About the time the Standard was displaid,
To call the Loyal to their Prince's Aid :
But when the Rump were satisfy'd the Peer
Was not a Person that they need to fear,
They gave their Pris'ner Liberty, as one
Hurtless to them, and useles to the Crown.
After which durance he to *Oxford* came,
Highly encourag'd by the Loyal Fame
Of Suff'ring for the King, and had pretence
To Royal Favour and Munificence,
Conceiving he'd a Title to receive
Much more than Bankrupt Majesty could give.

*So numbers boast the mighty Deeds they've done,
In duty to thei rCountry and the Throne,
Who when advantage offers break their Troth,
And only serve 'em to purloin from both.*

THE

A. D.

1639.

W

THE

Lord DUNSMORE'S CHARACTER:

BY Nature rough, and like the Northern Wind,
Boist'rous and too tempestuously inclin'd,
Fierce and impatient in the doubtful Chase
Of all things he desir'd to bring to pass;
But wanted Temper rightly to pursue,
And Judgment to obtain the End in view;
Yet had an Int'rest, and enjoy'd a fair
Repute with some who discontented were,
And with such Persons had sufficient Pow'r,
To raise their Fears and indispose 'em more;
Nor did he want the Credit to appease
And rectify their groundless Jealousies.
In hopes of these good Services the Lord
Was by his Sov'reign call'd to Council-Board;
After some others, who deserv'd it less,
At the same Table had an equal Place,
But none could with more readiness perform
His Part, or prove in all dispatch more warm
Than *Dunsmore*; but sometimes his over Zeal
Made what was well design'd succeed but ill.
Yet tho' morose himself, no Noble Peer
Could boast a Daughter more divinely Fair,
Whose sweet angelick Temper, Shape, and Face,
Charm'd young *Southampton* to her soft Embrace;
A Match that did the Lady's Vertues sute,
And to her Father added much repute.

*Thus, as the Crabtree-Stock, for humane use,
If grafted well, does the best Fruit produce;
So the stern Lord begot the charming Bride,
Who bless'd that Loyal Peer Southampton's Side.*

THE

A.D.

1639.

THE

Earl of LEICESTER'S

CHARACTER.

IN Books conversant, studiously inclin'd,
 And with good Learning had enrich'd his Mind,
 Was in the useful Mathematicks skill'd,
 And qualify'd to serve in Court or Field,
 Had been a Soldier in a Foreign Land,
 O'er a *Dutch* Regiment had born Command.
 Was after sent, his Credit to advance,
 Embassador to *Denmark* and to *France*;
 Yet rather prov'd, at last, what we may call
 A Speculative Man than Practical;
 One that from humane Councils thought to find
 More Certitude in Matters well design'd,
 Than the perplex'd Affairs or shallow Wit
 Of this uncertain World would e'er admit:
 By which unhappy Temper he was steer'd
 Upon those Rocks and Shelves he should have fear'd.
 When *Strafford* had resign'd his Head to please
 The Kingdom's and his own ill Enemies,
Leic'ster, who with an Embassy was sent
 To *France*, by the joint Kindness and Consent
 Of King and Queen, was call'd from thence and made
 Regent of *Ireland* in the other's stead;
 But shortly after, thro' Misconduct, lost
 Th' Esteem of both, together with his Post,
 And was remanded back from *Chester* Port
 To *Oxford*, where the King then kept his Court,

In

A.D.
1639.
In order, as pretended, to receive
Some fresh Instructions, e're he took his leave ;
But for some secret Reasons went not o'er
At all to govern the *Hibernian* Shore ;
Yet with the King continu'd, but desir'd
That his Advice might be no more requir'd ;
And tho' in Council oftentimes he sat,
Would never meddle in Affairs of State,
Which brought unjust Reproaches on his Head,
And more Suspensions than he merited,
For to his Sov'reign he was known to be
A Man of Honour and Fidelity,
But wanted Resolution to go through
Those Storms which e'ery wise Man had in view,
And to his stagg'ring Nature ow'd the whole
Misfortunes that disquieted his Soul.

*So he that's to contend, and thinks too much
Upon the Danger that he sees approach.
Chills with cold Fear the Courage he should shew,
And oft is crush'd by what the Bold subdue.*

A.D.
1640.


The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Sixteenth Year of the Reign of

King CHAREES the First,

Anno Dom. 1640.

THis Spring, as an ill Omen of the cross
 Events, the King sustain'd a mighty Loss,
 By th' Death of *Coventry*, who kept the Seal
 Full sixteen Winters, unaccus'd of Ill.
Finch, Lord-Chief-Justice of the Common-Pleas,
 Succeeding, who, as *Clarendine* agrees,
 Was not sufficient for a Trust so great,
 When such a Croud of Cares involv'd the State.
For when a low'ring Storm hangs o'er the Realm,
A skilful Pilot ought to steer the Helm.

The Senate on the third of *April* join'd,
 And e'ery Face declar'd a joyful Mind,
 All jarring Parties hoping to receive
 Those Blessings which a Parliament might give.
 When they had sworn Allegiance to the Throne,
 And thro' their ancient Ceremonies run,
 Chose Sergeant *Glanvil* Speaker of the House
 Of Commons, with a Voice unanimous;
 The King, as usual, with an awful Grace,
 In the Lord's House assum'd his Royal Place,

And

A.D. 1640. And in a Speech that well became a Throne,
 Gave them a Compliment, but soon had done,
 Leaving the new Lord-Keeper to declare
 What he desir'd his Parliament should hear,
 Who laid before the Houses all the base
 Proceedings of the crafty *Scottish* Race,
 Their large but false Professions to their Prince;
 The Treaty sign'd, their Insolencies since :
 Their impudent and treas'nable Address
 To the *French* King, for Succour in Distress ;
 Told 'em His Majesty did not require
 Their Counsel in the Case, much less desire
 That they should interpose in that Affair,
 As Mediators, thro' their over-care ;
 But that they should, with all convenient speed;
 Raise such Supplies to serve his present need,
 That might forthwith enabl'im under these
 High Provocations and Indignities,
 To vindicate his Honour by the force
 Of Arms, since there remain'd no other Course ;
 And that the Progress by the Rebels made,
 Requir'd an Army not to be delay'd ;
 And if they gave a quick dispatch to this,
 The King would grant 'em time for Grievances.

But *Strafford*, who had been remanded o'er,
 From *Ireland*, by the King, not long before,
 Having obtain'd an Honour* of the Throne,
 Which Secretary *Vane* design'd his own,
 So great a Feud and Enmity arose
 Between them two, who always had been Foes,
 That whatsoever Service one advanc'd,
 The other, out of spight discountenanc'd.

* The Barony of Graby.

A. D.
1640.
~

And *Vane* well knowing 'twas the Earl's desire
To keep the King and Parliament intire,
That no Debates or Ruffles might impede
The Crown's Affairs at such a time of Need,
Resolv'd, by over-acting, to obstruct
The Bus'ness he was trusted to conduct;
That when the Lords by too much Zeal and Haste;
Had giv'n the House of Commons some Distaste,
In rashly interposing their Advice,
Betwixt the King and them, about Supplies;
And after *Hyde* and *Glanville*, by the Pains
They'd taken in their pow'rful Eloquence,
And by unanswerable Reasons brought
The House into a Temper, as 'twas thought,
Vane, by insisting on the King's Demand,
In full, destroy'd the Bus'ness then in hand,
Averring, that he knew His Majesty
Would not accept their Gift, should they agree
On any less proportion of Supplies,
At such a Juncture, than twelve Subsidies,
Settled pursuant to the King's Request,
As in his Message he'd before express'd,
When *Vane* himself well knew the Government
With half the Sum had gladly been content,
Which might have been obtain'd had he forbore
Those Words which did the King so ill a turn.
But this Extravagance so much inflam'd
The House, and was so totally condemn'd,
That tho' the King, in case they would submit
To grant him such Supplies as requisite,
Offer'd to drop all Title and Pretence
To the Ship-Tax, that gave so great Offence,
Yet nothing would divert 'em from their high
Debates, which turn'd the Crown's Affairs awry,
And to the Faction open'd such a Breach,
That still grew wider upon e'ery Speech;

A. D.
1640.

Nor could the Loyal Party find a way
 To stop their Speed, they run so fast astray,
 Till the King finding that they chang'd their Course,
 Not for the better, but from bad to worse,
 And fearing in their Warmth they should agree
 To Vote down his Dependance Ship-Money;
 On *May* the fifth, by's Keeper, he dissolv'd
 The Senate, wishing they had ne'er been call'd;
 The Faction falsly charging all the Blame
 On Rev'rend *Laud*, tho' guiltless of the same;
 For *Hamilton* the *Scot* gave this untow'rd
 Advice, e're 'twas propos'd at Council-Board,
 That he the easier might pursue his own
 Advantages 'twixt *Scotland* and the Throne.

The King thus disappointed and perplex'd,
 Scarce knew what Measures he should fix on next,
 That might forthwith enabl'im to proceed
 In raising Forces with convenient speed,
 For nothing at this Juncture could be done
 Without an Army to secure the Throne:
Scotland were now preparing to invade
 The Kingdom, by its Factious-self betray'd,
 The City-Mob stir'd up to shew their spight *
 To *Laud*, and rife *Lambeth*-House by Night,
 Who having notice, was with Arms prepar'd
 Against they came, to stand upon his Guard,
 That tho' Five-hundred made a rash attack,
 They prov'd successless and were beaten back;
 One taken, after try'd for the Offence,
 Convicted, hang'd and quarter'd for his Pains.

The King in haste to push his Bus'ness on,
 Sent to the Loyal City for a Loan,

* By John Lilburn who fix'd a Paper upon Change to that purpose.



M^r JOHN LILBORNE

from an original painting.

M. V. de Gucht scul.



But they'd the Grace most falsly to pretend,
 That wanting Trade they were too poor to lend,
 Altho' 'twas known they never flourish'd more
 In Commerce, or of Coin, had greater Store,
 And would have rais'd a heap of Treasure soon,
 To have disserv'd, tho' not to serve the Crown.
 However, Majesty without their Aid,
 A timely shift among the Gentry made,
 Who rais'd the King a sutable Supply,
 Becoming their Estates and Quality,
 Which, with the Clergy's kind Benevolence,
 Granted in Convocation to their Prince;
 Together with the sev'ral Troops and Bands,
 Rais'd in all Shires, by such as held their Lands
In Capite, soon furnish'd a compleat
 And Loyal Army, for the Purpose fit;
 O'er which new Force, the General Command
 Was given to the Earl *Northumberland*;
Strafford ambitious of the next great Post,
 Was made Lieutenant-Gen'ral of the Host;
Lord Conway favour'd with the third Degree
 Of Martial Honour, o'er the Cavalry:
 But e're they mov'd *Northumberland* fell sick,
 And grew, some think, so politickly weak,
 That when he should have march'd he kept his Bed;
 And Royal CHARLES himself the Army led;
Conway advancing with the Van some Days
 Before the King was in a readiness,
 Who staid at *Oatlands* till the pregnant Queen
 Had with a further Offspring * blest his Reign.

A. D.
 1640.


The King by this time had Intelligence,
 That the *Scotch* Army were advanc'd to *Dunce*;

* Prince Henry born July 20.

A. D. 1640. And therefore sent fresh Orders to his Van;
 To expedite their March, that they might gain
Newcastle; but the King, before he got
 To *York*, receiv'd Advice, that Rebel *Scot*,
 Old *Lesly*, with his hardy Northern Breed
 Of scabby Loons, had pass'd the River *Tweed*.
 Thus, entering *England*, terrify'd those Parts,
 And fill'd with sudden Fear the Peoples Hearts,
 That now fresh Orders were to *Conway* sent,
 For him to use his utmost to prevent
 The *Scots* advance, until the King had join'd
 His Lordship with the Force that march'd behind.
 As soon as *Conway* had his Orders read
 He call'd a Council, who, at length, agreed
 To keep the Pass of *Newborn* upon *Time*,
 And by that means to baulk the *Scots* Design,
 Who, as they rightly judg'd, were marching on;
 In order to possess *Newcastle* Town;
 Accordingly the Lord drew up his Force,
 Consisting of Twelve-hundred able Horse,
 And Foot Three-thousand, hoping to secure
 The *Newborn* Pass against the *Scottish* Pow'r.
 But *Lesly* in the Night, by Darkness hid,
 Brought down his Army to the River-side,
 And under the close cover of a few
 Convenient Shrubs, that near the Water grew;
 Planted, before *Aurora* could advance
 Her dawn, nine Pieces of his Ordnance;
 And in the Morning did to *Conway* send
 A Letter, by a Trumpet, which contain'd
 An humble Suit, that he and all his Force
 Might, without Interruption, have recourse
 To their good King, in order to submit
 Their *Scotch* Petition at his Royal Feet.
Conway replying, That in such a case
 He'd let a few, but not an Army pass.

A. D.
1640.

Upon which Answer *Lestly* gave the Word
For his Van-Guard, Three-hundred Horse, to Ford
The River, but the *English*, from behind
A Breast-work, gave the Rebels so unkind
A Welcome, that they could not stand their Fire,
Which was so fierce it forc'd them to retire :
But when the crafty *Scots* began to play
Their Cannon which behind the Bushes lay,
The *English* Foot were all so terrify'd,
That they no longer could their Works abide,
But left their Station, threw their Musquets down,
And in Confusion from their Duty run.
The Northern Horse inspir'd with this Success,
Plung'd thro' the *Tine*, and gain'd a Landing-place,
Tho' *Conway's* Troops a smart Resistance made,
Till over-power'd with Numbers, then they fled,
And, without rally'ng let the *Scots* possess
Newcastle, to all *Englishmens* Disgrace,
Conway incurring universal Blame,
Tho' never call'd to Justice for the same ;
For the King's Lenity was always such,
He spar'd to punish and believ'd too much.

The *Scots* had all this while, by cunning Means,
Preserv'd a treacherous Intelligence
With many Factious Lords, too near the Throne,
Who made the King's Designs to *Scotland* known,
Also with their Fanatick *London* Friends,
Who hop'd they now should gain their Pious Ends ;
And these nefarious Workings underhand,
Gave the *Scots* Courage to invade the Land,
And after, in a Pamphlet that was read
In open Field, at their own Army's Head,
T' averr, that they had one and all agreed,
No more to cross those watry Bounds the *Tweed*,

A. D. 1640. Till the reform'd true Church, by which they meant
 Their own, obtain'd a lawful Settlement
 In both the Kingdoms, which audacious Piece
 Was printed and dispers'd abroad to please
 Their Friends, the *London* Saints, well knowing *that*
 Was what the Faction wanted to be at,
 Declaring also, they were firmly bent
 To see those Persons brought to Punishment,
 Whose Pow'r had kindled that unhappy Flame,
 To their great Grief, betwixt the King and them,
 Charging their whole Misfortunes on the Pride
 Of *Laud*, and all the Prelacy beside;
 Together with that wise and Loyal Peer,
Strafford, whose Counsels they had cause to fear,
 Knowing he was the surest prop of State,
 And therefore made the Object of their Hate:
 Nor did the *Scots* forbear, when they'd command
 Of *Durham* County and *Northumberland*,
 Contrary to their Promises, to lay
 A Tax of near Nine-hundred* Pounds a Day
 Upon those Districts, which was more than all
 Their Kingdom could have paid in general.
 The King b'ing now at *York*, perceiv'd too late,
 The Treach'ry and Corruption in the State,
 And that he daily was betray'd by those
 Who fawn'd at Court, but sided with his Foes;
 Therefore, amidst these Conflicts, summon'd all
 The Lords into a Council-General,
 At *York*, that in this Storm of Troubles there,
 They might advise their Sov'reign how to steer.
 Which Resolution did not please the *Scots*,
 Nor those wh'aberted their Rebellious Plots,
 Fearing this wise Assembly might prevent
 The speedy Calling a new Parliament,

* Eight-hundred and fifty Pounds.

Whereby the Rebels and their *English* Friends,
 Propos'd to bring about their secret Ends;
 Therefore some Lords, deceitful to the Throne,
 With other Peers they had prevail'd upon,
 Fram'd a Petition to the King, to please
 The Faction, op'ning many Grievances,
 And praying that His Majesty would call,
 Without delay, a Parliament, that all
 The Counsellors and Authors of those great
 And growing Mischiefs that inflam'd the State,
 Might be forthwith, for their Offences, try'd,
 And justly punish'd, as the Laws provide.
 Another, also, to the same intent,
 Was from the factious Part of *London* sent,
 With whom the *Scots* proceeded Hand-in-hand,
 And, like their Friends, Petition'd and Complain'd,
 How ill they had been us'd, how well they meant,
 And, therefore, humbly pray'd a Parliament
 Might soon be call'd, in order to redress
 Their Wrongs, and settle both the Lands in Peace.

The summon'd Lords were now at *York* conven'd*,
 To whom the King declar'd, He did intend
 To call a Senate of his own accord,
 That in *November* next, upon the third,
 Should meet, and therefore only now desir'd
 To move two Points, which their Advice requir'd,
 The first, What Answer would become the Throne,
 To the Rebellious *Scots* Petition?
 And secondly, What Methods would be best
 To put in present Practise to subsist
 The Army, till a Parliament could raise
 Supplies by their accustomed ways.

* September 24th

A.D.
 1640.


A. D. 1640. With these two Points His Majesty laid down,
 Th' assembl'd Lords, without delay, went on;
 As to the *Scots*, concluding, that to treat
 Was of all means most safe and most discreet;
 And for the Army, they assur'd the Throne,
 They'd mediate with *London* for a Loan.

These Resolutions with the King prevail'd,
 And made him to a second Treaty yield,
 That to the *Scots* a Message soon was sent,
 To let 'em know, His Majesty's intent
 Was by the best and tender'st Means he cou'd,
 To heal the Breach without expence of Blood,
York being by the King appointed, where
 Both Sides were to debate the Grand Affair :
 But *Strafford's* Earl Commanding for the Crown,
 The Army Quarter'd chiefly in that Town,
 And the unhappy Peer being one of those
 The *Scots* had rank'd i'th' number of their Foes,
 They urg'd their Agents could not be secure
 Within that great Incendiary's Pow'r,
 Against whose Evil Practises they meant,
 When time should serve, to make a just Complaint,
 Desiring the Commissioners might meet
 At *Rippon*, where with safety they might treat.¹
 To which the King submitted, tho' 'twas base
 Presumption in the *Scots* to name the Place.

*But Pride, which makes Men Rebels, takes away
 All Rev'rence to those Pow'rs they should obey.*

Accordingly both Sides to *Rippon* sent
 Commissioners *, in order to prevent

* For the King, the Earls of Hertford, Bedford, Pembroke, Salisbury, Essex, Holland, Bristol, and Berkshire; the Lords Mandevile, Wharton, Dunsmore, Brook, Savile, Paulet, Howard of Escrick, (the Lord Say being sick.) For the Scots, the Lord Lowden, lately set at liberty from the Tower by the King, two or three Gentlemen and Citizens, and Alexander Henderson, their Factions Metropolitan.

The Bloodshed that must happen, lest some Means
Were found to pacify the Difference,
Which to the *Scots* advantage soon was done,
After the King had been prevail'd upon
To send such Persons as were more in Fee
With *Scotland* than His Royal Majesty.
So that such gen'ral Matters were agreed
At *Rippon* as might serve the present Need,
And the Particulars from thence refer'd
To *London*, as the Rebel-*Scots* desir'd,
England submitting tamely to provide
For the *Scotch* Host, till Peace was ratify'd,
Tho' backward to supply the Needy Throne
With Sums sufficient to maintain their own.

A.D.
1640.
W

*So debauch'd Men, inur'd to wicked Lives,
Prove kinder to their Harlots than their Wives.*

In the ninth Month * the Parliament begun,
And a kind Speech was made 'em from the Throne,
Hoping at such a time they'd lay aside
All Prejudice, and speedily provide
For *England's* safety, and consult of Means
Whereby the Rebels might be driven hence;
The King declaring that he would redress,
Forthwith, their just Complaints and Grievances,
That nothing should be left undone that might
Advance his Kingdom to a glorious height,
Leaving the Keeper to enlarge upon
The Motives of the *Scotch* Invasion.
But all the Eloquence that both could use,
Prevail'd so little with the Factious House,
That they reviv'd and rais'd up e'ery thing
Which could be thought ingrateful to the King;
And at the Instance of some envious Peers,
Together with the *Scotch* Commissioners,

* Nov. 3.

Voted

A. D. Voted that an Impeachment should be made
 1640. Against the Earl of *Strafford*, and be laid
 ~~~~~ For the high Crime of Treason 'gainst the Crown;  
 Which Spite they shew'd to welcome him to Town,  
 Who, little dreaming of their hasty Work,  
 Was just return'd, with the King's leave, from *York*,  
 Accordingly officious *Pym* was sent  
 T'impeach him to the Lords in Parliament,  
 Praying from thence he might sequestred be  
 Also committed into Custody;  
 Adding, the Articles of his Offence  
 Should be exhibited a few Days hence.  
 Next Day, instead of chasing out the *Scots*,  
 They shew'd 'em so much Favour in their Votes,  
 That they resolv'd, for Expedition,  
 To raise a Hundred Thousand Pounds by Loan.  
 That both the Armies might alike subsist,  
 Till Peace was made, that both might be dismiss'd.  
 And now the City could their Bags unbind,  
 Who, to assist the Throne no Wealth could find.  
*But Faction never wanted a support,*  
*When London was too pow'rful for the Court.*

The Commons soon, according to their Word,  
 Sent up their Articles against the Lord  
 They had Impeach'd, who now committed stood,  
 Beneath the Care of him that bore the Rod\*,  
 Tho' all their tedious and malicious Charge,  
 Extreemly spiteful and confus'dly large,  
 Did not amount, by any Statute known,  
 In any part, to Treason 'gainst the Throne;  
 Yet by hard Means, ignoble and severe,  
 They reach'd his Head, as will in Place appear.

---

\* *Usher of the Black-Rod.*

*For when the Wicked fill the Judgment-seat,  
And Reason must to Prejudice submit,  
What is not Just will be accounted fit.*

} A. D.  
1640.  
}

Nor did their furious Heat extend alone  
To *Strafford*, but to all who'd serv'd the Throne,  
Forcing, by their Proceedings, which were thought,  
By the King's Friends so dangerously hot,  
The Keeper *Finch*, and *Windebank* \* to fly  
The Land, foreseeing their Destruction nigh,  
Possess'd the Judges with a pannick Fear,  
And made 'em shake their Beards at *Westminster*,  
Threat'ning they would a Charge of Treason draw  
'Gainst all who'd warranted the King by Law  
Might Levy Money to defend the Land,  
Of his own Pow'r, when Danger was at hand.  
To please the *Scots*, committed to the Tow'r  
Archbishop *Laud*, and frighten'd many more,  
O'er whom they kept an awe, that none might dare  
To thwart 'em in the Course they meant to steer,  
Calling in Question all that they could make  
Appear, by Art and factious Malice, black,  
That, by pretending to reform and mend,  
They might subvert the Throne and gain their End.

*Thus Faction, always, by the Faults they find,  
Obscure their own Designs that lurk behind.  
But when they've gain'd the Pow'r, the Nation sees,  
Too late, her own approaching Miseries.*

The End of the Sixteenth Year.

\* Secretary of State.

A.D.

1640.



THE

*Earl of* STRAFFORD'S

## CHARACTER.

**W**ise, Loyal, truly Noble, but Austere,  
 A Foe to Flatt'ry and the Flatterer.  
 His Presence awful and his Looks Serene,  
 Adapted to the Soul that lodg'd within,  
 As if his Face by Nature was design'd  
 An Index to the Vertues of his Mind.  
 Nor did his Merit fail to raise him high,  
 And fix him in the Heart of Majesty,  
 Who, finding his Abilities so great  
 In all Affairs and Mysteries of State,  
 Own'd to the World, a Prince might rather fear,  
 Than be asham'd to trust so wise a Peer.  
*Ireland* he govern'd, and reform'd the same,  
 When gross Disorders did that Isle inflame,  
 Tho' some who were in lofty Stations there,  
 Had cause to think his Carriage too severe.  
 Nor did he want, as Fav'rites seldom do,  
 Ill Enemies at Court, and that he knew,  
 Such Rivals who were vex'd to see him tow'r  
 So high, and grew uneasy at his Pow'r,  
 Improving by the utmost Arts they cou'd,  
 That Prejudice which ended in his Blood,

When Faction did too Insolent appear,  
 The King recall'd him home to manage here,

Where





*J. Aub. Van Dyck pinx.*

*M. P. G. G. sculp.*

*S<sup>r</sup> THOMAS WENTWORTH ,  
Earl of Strafford, L<sup>d</sup> Lieut. of Ireland, &c.*





Where he the Helm with trusty Caution steer'd,  
Honour'd by good Men, and by Traytors fear'd;  
Who justly thought him now the chief support,  
And greatest Bulwark that secur'd the Court  
Against those Mischiefs they were driving on,  
In order to subvert the Church and Throne;  
Therefore resolv'd to propagate their Ends,  
By forcing from the King the best of Friends;  
Accordingly the Factious Tribe preferr'd  
A black'ning Scroll against the guiltless Lord;  
Who, by the Malice of that Rebel Pym,  
And thirsty Spitfires that concurr'd with him,  
Was basely worry'd 'twixt the House of Peers,  
And his inveterate Foes the Commoners;  
Both at that time being over-rul'd and mov'd  
By that curs'd Torrent, which so fatal prov'd  
To the unhappy Earl, tho' none could swim  
With greater Art against the boist'rous Stream;  
Yet all his skilful Struggles were employ'd  
In vain, against the rude impetuous Tide,  
That tir'd, at length, with the Defence he made,  
He to the foaming Billows bow'd his Head;  
Begging the Sov'reign Ruler of the Throne,  
To sacrifice his Life to save his own,  
Who wanting no Resentments of his Case,  
With great Reluctance sign'd his dreadful Pass;  
Whilst fickle angry \* Holland, Pym and † Vane,  
Pursu'd the Hero to his last Amen.

A. D.  
1640.  
M

*Thus the most Just, in a divided State,  
Where Faction reigns, are most expos'd to Fate;  
For when her Brood above the Sov'reign climbs,  
Fidelity is deem'd the worst of Crimes.*

\* Earl of

† Sir Harry Vane, the Elder.

A. D.

1640.



THE

# *Marquis of HERTFORD'S* CHARACTER:

**H**IS Int'rest, Honour, and his Fortune great,  
 His Vertues equal to his large Estate,  
 His Courage active, permanent and clear;  
 In Danger insusceptible of Fear,  
 With Books conversant, living much at home,  
 Skill'd in the Languages of Greece and Rome;  
 Rural Retirement from the Court he lov'd,  
 And wisely took that Course he most approv'd,  
 Car'd not for the fatigue of State-Affairs,  
 But liv'd in Splendor, free from Courtly Cares,  
 Among his Country Neighbours, and enjoy'd  
 That Ease which more ambitious Minds avoid,  
 By struggling to advance their Wealth and Pow'r  
 At Court, where *Hertford* never strove to tow'r:  
 Nor was the prudent Marquis, by the Throne,  
 At first much countenanc'd or look'd upon,  
 Because his Converse chiefly was with those  
 Well known to be the Crown's audacious Foes,  
 But had the Honour, when he once discern'd  
 Their Violence, and their base Endeavours learn'd,  
 To quit their factious Company betimes,  
 Before he shar'd the Slander of their Crimes;  
 And from the first of that Long-Parliament,  
 That did alike from God and King dissent,  
 Ne'er step'd awry, or could by Art be brought  
 To join in one dishonourable Vote,

Against





*WILLIAM SEYMOUR* Marquis  
and Earl of *HARTFORD*



A. D.

1640.



Against his Sov'reign Lord, or in the Case  
Of injur'd *Strafford*, lab'ring in Distress,  
Which reconcil'd his Master in the End,  
To think him a true Subject and a Friend,  
Was then appointed by the Sov'reign Pow'r;  
To be the Prince of *Wales's* Governour,  
Which in those dark unhappy Times was known  
To be a signal Service to the Throne;  
He also rais'd an Army in the *West*,  
To join the King, when by his Foes oppress'd;  
Did mighty Feats with but a slender Force,  
Consisting of few Foot and fewer Horse,  
Aw'd *Bedford's* Earl, and kept him at a stand,  
With a stout Army under his Command;  
Kept *Sherborne-Castle*, and maintain'd the Town;  
Whilst t'other with superior Force look'd on,  
Provok'd the Earl, by Challenge, to engage  
At Sword; but he refus'd to stand his Rage;  
And after he some Days and Nights had spent  
In Service of his Lords the Parliament,  
With a large Army on a rising Ground,  
Safe from the danger of a Gunshot Wound;  
He sent to treat with *Hertford*, and desire  
He and his Forces would in Peace retire,  
And by that means avoid the crying Guilt  
Of Christian Blood, that might perhaps be spilt.  
To which Request the Noble Marquis said,  
*By their own Counsels they were thither led,*  
*And therefore might get off what way they cou'd.*  
Which prudent Answer *Bedford* understood  
As a bold Threat, and drew his Army off,  
A dozen Miles, to make themselves more safe;  
Leaving the Marquis and his Troops, at most,  
Not one to ten, compar'd with t'other Host,  
In *Sherborne-Town*, for many Weeks, without  
The least Attempt, thro' Fear, to force 'em out,

Till



A.D. Till he, at length, had Reasons to withdraw  
 1640. His handful, that had kept the Earl in awe;  
 For want of Strength was afterwards oppress'd,  
 Cross'd into *Wales*, return'd into the *West*,  
 There join'd Prince *Maurice* and the *Cornish* Foot,  
 Took many Towns, put *Waller* to the Rout,  
 Did sundry other Actions of Renown,  
 To save his Country and to serve the Crown.  
 Of Royal Cares did to the End partake,  
 And rush'd thro' Perils for his Master's sake.  
 Nor was he only to the bloody Hour,  
 A faithful Servant to the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 But when the Lifeless Martyr bleeding lay,  
 Was of the Four that beg'd the Royal Clay,  
 And full of undissembl'd Grief convey'd  
 The sacred Corps to th' Mansions of the Dead,  
 Dying himself e're Providence restor'd  
 The punish'd Kingdom to the rightful Lord,  
 Leaving a Mem'ry that preserves a place  
 With those enroll'd on Monumental Brass,  
 Too deep for Time or Malice to deface.

*Thus shall the Actions of the Just and Brave,  
 Survive their Clay, and flourish o'er the Grave;  
 Whilst Rebels, who delight in Royal Blood,  
 Stink, when they're nam'd, i'th' Nostrils of the Good.*

A. D.

1645.



THE

*Lord SAVIL'S*

## CHARACTER:

**A** Dorn'd with Learning and sufficient Wit;  
 But render'd almost useless by Deceit;  
 Was of a restless and aspiring Mind,  
 To tricking Craft, and Falsity inclin'd;  
 Not worthy to be trusted by the Throne;  
 Or in Affairs of Weight rely'd upon.  
 Much Malice he by Instinct had deriv'd,  
 Against unhappy *Strafford*, who had liv'd  
 At strife with *Savil's* Father, born him down  
 By such hard Usage as inflam'd the Son,  
 And made him forward to engage with all  
 Those factious Furies who conspir'd his Fall;  
 Yet by the Favour of the Sov'reign Pow'r;  
 Was call'd to be a Privy-Counsellor;  
 Then made, by the kind Bounty of his Prince;  
 Comptroller of the Household, and from thence  
 Prefer'd to be the Treas'rer of the same,  
 So cunningly he plaid his treach'rous Game;  
 For 'twas by his Contrivance and his Plots,  
 That *England* was invaded by the *Scots*,  
 He having sent an Invitation sign'd  
 With Names of Peers, as if the Lords had join'd  
 To call 'em in, when he had us'd so foul  
 And base a Practice as to forge the whole.

T

Which

A.D.  
1640.

Which Treason, after it had taken Root,  
 And to a dang'rous Issue had been brought,  
 With seeming Terror in his trait'rous Breast,  
 Was to his injur'd Sovereign confess'd ;  
 With Vows and Protestations to atone,  
 By future Service, for the Ills he'd done;  
 Gaining a Pardon for his past Offence,  
 And Place aforesaid, as a recompence  
 For his discov'ry, tho' it prov'd too late  
 To stop the Treason, or to serve the State.

*Thus fading Princes, oft to their Reproach,  
 Neglect their Friends, and favour Foes too much.*

Nor could the King more Benefit propose,  
 By all the Treach'ry *Savil* could disclose,  
 Than barely knowing some beyond the reach  
 Of Punishment had made a faithless Breach  
 Of their Allegiance, and that many more  
 Were guilty, not suspected False before.

When to the *North* the Monarch made his way,  
 Where the Lord's Fortune and his Int'rest lay,  
 The Reputation of the treach'rous Peer  
 Was so declin'd among the Gentry there,  
 That no Well-wishers to the King's Affairs  
 Would with the *Fanus* Favourite converse.  
 And after Majesty from *York* set forth,  
 And left *Newcastle* to command the *North*,  
 The Earl had so much Reason to distrust  
 The Lord, and think him to the Crown unjust;  
 That he confin'd him for a time, and then  
 Sent him to *Oxford* to his Sovereign,  
 Where he so purg'd himself of all Offence,  
 That he preserv'd the Favour of his Prince;  
 But in the close behav'd himself so ill,  
 And with the King did so unfairly deal,

That



That Royal Goodness thrust him from his Place,  
 With open irretrievable Disgrace,  
 Committed him to Prison, where he lay  
 Despis'd by all that did their Prince obey.  
 And when discharg'd, was ne'er admitted more  
 To th' Presence of the King he'd wrong'd before,  
 But liv'd to mourn his Folly, curse his Birth,  
 Blam'd by all Sides, and scorn'd by Men of worth.

A. D.  
 1640,  
 W

*Errors in Judgment may sometimes dispose  
 A Man to favour an unrighteous Cause,  
 But that unconstant Wretch who turns all Ways,  
 And still is False, must be by Nature base:  
 Such impious Traytors seldom fail to meet  
 Rewards as shameful as their vile Deceit.*

A. D.

1640.



THE

Lord BROOK'S

## CHARACTER:

**L**ong had he tug'd at the Fanatick Oar,  
 Against the lawful Stream of Sov'reign Pow'r;  
 And strenuously labour'd with Delight,  
 To screw up Faction to its utmost height;  
 Tho' some alledge, his Zeal was not supply'd  
 With any Malice, or inflam'd with Pride,  
 But that 'twas owing to the bad Effects  
 Of poyson'd and corrupted Intellects,  
 Having been early from the Church miss'd,  
 Or from the Cradle in Dissention bred:  
 But let his Factious Tenets have their rise  
 From Education, Pride, or Prejudice,  
 Yet all the three, concenter'd in his Breast,  
 Could not excite, or urge him to detest,  
 With more abhorrence, both the Church and State;  
 As if his sowre Aversion was innate.

*Like theirs who swoon when they a Cat behold,  
 Or at the sight of Cheese grow Pale and Cold;  
 Yet cannot, if they're ask'd the Cause, declare  
 One Reason for the great Dislike they bear.*

Nor did he only labour to Foment  
 The Feud 'twixt Faction and the Government,  
 But when it burst into a Civil Flame,  
 Became an active Rebel in the same,

Was



Robert Lord Brook.





A. D.  
1640;

Was made their Idol-Gen'ral, and ador'd  
 As the Saints only Patriarchal Lord,  
 Their Rock, their Hope, the Shield of their Defence,  
 The Prop of all their future Confidence;  
 Till in the Town of *Litchfield*, as he sat  
 In his own Chamber, he receiv'd a Shot  
 I'th' Eye, from some good Marks-man, in the close,  
 Which sent the Hero to his last Repose,  
 Having that Morning, with an impious Tongue,  
 Implor'd good Heav'n, that if his Cause was wrong,  
 He might be instantly cut off, which Pray'r  
 The God of Justice was dispos'd to hear,  
 And answer'd the Enthusion's bold Request,  
 That the just Judgment might reclaim the rest,  
 But that which also made his Death to all  
 Th' Inhabitants still more remarkable,  
 Was, that it happen'd on a certain Day  
 That's call'd *St. Chad's*, which, as Historians say,  
 Derives its ancient venerable Name  
 From a good Bishop, noted by the same,  
 Who liv'd long since, as old Records agree,  
 In the first Ages of Christianity,  
 And that the Church at *Litchfield*, in the close,  
 Besieg'd by *Brook* and her Rebellious Foes,  
 When first erected, in the Times of Yore,  
 Was Christen'd by the Name that Bishop bore;  
 Which does a further Argument advance,  
 To prove his Death a Judgment, not a Chance;  
 Yet still the Rebels, destitute of Grace,  
 Pursu'd the Siege and took the Holy Place.

*For when the Heart's corrupted, and the sense  
 Of Man confirm'd in a wrong Confidence,  
 Nothing but the constraint of Heav'n can force  
 The Mind, for better, to forsake the worse,*

A. D.  
1640.

*The CHARACTER of the short  
Parliament, begun April 3.  
and dissolv'd May 5. 1640.*

**T**He temper of both Houses, when they met,  
 Stood well inclin'd to serve the Royal State,  
 And seem'd unfeign'dly dispos'd to grant  
 An Aid sufficient for the Publick Want,  
 Till *Vane* \*, through Malice to that Fav'rite Peer,  
 Wise *Strafford*, trusted by the King to steer  
 The Throne's Affairs, such wilful Errors made,  
 That rais'd up Heats too pow'rful to be laid,  
 And gave the stiff-neck'd Party so much play,  
 That Faction gain'd new Converts e'ery Day,  
 And by their artful flagrant Speeches wrought  
 Upon the wav'ring Commons, till such hot  
 Divisions fill'd the House, that they began  
 T'insult, and not supply their Sovereign;  
 Also to quarrel with the Lords about  
 A trifling Privilege not worth dispute,  
 Which, at another time, they would have pass'd,  
 Without the least Resentment or Distast.  
 But *Vane* insisting on no less Supplies,  
 Than a full Grant of twice six Subsidies,  
 When he was timely caution'd to abate,  
 In case his first Demands were thought too great,  
 So chang'd the hopeful Temper of the House,  
 And gave to *Pym* and *Hambden* such a loose,

---

\* Sir Harry the Father, then Secretary of State.



That the King's Friends could by no means restore  
The Commons to the Bent they shew'd before,  
Which so provok'd the King, that he dissolv'd  
The Senate, tho' in Cares and Doubts involv'd,  
His Coffers at an ebb, his Credit sunk,  
And *Scotland* by intemp'rate Zeal made drunk.  
But when he heard the Commons were inclin'd  
To serve his Ends, till *Vane* had chang'd their Mind,  
He then began to heartily repent  
The Dissolution of his Parliament;  
And was desirous, could it have been done,  
To've call'd 'em back by Proclamation;  
But those he trusted most, alas, could find  
No Precedent pursuant to his Mind,  
That both the King and People seem'd to grieve  
At such a rash Misconduct, past retrieve,  
His Majesty disowning his Consent  
To Secretary *Vane's* Mismanagement,  
And for his treach'rous and revengeful Ills,  
Remov'd him, in his Anger, from the Seals.

*Thus Kings, who trust to Ministers of State,  
Oft suffer by the Quarrels of the Great.*

A.D.

1641.



The most

## Remarkable Transactions

Of the Seventeenth Year of the Reign of

King CHAREES the First,

*Anno Dom. 1641.*

THE Factionous Managers in *Strafford's* Case \*,  
 To please the *Scots*, proceeded now apace,  
 And tho' he made so Noble a Defence,  
 That clear'd, to all good Men, his Innocence,  
 And satisfy'd his Royal Master's Breast,  
 That he was undeservedly oppress'd;  
 Yet when there was no Law that made his Crimes  
 High-Treason, the Corruption of the Times  
 Was such, his Foes attainted him by Bill,  
 And scandaliz'd their Pow'r to have their Will,  
 Adding a Clause expressly to prevent  
 The same remaining as a Precedent;  
 By which the Senate evidently blam'd  
 Their own Proceedings, and their Act condemn'd.  
*So he that seeks Revenge, o'er-run with Spleen,  
 First gives the Stab, and then repents the Sin.*

The King, whose Mercy overpoiz'd his Pow'r,  
 Did all he could to make the Earl secure;

---

\* *His Tryal began March 22. ended April 13.*

A. D.

1641.



But the rude Rabble starting from their Holes,  
 Encourag'd by the Commons, flow'd in Shoals  
 Around the Palace, where they cry'd aloud  
 For speedy Justice, meaning *Strafford's* Blood,  
 That Royal Goodness had no room to save  
 The Earl, tho' guiltless, from the hasty Grave,  
 Unless he'd been regardless of his Throne,  
 And rescu'd him from ruin by his own ;  
 Therefore the King, amidst these Cares and Fears,  
 Aw'd by the Factionous Commons and the Peers,  
 And being also by the Earl implor'd,  
 For Royal Safety, sign'd what he abhor'd.  
 At the same time the Senate did exact  
 That fatal and unprecedented Act,  
 Which the King pass'd, impow'ring them to sit  
 As long hereafter as themselves thought fit.

*If common Danger, or the bare mistrust  
 Thereof could make the Senate's rashness just,  
 The same must be allow'd as good a Plea  
 For all the weaker Acts of Majesty.*

In May\* the Hero fell a Sacrifice  
 To his base *Scotch* revengeful Enemies,  
 Who, if his good Advice had been pursu'd,  
 Had sav'd his own and many Thousands Blood,  
 By beating back those false rebellious Foes,  
 Without a Treaty, by the dint of Blows,  
 Having in *Durham* plainly shew'd the Throne,  
 In one Exploit, it might have soon been done,  
 Where a small Party of the *English* Horse,  
 Sent by the Earl, had routed twice the Force,  
 Which so inflam'd the *Scots*, that he should shew  
 Their Weakness when a Treaty was in view,  
 That they could ne'er forgive him the Offence,  
 But heighten'd their Revenge the more from thence,

*the 12th.*

Which



A. D. Which had its fatal rise some time before,  
 1641. When th' Earl in *Ireland* exercis'd his Pow'r,  
 Where he proclaim'd them Rebels as they were,  
 Before the King thought fit to do it here.  
*So common Whores, who glory in their shame,  
 Altho' they hug the Sin, yet hate the Name.*

The Scots and Managers in Parliament,  
 Thus having gain'd with Ease this mighty Point,  
 The Loyal Party were so aw'd thereby,  
 That none durst say the Faction trod awry,  
 Who now no stormy Opposition fear'd,  
 But, hoisting up their Topsails, smoothly steer'd,  
 With a full Gale tow' rds their intended Port,  
 Fearing no Rocks or Bulwarks of the Court,  
 Abolish'd the Star-Chamber by consent  
 O'th' King, tho' settl'd first by Parliament,  
 Pull'd down the High-Commission, and repeal'd  
 The Statute's Clause by which it had been held;  
 In both which Courts their Friends had been chastis'd,  
 For their ill Talents basely exercis'd,  
 Which made 'em much more hasty to redress  
 Such awful arbitrary Grievances,  
 That beyond Bounds their factious Tongues might run,  
 And with less danger vilify the Throne.  
 The Ship-Money they also render'd void,  
 And all Proceedings thereupon destroy'd;  
 Five of the Judges\* who had frankly sign'd  
 Opinions grateful to the Royal Mind,  
 Were of high Crimes impeach'd, tho' all indeed,  
 As well as they, had in the same agreed;  
 And that the Twelve might be the more amus'd,  
 And aw'd, a sixth † of Treason was accus'd,

\* Bramston, Trevor, Weston, Davenport, Crawly,

† Barkly.

Tho' they'd the Temper in their Heat to stop  
 Proceedings, and to let the Matter drop,  
 Designing only by the Warmth they'd shewn,  
 To fright 'em from adhering to the Throne.  
 The Right of Tunnage, which the *English* Throne  
 Had long enjoy'd, they wrested from the Crown.  
 Also prevail'd upon the King to give  
 The Market-Branch of his Prerogative,  
 And to discharge Knight-Service, which in War  
 Was due by Law unto the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 Engag'd him to relinquish all pretence  
 Of pressing Soldiers for the Land's defence,  
 And to disclaim an old peculiar  
 Propriety in making Gunpowder;  
 Brought in an impious Bill to lay aside  
 The Bishops Votes, but that the Lords deny'd.  
 However, in Six Months, or little more,  
 They rob'd the King of half his Royal Pow'r.

A. D.

1641.

The Treaty now b'ing finish'd 'twixt the Throne  
 And those that manag'd the Rebellion,  
 A heavy Poll-Tax thro' the Land was laid,  
 That both the Armies might with speed be paid.  
 And as a Bounty to the *Scots* alone,  
 For the good Publick Service they had done,  
 Three-hundred-thousand Pounds the Senate thought  
 The smallest Boon they could in Conscience Vote,  
 Which by an Act they did secure beside  
 Their Pay, to satiate their Rebellious Pride;  
 One-hundred-thousand to be paid in *June*  
 Come Twelve-month, and the rest when *Sol* had run  
 Two annual Courses from the Date assign'd  
 For the first Payment, by their over-kind  
 And gen'rous Friends the Parliament, who shew'd  
 Their Temper in their Factious Gratitude.

For none but Rebels sure would whet the Swords  
 Of Rebels, with such undeserv'd Rewards.

When

A.D. 1641. When thus the *Scots* and Faction here had gain'd  
Their Ends, both Sides their Armies did disband \*,  
And four Days after Royal CHARLES begun  
His Progress tow'rds his *Scotch* Dominion,  
Where the false Loons, who had but just withdrawn  
Themselves from Treach'ry and Rebellion,  
Receiv'd their King with such a loud excess  
Of Joy, as if they truly meant no less.  
Nor did forgiving Majesty neglect  
To grant 'em more than they could well expect,  
Hoping by such kind Methods to restore  
Their due Obedience to the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
Ratify'd all the Acts that had been done  
By their Assembly 'gainst the Church and Throne,  
Wherein they had abolish'd and made null  
All Jurisdic<sup>t</sup> and Pow'r Episcopal,  
Settling the Ruins of the Church upon  
The King and his Successors to the Throne.  
They also gain'd His Majesty's assent  
T'invest the Council nam'd by Parliament,  
In the King's Absence, with the free and full  
Unbounded Exercise of Sov'reign Rule;  
And that their Senate should have Pow'r to meet,  
Upon a certain Day prefix'd and set,  
Triennially, all which was to be done  
Without a Call or Summons from the Crown :  
The King conferring e'ery Place of Trust  
On those who'd been most treach'rous and unjust,  
Reserving only to himself the Grant  
Of Honours, but no share of Government,  
Having bestow'd the sacred Spoils among  
Their craving Nobles, that insatiate Throng,  
Proving most kind and bountiful to those  
Who were most able to be dang'rous Foes ;

\* August the 6th.



A.D.  
1641.  


Conferring Honours on the Lord *Argyle*;  
*Lesly*, and his Lieutenant-General,  
And other Northern Gentry, who had been  
Most active in the late rebellious Scene;  
All humbly making, in return to these  
Concessions, large and loyal Promises,  
Which e'ery one, like true born *Scots*, took care  
To break, when Opportunity stood fair.

*Nor is it less than Justice to the Great,*  
*Who slight their Friends and favour those they Hate;*  
*When Lucifer, the first that e'er rebell'd,*  
*Led his wing'd Troops into the boundless Field,*  
*Heav'n no such Mercy to the Rebels shew'd,*  
*But damn'd 'em for their curs'd Ingratitude,*  
*That God's Vicegerents might Example take,*  
*And punish those who their Allegiance break.*  
*For 'tis a shameful Refuge to cashire*  
*Our Friends, and hug our Enemies in fear.*

During this Progress fatal News came o'er  
To the King's Ear, from the *Hibernian Shore*,  
That all the Popish Natives had begun  
A bold and barbarous Rebellion,  
Wherein they daily murder'd in their Rage,  
Without regard to either Sex or Age,  
The Protestants, by heaps, who wanting Pow'r  
To make defence, lay weltring in their Gore.  
And tho' *Conally* a discov'ry made  
Toth' Judges how the black Design was laid,  
The Night before the Day they were to rise\*  
And perpetrate their bloody Villanies,  
Yet were they render'd able, by so short  
A Warning, to prevent but little hurt;  
*Dublin* itself b'ing harass'd to secure  
The Town and Castle from the Rebels Pow'r,

\* October 23.

A.D. 1641. The latter b'ing stor'd with Arms, from whence  
 The Protestants got Weapons of Defence;  
 And when thus arm'd did into Bodies draw  
 Themselves, and kept the Catholicks in awe;  
 But in all Places of the Land beside,  
 They rang'd, burnt Villages, whole Crouds destroy'd,  
 And in a Month Two-hundred-thousand kill'd,  
 Making their boggy Isle one bloody Field;  
 B'ing first encourag'd, as Records agree,  
 By *Scotland*, to attempt this Massacre;  
 The Loons beginning a Rebellion there;  
 To propagate their Kirk by open War;  
 And having, by that Means, recover'd all  
 They wanted from the Church-Episcopal,  
 The Papists thought they might as justly free  
 The Church of *Rome* from *English* Tyranny,  
 And being fed by Priests with flatt'ring hope,  
 Took the like Measures to restore the Pope.

*For if Saint Andrew any Right can claim  
 To vile Rebellion; and incur no Blame,  
 Saint Patrick, by my Shoul, may plead the same.*

The King, in *Scotland*, gave up this Affair  
 Of *Ireland*, to his *English* Senate's Care,  
 Who sent both Men and Money with what speed  
 They could, to serve that Kingdom in its need,  
 The Council there b'ing diligent the while,  
 In all things for the safety of the Isle,  
 And, with what Forces they could raise, withstood  
 The Rebels, who had bath'd in *English* Blood.

*For when Religion Arms, the Heart grows hard,  
 And Cruelty's most sinful if it's spar'd.*

The King, who'd, in a manner, made a Deed  
 Of Gift, of all his Pow'r beyond the *Tweed*,

A. D.  
1641.



From *Scotland* now return'd\*, and passing through  
His Loyal City, they desir'd to shew  
Their Love and Duty in a splendid Feast  
They'd made to entertain the Royal Guest;  
Nor did they only Banquet him, but wait  
Upon his Person to his Palace-Gate.  
Which Kindness was return'd at *Hampton-Court*;  
In costly Meats and Wines of e'ery sort;  
The King conferring Honours upon some,  
And when he'd done dispatch'd the Muckworms homie.

Th' invet'rate Commons now, to shew their bent;  
To *Hampton-Court* a foul Remonstrance sent †,  
Wherein they open'd all that had been done  
Amis since the King's coming to the Crown.  
To which they also had prefix'd a base  
Petition, full of equal Bitterness,  
Praying the King would with the House consent;  
The Bishops should not Vote in Parliament,  
And that about him none might be employ'd,  
But such in whom the Senate might confide;  
And that he would not alienate the Lands  
In *Ireland*, that should fall into his hands  
By the Rebellion, promising their Care  
Should not be wanting to support the War,  
In order to suppress the Troubles there.



To all these Points, for which they humbly pray'd,  
The King a smooth evasive Answer made,  
Which in no measure satisfy'd the House,  
But made them more impatient and morose;  
That tho' His Majesty forbid the same,  
They printed their Remonstrance to inflame

\* The latter-end of November.

† Upon the first of December.



A. D. The Croud, and having pass'd a Bill that none  
1641. In Orders should have Jurisdiction

W In Temporal Affairs, to which the Peers

Unanimously seeming much averse;  
The factious City furnish'd out a rude  
And mischievous undaunted Multitude;  
Who, fearless, did in daring Throngs repair  
To the Old Palace-Yard at Westminster,  
Against the Bishops us'd opprobrious Words;  
Insulting also many Temp'ral Lords,  
Stopping at Whitehall-Gate, as back they came,  
Crying, No Porter's Lodge should hinder them  
From speaking with the King, but would be free,  
At all times to approach His Majesty.

Yet when the Upper-House desir'd the Low'r  
To join against this rude tumultuous Pow'r,  
In such a Declaration as might put  
A speedy End to the unlawful Rout,  
Pym, their chief Oracle, cry'd; God forbid  
The Commons should unwarily proceed,  
In any way to hinder or deter

The People from discov'ring their desire;  
A freedom God had trusted in their hands,  
In order to obtain their just Demands.

And when the neighb'ring Justices took care  
To raise the Constables at Westminster,  
With a large Watch, pursuant to a Writ  
The Lords had issued to assuage this Heat;  
The House of Commons voted it a Breach  
Of Privilege to set forth such a Watch,  
Commanded all the Constables before  
The House, and charg'd 'em they should Ward no more;  
And did a Justice to the Tow'r commit,  
For acting with Obedience to the Writ,  
Yet they themselves, who'd rais'd the wicked Herd,  
Petition'd that their House might have a Guard\*

\* Under Command of the Earl of Essex.

Against

Against Malignants, who, they said, were bent  
To offer Violence to the Parliament:

A. D.  
1641.  
W

*Thus crafty Faction always seem to dread  
Plots counter to the deep Designs they've laid;  
And all the Ills they've done, or mean to do,  
They charge on those whose ruin they pursue.*

The King, altho' he modestly deny'd  
Their base Petition, solemnly reply'd,  
He'd take all Measures that became his Throne,  
To make their Safety equal with his own.

During the time His Majesty remain'd  
At *Edenburgh*, he by some means had gain'd  
Intelligence of severall who had made  
The *Scots* an Invitation to invade  
The Kingdom, of which number five were then  
Among the Commons; busy leading Men;  
Besides \* *Kimbolton* of the Upper-house,  
Who also did the factious Cause espouse.  
Against these Six, by Order of the Throne,  
A Charge † was by the King's Attorney drawn;  
And thereupon a proper Message sent  
To th' Lower-house, in order to acquaint  
The Commons, that His Sacred Majesty  
Desir'd such Members into Custody,  
B'ing equally accus'd of that Offence;  
High-Treason, on substantial Evidence;  
But the proud House, with Faction over-run,  
Slighting th' unwelcome Message from the Throne,  
Voted, if any Person should presume,  
Without an Order of the House, to come  
To any Member, and attempt to take  
His Person, that he might Resistance make;

\* *Lord.*

† *Of High-Treason.*

A.D. 1641. Which so deter'd the Sergeant, who was sent  
 T'arrest the Five impeach'd by th' Government,  
 That he, nor any one durst execute  
 The Warrant, after their imperious Vote.  
 The King displeas'd that Justice thus should be  
 Obstructed by the Commons Tyranny,  
 Taking his Nephew \*, and the better sort  
 Of Officers in waiting then at Court,  
 T'attend his Person, with Impatience went  
 To the Low'r stubborn House of Parliament,  
 And ent'ring with his Nephew and no more,  
 Demanded those he had Impeach'd before :  
 But private Notice of the King's intent,  
 From Court, by *Carlisle's* Countess being sent  
 To the Five Members, they had timely fled  
 The House before the King his Visit made;  
 So that he only shew'd his Royal Mind,  
 But fail'd of meeting those he hop'd to find.  
 This warm Proceeding did the House enrage,  
 And gave their Factionous Spite so keen an edge,  
 That Majesty no sooner did retire  
 But the contentious Tribe were all on Fire,  
 And Voted this Adventure of their Leige,  
 To be the highest Breach of Privilege;  
 Tho' in the Case of *Arundel* † 't'ad been  
 Asserted in the same immediate Reign,  
 No Privilege of Parliament could reach  
 To Treason, Felony, or any Breach  
 Of Peace, so far as to protect or skreen  
 From Justice any Man concern'd therein;  
 Yet Faction gave their Tongues an odious loose,  
 About this violence offer'd to the House,  
 Reporting that the King had an intent  
 To Murder sev'ral of the Parliament,

\* *The Palsgrave,*† *Earl*



A.D.  
1641.

That he had put the Commons, by severe  
And threat'ning Speeches, into bod'ly Fear.  
All which malicious Stories were aver'd,  
In Publick, by the daring Faction's Herd;  
That Guards and Watches were in London set;  
To make the Peoples Jealousies more great,  
And their Trainbands appointed to secure  
The accus'd Members down to Westminster;  
As if they were the only worthy Five,  
By whom the Nation could subsist and thrive.

*This Faction always labours to support  
Those Friends the most, that do the greatest hurt;  
And to obscure their Crimes from common Eyes,  
Make all their basest Actions pass for wise.*

The King, amidst these Insults, with his Queen,  
And Children, fearing that his Foes might mean  
Some daring Mischief, did to Hampton-Court  
Retire, to be the more secure from hurt,  
Hoping his Absence might appease the Storm,  
That grew each Day more dangerously warm:  
During his stay at Hampton also sent  
A soothing Message to the Parliament,  
Which by both Houses was with Thanks receiv'd,  
That all good Men grew chearful and believ'd  
The King and Commons would be soon agreed,  
And all things in a happy Course succeed,  
Which apprehension made the Faction more  
Industrious to provoke the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
That their new Wedges, craftily apply'd,  
Might make the Breach irreparably wide;  
Accordingly the Faction in the House  
Prevailing, fram'd a vile and scandalous  
Petition, to beseech their gracious Prince,  
That as a Ground to raise their Confidence,

A.D.  
1641.

He would vouchsafe to put into their Pow'r,  
The Navy, the Militia, and the Tow'r,  
Humbly desiring also the Command  
Of all the Forts and Castles in the Land.

*No Hist'ry sure of Heathen Rome or Greece,  
Can parallel such Impudence as this,  
Which must have been, for certain, disavow'd,  
Not only by the Gentry but the Crowd,  
Had not most Men, without Old-Bedlam, been  
More Lunatick than those that rav'd within.*

The King, tho' thus intollerably us'd,  
Their spiteful Pray'r most patiently refus'd,  
Tainely concealing those Resentments due  
From a good Prince to such an envious Crew,  
And with the Queen and Princess Mary went  
A melancholy Progress into Kent,  
Sending the Royal Mother and her Fair  
Young Offspring thence \* into Batavian Air,  
In the cold Month of Febr'y, before  
The Sun could well have thaw'd that freezing Shore.  
The King returning, when the Queen was gone,  
From Dover back to Canterbury Town,  
Where he was ill-advis'd, against his Will,  
To sign that factious and pernicious Bill,  
Which took the Rev'rend Bishops Votes away,  
And did to Wolves the Flock of CHRIST betray:  
But all these Condescensions were in vain,  
His yielding made them but the more complain.

*Therefore 'twas pity he so far comply'd,  
To gratify such thankless sullen Pride,  
Which, as 'twas founded upon impious Grounds,  
Tower'd so high it triumph'd beyond Bounds.*

\* From Dover.

The King, perceiving that the Commons meant  
 No Union, but were mischievously bent,  
 And finding no abatement of their Flame,  
 To *Greenwich-House*, from *Canterbury* came,  
 And sending for the Prince of *Wales* and Duke  
 Of *York*, from thence to *York* a Progress took,  
 Whilst two Petitions, insolently rude,  
 From Parliament the giving Prince pursu'd,  
 To humbly beg, as they had done before,  
 No less, at once, than all the Sov'reign Pow'r;  
 For whosoe'er endeavours to possess  
 The whole Militia, grasps at nothing less;  
 That the King knew, and therefore would not grant  
 A Sute so bold and so extravagant.  
 The House, however, forc'd it from the Throne,  
 By a rebellious Ord'nance of their own,  
 Settling the same, to work their pious Ends,  
 I'th' trusty Hands of their Fanatick Friends,  
 Which Act the King accounted, as he'd cause,  
 An open violation of the Laws,  
 That did at once sufficiently declare,  
 Against their Sov'reign, a Rebellious War,  
 And therefore he as speedily prepar'd  
 To raise such Forces as might timely guard  
 His Life 'gainst those who had their Game pursu'd  
 So far, they only could be safe in Blood;  
 Yet after all these cursed Steps they'd trod,  
 Bolder than Rebels who provok'd their God,  
 They falsly charg'd the War upon their Prince,  
 And far outdid those Dev'ls in impudence.

A.D.  
 1641.  
 Wm

The End of the Seventeenth Year,



A.D.  
1641

THE

*Earl of* SOUTHAMPTON'S

## CHARACTER.

IN all respects he was a Noble Peer,  
 Weighty his Eloquence, his Judgment clear;  
 His Apprehension quick, his Wit expert,  
 And without Study could his Parts exert:  
 In all Debates would appositely speak,  
 And to his Point with Resolution stick;  
 But was too much to melancholy prone,  
 And of all Company best lov'd his own.  
 Was born a younger Brother, losing both  
 His Father and his Elder in his Youth;  
 And in his greener Years could not accord  
 With much Attendance, on the Name of Lord;  
 But, when a Boy, was thoughtfully inspir'd,  
 And took most pleasure in a Life retir'd;  
 Did a great Spirit in his Breast support,  
 Yet car'd not to converse or climb at Court:  
 Nor had he any Smiles or Favours thence,  
 To tempt him early to attend his Prince,  
 But, as reported, rather underwent  
 Such Hardships as he'd reason to resent;  
 Which made the Faction think the Earl inclin'd  
 To oppose the Court, who thus had prov'd unkind,  
 That, when the Rump began, no injur'd Lord  
 Could be more follow'd, courted, and ador'd,  
 Than young *Southampton*, by the Chiefs that led  
 The Van of those that sought their Monarch's Head!

Not



THOMAS WRIOTHESLY  
Earl of SOUTHAMPTON



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A. D.  
1641.  
W

Nor was the cautious Earl without a great  
Dislike of some Mismanagements of State ;  
Or was his Noble Breast intirely clear  
Of Prejudice tow'rds that unhappy Peer  
The Earl of *Strafford*, tho' when once he saw  
The Steps the Faction made beyond the Law,  
All their Proceedings strongly he oppos'd,  
And with the Loyal Side intirely clos'd.  
Nor would his Temper be prevail'd upon  
T'accept of Court-Preferment from the Throne,  
Till both the Houses had been pleas'd to make  
A Protestation for themselves to take,  
Voting that none but such as would comply  
To swallow the same Poyson should enjoy  
Any Preferment in the Church or State :  
But Brave *Southampton* had a Soul too great  
To take the Dose, and scorning of their Vote,  
Was of the Privy-Council chose without.  
And when he saw the Faction press so hard,  
Was also of the Chamber made a Lord ;  
In the King's Troubles prov'd a faithful Friend,  
And so continu'd to the barb'rous End :  
Was one of those four Mourning Peers who paid  
Their last sad Duties to their Prince when dead,  
And to refresh the Grave's insatiate Mouth,  
In show'rs of Tears wept Loyalty and Truth.

*Thus, when to punish a revolted Land,  
Rebels and Traytors gain the upper-hand,  
The Wicked triumph whilst the Just lament  
Those Ills they want due Power to prevent.*

A.D.

1641.



# THE CHARACTER

OF THE

## *Duke of RICHMOND.*

A Gallant Worthy, to the King ally'd,  
 Whose Royal Care was early to provide  
 An Education that might suit with both  
 The Birth and Genius of the Noble Youth;  
 And to enlarge the Greatness of his Mind,  
 By Nature to the best pursuits inclin'd,  
 Sent him to *France*, to *Italy*, and *Spain*,  
 That Foreign Learning might enrich his Brain,  
 And Courts abroad to more Perfection rear  
 Those gen'rous Scions grafted in him here:  
 Was, to his Honour, by the *Spaniard* made,  
 A Grandee of that Kingdom when a Lad;  
 And soon as he return'd, tho' under Age,  
 Was call'd at home upon the Publick Stage,  
 And, as the darling of his Sov'reign Lord,  
 Was summon'd to the Privy-Council-Board;  
 And, at the King's Request, soon after took  
 To Wife sole Daughter of the murder'd Duke\*,  
 Whose Charms had twice ten thousand Pounds in store,  
 And the King's Bounty to enlarge her Dow'r:  
 So that the Noble Youth, before so great  
 In Title, now was equal in Estate.

\* Buckingham.



*JAMES Duke of RICHMOND and  
LENOX Earl of MARCH Lord DARNLEY &c.*





Nor was his Knowledge in the least degree  
Inferior to his Wealth and Dignity ;  
Yet entertain'd so slender a Conceit  
Of his own Foresight and superior Wit,  
That he'd be led sometimes by those not bless'd  
With half the Parts that he himself possess'd ;  
Tho' no Man of his lofty Rank enjoy'd  
A greater Spirit or more awful Pride ;  
To Honour's Rules he was exactly just,  
And scorn'd, for safety, to corrupt his Trust,  
But most intirely to the King resign'd  
His Person, Fortune, and his faithful Mind,  
Abhorring all those Arts which others us'd,  
For shelter, with those Rebels that abus'd  
His Royal Master, but undaunted stood,  
As if he scorn'd to save his Noble Blood,  
By asking Quarter at the hands of those  
Who did with hostile Force the Throne oppose,  
Nor would he at their Terms himself secure,  
By standing still to see the Sov'reign Pow'r  
O'erturn'd by trayt'rous Crowds, but to the End  
Perform'd his Duty, like a faithful Friend,  
Engag'd, when the Rebellious War begun,  
His own three Brothers to assist the Throne,  
Who boldly perish'd in the just defence  
Of their wrong'd Country and their injur'd Prince,  
Besides, his Fortune chearfully he spent,  
To serve his King, to whom at once he lent  
The Summ of Twenty-thousand Pounds, to show  
A good Example, when the Cause was low :  
For which kind Services the Senate took  
A violent Hatred to the Loyal Duke,  
And with their utmost Rancour still pursu'd  
The Hero for no more than Gratitude ;  
But he continu'd Resolute and Brave,  
Tho' all his just Endeavours could not save

A. D.  
1641.  
272

**A.D.** His Royal Master from that murd'ring Blow,  
 1641. From whence our present Jars and Suff'rings flow;  
 But when their Malice had so far presum'd,  
 Took care to see the sacred Corps intomb'd,  
 And to the martyr'd Clay, with melting Eyes,  
 Perform'd a Loyal weeping Sacrifice.

*Thus all that Friends can do, when Friends are slain,  
 Or die by Nature, is to mourn, in vain;  
 A Lesson Tears or Sorrows can regain.*

**THE**  
 The Hero for no more than this  
 And with this utmost Honour will be paid  
 A violent March to the Royal Palace  
 For which Lord Services the Prince took  
 A good Example, when the Cause was low:  
 The sum of Twenty thousand Pounds to show  
 To serve his King, to whom he owed the debt  
 His former charity, his former  
 Of their wrong'd Country and their injured Prince  
 Who early perished in the flames  
 His own time devoted to the Throne  
 Begun, when the Reluctant War began  
 Persevered his Day, like a faithful Friend  
 O'erturn'd by many a cruel Blow, but to the End  
 By standing still to see the 27th of Nov.





*William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, Gen. of his Majesties Army, in the North,*



A.D.

1641.

W

THE

*Earl of NEWCASTLE'S*

## CHARACTER.

**N**O *English* Hero, in his Noble Breast,  
 More Honour carry'd, or more Worth possess'd;  
 Of Loyalty his gallant Soul was full,  
 His Courage fearless and invincible;  
 By Nature Am'rous, Musical, and Mild,  
 A Lamb at home, a Lyon in the Field,  
 None could the War-Horse mount, or Rein command  
 With better Grace, or with an abler Hand;  
 Or use the pointed Weapon of Defence,  
 In danger, with more skilful excellence.  
 Nor could the best Professor of that Art  
 Which charms the Eye and wins the Virgin's Heart,  
 Adapt more graceful Steps to Musick's sound,  
 Or from the yielding Floor more nimbly bound.  
 To these were added Temper, Bounty, Wit,  
 And all that could the Gentleman compleat;  
 For which Perfections, no Man having more,  
 The Earl was chose the Prince's Governour;  
 Which, by the King, was from the Northern Lord,  
 To *Hertford's* Marquis afterwards transfer'd;  
 Yet when the Rebels had the War begun,  
 None was more ready to assist the Throne,  
 Or could with more Fidelity exert  
 His Strength and Int'rest on his Sov'reign's part.

Was



*A. D.* Was Gen'ral in the *North*, and govern'd there  
 1641. With long Success and admirable Care,  
 Possess'd himself of *York*, took many Towns,  
 And made the *Scots* and Rebels dread his Frowns.  
 Won sev'ral Battles, to his endless Fame,  
 With smaller Numbers, to the Roundheads shame.  
 And where his Troops were push'd and most oppress'd,  
 With his own pers'nal Valour chear'd the rest,  
 Amidst the wreaking Field undaunted stood,  
 Fearing the loss of Honour more than Blood.  
 Secur'd *Newcastle* timely for the Crown,  
 Fix'd a strong Garison in *Newark Town*,  
 Did all good Opportunities embrace,  
 And long enjoy'd a Series of Success;  
 Was made a Marquis by the grateful Throne,  
 In honour to the glorious Deeds he'd done.  
 But baneful Envy, who so often breeds  
 Confusion, sowing her contentious Seeds  
 Between the Marquis, of a Spirit great,  
 And hasty *Rupert*, full of Martial heat,  
 The fatal Strife their Armies compos'd,  
 When in the *North* they should have kindly clos'd,  
 And with united Courage bravely fought  
 The Roundheads, join'd with the rebellious *Scots*;  
 But these untimely Discords that arose,  
 Gave such advantage to their daring Foes,  
 That tho', at length, the Prince and Marquis join'd,  
 Each entertain'd a discontented Mind;  
 Which prejudicial Feud so far had spread  
 Through the two Armies, by the Heroes led,  
 That wanting a true Union in their Pow'r,  
 They both were overthrown at *Marston-Moor*;  
 Which prov'd the first and most destructive Blow,  
 That brought the King and Loyal Party low.  
 The Marquis tortur'd with this fatal shock,  
 His Troops half slain, the rest dispers'd and broke,  
 With

Withdrew to Foreign Countries, where he bore  
The frowns of Fate like a Philosopher,  
Supporting still a brave and loyal Mind,  
To the King's Service stedfastly inclin'd,  
Waiting till wav'ring Fortune should agree  
To give him some fresh opportunity,  
Whilst hungry Traytors his Estate enjoy'd,  
Defac'd his Buildings and his Woods destroy'd.

A. D.  
1641.



*Such Hardships must the Just and Brave endure,  
When unrelenting Rebels gain the Pow'r,  
Who in the Name of GOD begin all Evil,  
And to reform the Church our sin the Devil.*

THE  
Tive men with mistaking Liberty.  
Remaining only fix'd, and the same  
To live, and let the same be known  
Like a subject with his own realm  
His Grants to show, and his Prince;  
Pursuing all things that right self voice  
When Mankind has possest the Commons;  
Call'd by his factor to the House of Peers,  
And was report'd equally by him;

A.D.

1641.



# The Lord SEYMOUR'S CHARACTER

**B**Rother to that brave Marquis\* who maintain'd  
The Royal Cause so like a faithful Friend;  
A Man of Honour, Int'rest, and of great  
Repute in *Wiltshire*, where he liv'd in State,  
And did a gen'rous Character support,  
Without the flatt'ring Sunshine of the Court,  
His Parts and Knowledge being most employ'd  
Among those Rural Comforts he enjoy'd,  
And in th'administration and a good  
Dispatch of Justice in his Neighbourhood;  
Was Knight for *Wiltshire* when the Rump began;  
And in that Station prov'd a mod'rate Man;  
When his old Friends the Loyal Cause declin'd,  
And warmly with the Factious Party join'd,  
For *Strafford's* Earl preserv'd a great Esteem,  
And was respected equally by him;  
Call'd by his Int'rest to the House of Peers;  
When Madness had possess'd the Commons;  
Pursuing all things that might best evince  
His Gratitude to *Strafford* and his Prince;  
Like a true Subject with his Sov'reign went  
To *York*, and left the furious Parliament,  
Remaining truly fix'd, and always free,  
To serve him with unstain'd Fidelity.

*Thus Honours by the Prince are well bestow'd  
Upon the Loyal, Grateful, and the Good;  
But misconferr'd become a Nation's Curse;  
Make Faction flourish and the Bad grow worse.*

\* Of Hertford.

The



A.D.  
1642  
m

The most

## Remarkable Transactions

Of the Eighteenth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

*Anno Dom. 1642.*

THE King, when the proud Senate had declar'd  
 Rebellious War, with equal haste prepar'd,  
 And gave out his Commissions of Array,  
 To such whose Honour fear'd not to obey,  
 That they might levy Forces to secure  
 The injur'd Kingdom and the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 Against that impious and destructive growth  
 Of Disobedience terrible to both:  
 And since the wav'ring Earl *Northumberland*,  
 Who o'er the Royal Navy bore command,  
 Seem'd indispos'd, that Post was by the Throne  
 More worthily bestow'd on \* *Pennington*.  
 But the Imperious Senate not content  
 With the King's Choice, a Message to him sent †  
 In which they were so bold to recommend  
 The Earl of *Warwick*, their obsequious Friend,  
 To the same Trust, but Majesty thought fit  
 To disapprove their Factious Favourite.  
 However, they without the King's consent  
 Gave him the Fleet by Pow'r of Parliament,

\* Sir John

† March 28.

A.D. 1642. And us'd such Arts that he possess'd the whole,  
 In spight of Royal Care, without controul.  
*For how should one good King, whose Hands are ty'd,  
 Withstand Five-hundred cruel-Tyrants Pride.*

When the last Treaty with the faithless Scot,  
 Was to a present peaceful Issue brought,  
 The King made *Hull* his Northern Magazine,  
 And for his Royal use had lodg'd therein  
 A costly store of Arms for Foot and Horse,  
 Remanded from his late disbanded Force;  
 Therefore the King was willing to possess,  
 As early as he could, that useful Place;  
 Accordingly he march'd with slender Guard  
 Before the Town, but found the Gates were bar'd:  
 He then demanded entrance, but the proud  
 Rebellious *Hotham* on the Rampiers stood,  
 Who, by the House of Commons, just before,  
 Had been appointed trusty Governour,  
 And with a brazen Confidence deny'd  
 The King admittance, and his Pow'r defy'd:  
 For which Indignity the Sov'reign Lord  
 Proclaim'd him Traytor, as a just Reward,  
 Demanding, by a Letter which he sent,  
 Due satisfaction of the Parliament,  
 Who, in contempt of their dishonour'd Prince,  
 Approv'd and justify'd the Insolence,  
 Giving their Rebel-Governour the Pow'r  
 To raise Trainbands, to be the more secure.  
 Sent also a Committee of their own  
 Choice Members to abide within the Town;  
 With whom they join'd some Lords, to guard the Place,  
 And give their Impudence a nobler Face.  
 All which additions to their Hero's Crime,  
 The King was forc'd to bear with for a time;

Whose

A.D.

1642.

Whose Royal Mind b'ing now intent upon  
 The *Irish* Suff'rings by Rebellion,  
 Gave notice to the Senate 'twas his Will  
 To visit that unhappy bleeding Isle;  
 And that he meant to raise Two-hundred Horse  
 Near *Chester*, and Two-thousand Foot, which Force  
 He did intend should be Embark'd on Board,  
 And waisted thither for his Body-Guard:  
 But the dissembling Senate seem'd to be  
 So over-careful of His Majesty,  
 That they oppos'd his Voyage all they cou'd,  
 And so much Love in their Objections shew'd,  
 As if the hazard of the King by Sea  
 Was the chief Point that made 'em disagree;  
 When 'twas their fear that upon this pretence  
 He might an Army raise in his defence;  
 Therefore, in answer to a Message sent,  
 By Sov'reign Goodness to the Parliament,  
 They spoke their Mind, and honestly declar'd  
 Against his Expedition and his Guard;  
 Concluding, if His Majesty without  
 Consent of Parliament should go about  
 To levy Forces, that they must declare  
 Against it, as a making open War:  
 Yet they'd the face, tho' they deny'd their Prince  
 A Guard, to raise one for their own defence;  
 And thereupon His Majesty thought fit  
 To summon all the Gentry round \* to meet  
 His Royal Person, and to them made known  
 Th' Indignities impos'd upon the Throne  
 By Parliament, who, contrary to Law,  
 Had wrested from him the Militia,  
 And countenanc'd the Treason which had been  
 By *Hotham* acted in his Magazine

\* In Yorkshire.



A. D.  
1642. Of *Hull*; and that his Person and his Pow'r  
Requir'd a speedy Guard to be secure,  
Desiring their Assistance, that he might  
Be able to protect his Sov'reign Right,  
The Church, the Laws, and publick Liberty,  
From Violation and Oppression free.

The *Yorkshire* Gentry readily agreed,  
And all the King desir'd they frankly did,  
Which so provok'd the Senate that they made  
A pois'nous Declaration, which they spread  
With great Industry, urging whosoe'er  
Should take up Arms, and to the King repair,  
Attend his Person, upon what pretence  
Soever, that the same was an offence  
Against the Laws, that they disturb'd the Peace,  
Toth' hazard of the Kingdom's Liberties,  
Threat'ning that all such Enemies should be  
Forthwith proceeded with accordingly.  
But still their bugbear Arts could not deter  
The Loyal Gentry of that Northern-shire,  
From doing a sincere and duteous part  
To their wrong'd Sov'reign with a chearful Heart.

The Breach began to widen now apace,  
And Faction grow more insolent and base,  
That many Members, liking not the Work  
In hand, retir'd from *Westminster* to *York*;  
And more, e'relong, did of the Peers attend  
The King, than with the Parliament remain'd.  
However, that the Commons might appear  
Much less dejected than they really were,  
They sent up an Impeachment to accuse  
Nine of the Lords who had forsook the House,  
After the Parliament a Vote had made,  
That those who serv'd the King the Land betray'd.  
And

A. D.  
1642.

And thereupon the Lords; to shew their free  
Concurrence with the Commons tyranny,  
Censur'd the Nine, and render'd them unfit;  
For evermore, among the Peers to sit,  
Who also did adjudge that they should lose  
All Privilege of Parliament, as Foes,  
And, during Pleasure of the House, remain  
In Prison, from the time they should be ta'en.  
The Keeper \* at this Juncture also sent  
The Seal to York unknown to Parliament,  
And, free of all suspicion, stole away,  
Foll'wing the same the next succeeding Day,  
Both welcome to the King, but prov'd a great  
Surprise to Faction, who pursu'd too late.

The King by Nature Merciful and Good,  
Unwilling to involve the Land in Bloed,  
Still us'd his best Endeavours to appease  
The Parliament by frequent Messages;  
But in return (most injur'd Prince) receiv'd  
Replies so odious scarce to be believ'd:  
Among the rest, to their eternal shame,  
They did a craving vile Petition frame,  
With nineteen Propositions, which they sent,  
Expressing all that could be Insolent,  
Insisting upon e'ery thing that might  
Divest him wholly of his Sov'reign Right,  
Concluding, with a Forehead made of Brass,  
That if he'd graciously vouchsafe to pass  
The Articles they'd tender'd at his Feet,  
They'd make him Happy, Glorious, and Great.  
But Royal Patience warm'd and overborn,  
With Anger made a futable return,  
Sharply reminding them of all their late  
Dishonours offer'd to the Regal State,

A. D. 1642. Told them he would no Duke of *Venice* be,  
 But as a King preserve his Royalty.

Both sides with great Industry now prepar'd  
 T'augment their Strength and stand upon their guard.  
 The Senate, by an Order, offering Eight  
*Per Cent* to all that brought in Coin or Plate,  
 Which to *Guild-Hall* was conjur'd in apace,  
 By all the Factionous Saints, who had the Grace  
 To give the *Good Old Cause* a helping hand,  
 In hopes to bear Dominion o'er the Land.  
 Mean while, the King his Royal Mind declar'd  
 To an Assembly of the Peers, who heard  
 His gracious Will with infinite content,  
 And, in return, subscrib'd an Instrument,  
 Wherein they strictly bound themselves to be  
 Obedient to His Sacred Majesty:  
 Also declar'd that 'twas their true intent,  
 To stand by the just Rights of Parliament;  
 But disavow'd whate'er the same should do  
 Or act without the King's Assent thereto.

The Royal Suff'rer now thought fit to Pen  
 A Letter to the May'r and Aldermen  
 Of *London*, to command them to decline  
 All Contributions of their Plate and Coin,  
 To forward an unlawful War, begun  
 By both the Houses, 'gainst the Royal Throne,  
 Inviting them to serve the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 On Terms the Senate had propos'd before.  
 Then to his Peers and Counsellors, who staid  
 At *York*, a solemn new Profession made,  
 Affirming, that it was not his intent  
 To begin War upon his Parliament,  
 Which by a Declaration of the Lords,  
 Express'd in cogent and pathetic Words,



Was strengthen'd to remove that false Report,  
Scatter'd by Faction, to the King's great hurt;  
For their own shameful Ills they disavow'd,  
And charg'd upon the Throne to blind the Crowd.  
The King, however, by the Means he us'd,  
Discharg'd himself as fast as they accus'd,  
And by the Proclamations that he spread,  
Speeches and Protestations timely made,  
So won the *North* that he appear'd to be,  
In a few Weeks, in great Prosperity.

From *York* he went to *Newark*, whither came  
The Gentry of the Shire of *Nottingham*.  
From thence his Course to *Lincoln* City steer'd,  
Where all that County Quality appear'd :  
At both which Meetings, in prevailing kind  
Orations he declar'd his Royal Mind ;  
And by the Truths he spoke, with great Applause,  
Won duteous Numbers to espouse his Cause ;  
And then return'd to *York*, from whence he went  
To *Beverly*, from thence a Message sent  
To both the Houses, to require the Town  
Of *Hull* to be surrender'd to the Crown,  
Or that he was resolv'd to have recourse  
To Arms, and would attempt the same by Force ;  
But the proud Senate not enough afraid  
To yield so far, a saucy Answer made,  
Petitioning the King that he'd disband  
His Forces first, and forthwith countermand  
All his Commissions of Array, dismiss  
His Guards and come to's Parliament in Peace ;  
Yet voted, in their crafty odious Cant,  
An Army for the King and Parliament,  
Against the Nation's Foes, should out of hand  
Be levy'd, under *Essex's* Command,  
With whom both Houses also did protest  
To live and die i'th' Cause they had embrac'd.

A.D. 1642. The King no longer his Design delay'd,  
 But now from York tow'nds Hull advances made,  
 Where Sir John Meldrum had been lately sent  
 With Reinforcements \* by the Parliament,  
 And *Hotbain* being luckily supply'd  
 With the advantage of a swelling Tide,  
 Drew up the Sluces, by which means he drown'd,  
 Upon the King's approach, the Country round:  
 So that the Monarch, hopeless of Success,  
 Withdrew his Northern Forces from the Place,  
 For his raw Troops and Captains were unskill'd  
 In Sieges, and unpractis'd in the Field.

Now *Essex*, with impatient Zeal and Care,  
 Push'd on the fatal business of the War,  
 And all those leading Members, who with Words  
 Began the Mischief, now advanc'd their Swords,  
 And, like stanch Rebels, to compleat their foul  
 Audacious Ends, endanger'd Life and Spul.

The King, in the mean time, to *Leicester* went,  
 Where his kind Speeches gave such great Content,  
 That numbers of the Gentry in the Town  
 And Country to the Royal Cause were won,  
 Tho' the two Houses had declar'd before  
 For raising the Trainbands, and all the Pow'r  
 They could, to kill and slay the Enemies  
 To publick Safety and the Nation's Peace,  
 Naming the King's Commissioners †, and most  
 O'th' Peers His Majesty thought fit to trust,  
 As his Lieutenants of those Counties where  
 His Int'rest did most promising appear.  
 The King, to ballance what his Foes had done,  
 Proclaim'd their Gen'ral Traytor to the Throne,

\* See Men.

† Of Array.

Declaring other Officers imploy'd  
 By Parliament, to justify their Side,  
 All guilty of High-Treason 'gainst the Crown,  
 Unless their Arms were instantly laid down.  
 Whilst the proud Senate, who were over free  
 Of shrewd Returns to injur'd Majesty,  
 Declar'd that whosoever should forsake  
 The King, and to the Parliament come back,  
 Within ten Days, should have a Pardon free,  
 And be receiv'd with Love and Amity,  
 Except such Persons as already stood  
 Impeach'd of Treason 'gainst the Publick Good,  
 And others\* nam'd at large, as eminent  
 Betrayers of the King and Parliament.

*Thus both Sides, by exchange of angry Words,  
 Prepar'd their Spleen to exercise their Swords,  
 As Rival Mastiffs, moving to engage,  
 With Growls and Snarls foment their growing Rage.*

The King appris'd an Army would be sent  
 Into the Western Parts, by Parliament,  
 Gave Hertford a Commission over all  
 Those Counties as Lieutenant-General,  
 That he might raise such Forces as might awe  
 The West, and to the King the People draw,  
 Both sides with danger mutually allarm'd,  
 With equal Caution thus for safety arm'd,  
 Whilst the dull Herd, as temper'd by their Guides,  
 And led by others Int'rest, chose their Sides.

To Nottingham the wand'ring Monarch steer'd  
 His Course, and there his Royal Standard rear'd †.

\* The Duke of Richmond, the Earls of Bristol, Cumberland, Newcastle, Rivers, Carnarvan: Viscounts, Newark and Faulkland, Secretary Nicholas, Endynion Porter, and Mr. Edward Hyde.

† August 20.



A. D. 1642. Whence, to both Houses, he a Message sent \*,  
 To shew his Inclination to prevent  
 The War, desiring they'd appoint a Place  
 And Persons to consult and treat of Peace :  
 But this Compliance only made his Foes  
 More proud, and came to nothing in the close ;  
 As if the Senate were resolv'd to reign,  
 Or try the Cause upon the dusty Plain.

The two *Bohemian* Princes now came o'er,  
 T'assist their Uncle on the *British* Shore,  
*Rupert* b'ing trusted to command the best  
 Of the King's Forces 'twixt the *North* and *West*,  
 Where, early in the War he push'd at all,  
 And prov'd, at first, a prosp'rous General.  
 From *Nottingham* His Majesty remov'd,  
 And, ranging all the neighb'ring Shires, improv'd  
 His Army, which he led to *Shrewsb'ry* Town,  
 Where his small Force, in three Weekstime, were grown  
 Into a Body, as Records compute,  
 Of full Eleven-thousand Horse and Foot,  
 Which the kind Monarch by his Speeches gain'd,  
 Giving to *Lindsey's* Earl the Chief Command.

Now sev'ral Parties were abroad in Arms,  
 And daily gave each other fresh Alarms.  
*Portsmouth*, by *Goring*, for the King possess'd,  
 Was close besieg'd by *Meinle*, and distress'd  
 So far, for want of Succour, that the Town  
 Surrender'd, much toth' damage of the Crown,  
 Which *Hertford*, in some measure, did repay,  
 By seizing *Sherborne*-Castle in his way,  
 Giving to *Bedford's* Earl a small defeat,  
 Altho' his Rebel-Force was much more great.

\* By the Earl of Southampton and Sir John Colpepper.

Then cross'd the *Severn*, upon this Success, A.D.  
 And did in *Wales* a further Army raise, 1642.  
 Where, to their endless Fame, from Faction free,  
 They glory'd in unspotted Loyalty,

The Rebels Army, at *Northampton-Town*,  
 Were now, at least, to Sixteen-thousand grown,  
 Where they remain'd with *Roberts* and with *Brook*,  
 Those conscious pious Lords, till *Effex* took  
 A solemn Farewel \* of his Lords the Rump,  
 And to their Rendezvous march'd down in Pomp,  
 Who, by their Gen'ral, to their Sov'reign sent  
 A fawning vile Petition, with intent  
 To humbly beg he would forsake, in time,  
 Those wicked Persons who surrounded him,  
 And not to share the Dangers they had brought  
 Upon themselves, by Mischiefs they had wrought,  
 But that he would return without his Force  
 To Parliament, and take some speedy course  
 To heal those Breaches daily growing worse. }  
 E'er *Effex* tarry'd at *Northampton* long,  
 He'd made his Forces Twenty-thousand strong,  
 With which he march'd, from Interruption free,  
 To that old factious Town of *Coventry*;  
 From thence to *Warwick*, which he left, at length,  
 Moving tow'ds *Worc'ster*, to encrease his Strength,  
 Having receiv'd Advice, some Days before,  
 The King inclin'd that way with all his Pow'r.  
 For Sir *John Byron* had possess'd the Town,  
 In time, with a small Party, for the Crown,  
 And did the same most gallantly defend,  
 Whilst Captain *Fiennes* attack'd the Western End,  
 Having been wrong-ascertain'd by a Spy,  
 That *Effex* Army was approaching nigh,

\* September the 9th.

A. D. Which prov'd Prince *Rupert*, who, to reinforce  
 1642. The Town had brought Five-hundred able Horse,  
 That *Fiennes* drew off his Men from the Assault,  
 And at a safer distance made a halt,  
 Till *Sandy's* Regiment of Horse advanc'd;  
 Which timely Succours chear'd and countenanc'd  
 Th' Assailants, that they now resolv'd to make,  
 With their joint Force, a second bold Attack,  
 Which the Prince guessing, drew his Forces out  
 The Town, into a Field adjoining to't,  
 Where, after a sharp Action, *Rupert* beat  
 The Rebels, and compel'd 'em to retreat,  
 Retiring into *Worcester* when he'd done,  
 With all the Marks of Vict'ry he had won;  
 But hearing, Gen'ral *Essex*, at the Head  
 Of a strong Host, his near Approaches made,  
 The Prince concluded 'twas the safer way  
 To quit the Town than hazard longer stay;  
 Nor was he wrong, for he was scarce remov'd,  
 But as he'd been precaution'd, so it prov'd.

The Royal Int'rest now advanc'd apace,  
 And the King's Cause put on a prosp'rous face,  
 The Northern Gentry, who espous'd the Throne,  
 Commanded by *Newcastle*, strong were grown,  
 That *Fairfax* and his Son their Power fear'd,  
 And fled where'er the Loyal Side appear'd:  
 In *Cornwall*, *Greenvil*, *Slaning*, and the brave  
 Experienc'd *Hopton*, their Assistance gave,  
 And, by their Int'rest, rais'd a growing Force  
 Of sturdy Foot and serviceable Horse;  
 Whilst Loyal *Wales*, and many Parts beside,  
 The Royal Cause with fresh Recruits supply'd.  
 The King now \* drew his Troops from *Shrewsbury*,  
 And march'd from thence to summon *Coventry*,

*About the middle of October.*



A.D.  
1642,  


But they rebel'd against the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
And answer'd him as *Hoitham* had before,  
From thence the Royal Hero march'd away  
To *Southam*, near to which the Rebels lay,  
And being then 'twixt *Essex* and the Town  
Of *London*, both the Houses thereupon  
Were struck with Terror, and began to raise  
The City Bands, and fortify each Place  
That lay the most expos'd, with Trenches, Forts,  
And Military Works of sundry sorts;  
Whilst *Essex* did to *Keinton* boldly bring  
His Host, but Six Miles distance from the King,  
Who now prepar'd for Action, with what speed  
He could, and to *Edgehil* his Army led,  
Where, on advantage Ground, he took his Post,  
And drew up Fourteen-thousand Men † at most,  
*Lindsey* commanding the undaunted Force,  
Whilst *Rupert* led the Kings Right-Wing of Horse,  
And of the Left, in number not so large,  
Lieutenant-General *Rutben* had the Charge.  
When thus the King the open Field had ta'en,  
*Essex* drew out upon a spacious Plain,  
Whose distance scarce was half a measur'd Mile  
From the King's Army, posted on the Hill;  
The Rebels Horse which to the Right were drawn,  
Were under the Command of *Stapleton*\*;  
The Left was in the Field of Battle led  
By || *Ramsfey*, Commissary Gen'ral made,  
Whilst *Essex* in the Body gave Command;  
And thus array'd both Armies made a stand:  
At length, the King perceiving they had laid  
Close to the Hill a dang'rous Ambuscade,

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† Foot 10000, Horse and Dragoons 4000.

\* Sir Philip

|| Sir James

A. D. Sent a sufficient Party to engage

1642. Those Musqueteers, and drive 'em from the Hedge ;  
 But the mean while the Foe their Ord'nance plaid,  
 And both sides now began to Canonade ;  
 Which Martial Thunder did their Courage whet,  
 That both the Vans with equal Fury met,  
 Whose Gallantry so warm'd the rest, that all  
 Fell on as if their Blood was turn'd to Gall.  
 The Royal Force prevailing from the first,  
 Till the cow'd Foe in shatter'd Troops dispers'd ;  
 But *Hambden*, coming with a fresh Brigade,  
 Succour'd the Rebels with such timely Aid,  
 That those who fled dispirited before,  
 Now rally'd and sustain'd their sinking Pow'r,  
 With so much Resolution none could tell,  
 For hours, which side was likely to prevail,  
 Till *Rupert* by incessant Toil, at length,  
 Routing the Foes Left Wing, their chiefest Strength,  
 Supported those by his successful Sword,  
 That *Hambden's* fresh Supplies had overpower'd ;  
 By which good Conduct Royal CHARLES obtain'd  
 A great and glorious Vict'ry in the End ;  
 Tho' in the warm Dispute the Hero lost  
 That worthy Peer, the Gen'ral of his Host,  
 Yet made the Rebels fly the wreaking Plain,  
 And was left Master of Six-thousand slain ;  
 Took *Banb'ry*-Castle when the struggling Fight  
 Was over, in the beaten Gen'ral's sight ;  
 Where also he'd the lucky Chance to gain  
 Sufficient Arms for Fifteen-hundred Men ;  
 Then enter'd *Oxford* in triumphant Pomp,  
 With all the Trophies \* taken from the Rump,  
 Whilst *Essex* march'd to *Worc'ster*, to revive  
 Those shatter'd Rebels that were left alive,

\* A Hundred and fifty Colours.

A.D.  
1642.

To *London* leaving all the Country free  
And open for victorious Majesty ;  
Who, quitting *Oxford*, slow Advances made  
Through *Abington* to *Henly*, where he staid  
Some days, refresh'd his Troops, and, when he'd done,  
Tow'rds *London* march'd, so near as *Colebrook-Town*;  
Whither, the frighted trembling Parliament  
A smooth Petition very humbly sent,  
Praying the King would shew 'em so much Grace,  
As to abide at some convenient place,  
Till they could send Committees to compose  
Th' unhappy Diff'rence without further Blows.  
To which the King as kind an Answer gave  
As they themselves could hope or wish to have ;  
But *Essex* had e'renow thought fit to bring  
His Army as near *London* as the King,  
And having lodg'd his Forces up and down  
At *Aston*, *Kingston*, and at *Windsor Town*,  
He stole a welcome Visit \* to his dear  
Astonish'd Friends conven'd at *Westminster*,  
Who thank'd him for the Dangers he had run,  
Altho' a weaker Force the Battle won ;  
And gave him, after all his ill Success,  
Five-thousand Pounds to wipe off the Disgrace,  
And sent him, with an Army they had rais'd  
In Town, to *Brentford*, which if once possess'd,  
And well secur'd, must into danger bring  
The Person and the Quarters of the King,  
Who call'd a Council where 'twas soon agreed,  
That a strong Party should be sent with speed,  
To drive the City-Bands from *Brentford Town*,  
Brought thither by their Zeal t'oppose the Crown,  
That in the End a sharp Dispute arose,  
Wherein the King prevail'd against his Foes,

\* November 7.



A.D. Much Amunition took, Five-hundred Men,  
 1642. Eleven Colours, Ordinance Fifteen,  
 Their greatest Officer then present kill'd,  
 And with Rebellious Numbers stain'd the Field.  
 The King next Day resolving to advance  
 To *London*, but receiv'd Intelligence,  
 That *Essex* with his Army, upon this  
 Defeat, and *Warwick* with Auxiliaries,  
 At *Turnham-Green*, were formidably join'd  
 To Stop him if tow'rd *London* he inclin'd.  
 Therefore the King revok'd his first Intent,  
 And passing *Kingston-Bridge* to *Oatlands* went.  
 From thence remov'd to *Reading*, which he made  
 A Garison, and then to *Oxford* led  
 His weary Troops, where for a time he staid.

The *Brentford* Action much enrag'd the Saints,  
 Who fill'd the City with their loud Complaints,  
 And by Petition did the Rump beseech,  
 They'd use no further means to heal the Breach,  
 But countermand the Measures they'd begun,  
 In order to'n Accommodation:  
 Which humble Caution pleas'd their Lords so well  
 That they return'd their Thanks, to shew their Zeal  
 For War, that when the just and brave were slain,  
 The Pious Faction might in safety reign.

*For tho' Rebellion has her Guides to paint  
 The Hell-born Offspring like a Heav'nly Saint,  
 And with misconstrued Scriptures make her shine;  
 Like the vile Serpent in his speckled Skin,  
 Yet those that raise her, only want the Pow'r  
 To rob their Country and be still secure,*

The End of the Eighteenth Year.

A.D.  
1642.  
~

A LIST of those of the  
Privy-Council, who at-  
tended the King at  
York.

A LIST of those of the  
Privy - Council, who  
staid and acted with the  
Parliament.

*The Lord-Keeper* Littleton.  
*The Duke of* Richmond.  
*The Marquis* of Hertford.  
*The Earl of* Southampton.  
*The Earl of* Leicester.  
*The Earl of* Bristol.  
*The Earl of* Newcastle.  
*The Earl of* Berkshire.  
*The Lord* Dunsmore.  
*The Lord* Seymour.  
*The Lord* Savil.  
*The Lord* Falkland.  
*Sir John* Colepepper.  
*Secretary* Nicholas.  
*Sir John* Banks. } at Ox-  
*Sir Peter* Wych. } ford.

*The Earl of* Northumber-  
land.  
*The Earl of* Pembroke.  
*The Earl of* Essex.  
*The Earl of* Salisbury.  
*The Earl of* Warwick.  
*The Earl of* Holland.  
*The Earl of* Manchester.  
*The Lord* Say.  
*Sir Harry* Vane.

THE

A.D.

1642.



THE

*Earl of WARWICK'S*

## CHARACTER:

A Merry Peer and Counsellor of State,  
 First made by JAMES, the Royal Father, Great,  
 Yet 'twas no wonder he forsook the Son,  
 And into Violence with the Faction run,  
 Since in the best of Times he never serv'd  
 His Sov'reign well, but from his Duty swerv'd.  
 Nor did he think the Honour which the Throne  
 Had giv'n him ought to bind him to the Crown,  
 Since 'twas thro' Policy, not Love, bestow'd  
 Upon his Lordship, in a wav'ring Crowd  
 Of Persons, such as JAMES would never trust,  
 Knowing their Minds too well to think 'em just,  
 Yet, for some Reasons in the State, confer'd  
 Titles upon 'em which they ill deserv'd;  
 Therefore the grateful Earl much rather chose  
 To help his Friends, who did the Court oppose,  
 Because to them he ow'd, as he believ'd,  
 The Royal blast of Honour he'd receiv'd.

*So thriving Hypocrites adore the Priest,  
 But slight the Heav'nly Pow'r by whom they're blest.*

In Conversation he'd a sparkling Wit,  
 That render'd him for Boon-Companions fit,  
 Giving his Words and Actions such an air  
 Of Levity, and trespassing so far

Beyond





ROBERT Earl of WARWICK  
and Lord RICH of LEEZ. &c.



A.D.

1642



Beyond the Bounds of Modesty that few  
Could more indecent Liberties pursue ;  
And no Man, of his Dignity, profess  
So little Vertue, or promote it less,  
That 'tis a perfect Myst'ry to conceive,  
Which way a Peer, thus qualify'd, should give  
So great a Sanction, in a Christian Land,  
To that good Work the Godly took in hand ;  
And that he should to such a height advance  
The Int'rest of those meek Reforming Saints,  
Who, tho' they're ne'er so vile, pretend to Grace,  
And hide their Vices with a pious Face.  
But, after all his Faults, he had so great  
A sway with those Reformers of the State,  
Whose boundless Envy, conscious of no Crimes,  
Began the Mischiefs of those restless Times,  
That all the puritannick Tribe ador'd  
Their friendly Earl as their protecting Lord ;  
Who welcom'd to his House, for sake of Praise,  
Their silenc'd Teachers, in the dismal Days  
Of Persecution, such as taught the Land  
To cry aloud, that Pop'ry was at hand,  
Feasting the Factionous Guides of e'ery sort,  
Altho' he made their Function but his Sport ;  
Which they dispens'd with, for the blessed use  
Of such a Patron's hospitable House,  
And gracing their Devotions with his kind  
Appearance, tho' to little good inclin'd ;  
Became their *Moses*, and the Head of all  
The Faction that conspir'd their Prince's Fall,  
And, by dissembling, tho' so loose and vain,  
Acquir'd the Title of a Godly Man,  
A sacred Character confer'd alone  
On those who had the greatest Mischiefs done,  
In order to subvert the sinking Throne.

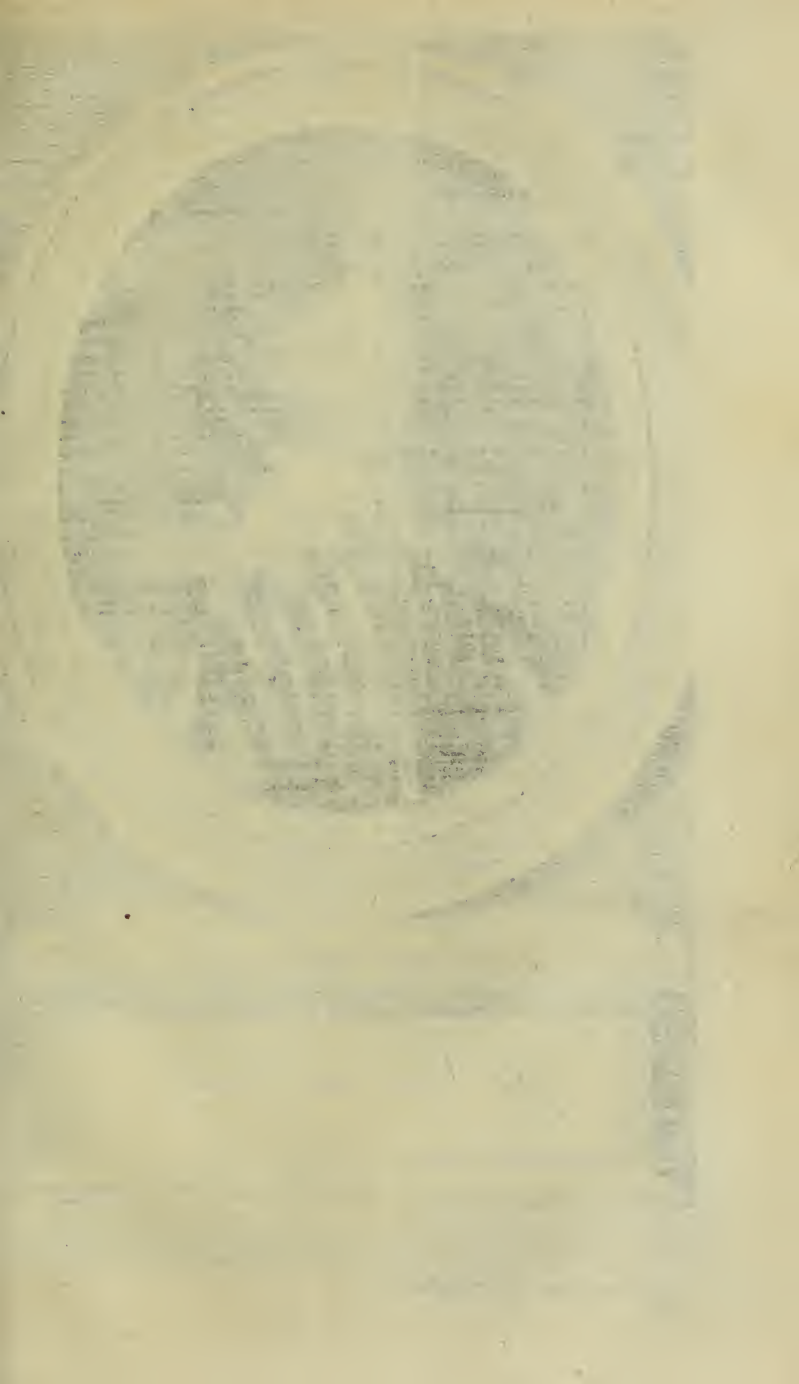




A.D.  
1642.

Was made the Rump's High-Admiral at Sea,  
And there Commanded to his Infamy,  
Till *Cromwel*, who their restless Temper knew,  
By Sword disbanded that Rebellious Crew;  
And then the Earl did with his Highness close,  
Courtied his Favour and withstood his Foes,  
Sought his Protection, forc'd his Heir to wed  
The Rebel's Daughter, to disgrace his Bed;  
Preserving, whilst he govern'd, so intire  
A Friendship with th'aspiring Lucifer,  
That when the *Brutus* dy'd, the other griev'd  
To see the Nation by his Fall reliev'd,  
Having so well improv'd, by Arts and Wiles,  
His Fortune, under the Protector's Smiles,  
That what by Faction's Bounty he'd impair'd,  
E'er *Cromwel* made a Scepter of his Sword,  
He left, at his Departure, much encreas'd,  
Whilst Loyal Crouds of their Estates were fleec'd.

*Nor need we wonder that Success should wait  
On such nefarious Instruments of Fate,  
Since sad Experience shews the World too plain,  
The Wicked always thrive when Rebels reign.*





*Lord Viscount Faulkland*

*At Long Leat in Wiltshire.*



A. D.

1642.

w

THE  
CHARACTER  
OF THE

*Lord Viscount FALKLAND.*

IN Wit and Learning none could more abound;  
His Knowledge universally profound;  
In Friendship just; in Conversation free,  
Obliging, but averse to Flattery;  
Not fond of Court-Advancements, tho' compleat  
In all things, and for high Preferments fit;  
Was, to the Honour of that Country, bred  
In *Ireland*, where his Father was the Head\*,  
And crossing into *England* to enjoy,  
At Age, a Fortune left him † when a Boy,  
Was, at his first arrival here, to seek  
For Friends, to whom he might with freedom speak;  
But in a little time that want supply'd  
So wisely, that the Greatest ne'er enjoy'd  
A better Converse to improve their Parts  
In State-Affairs, and ministerial Arts,  
Holding no Friendship but with Persons rich  
In Mind, sublim'd above the common pitch,  
Whose Knowledge and Integrity were such,  
That neither had been blemish'd with Reproach.

---

\* Deputy.

† By his Grandfather, his Parents then living:

A. D.  
1642. To Learning his Affections were so strong,  
That being ign'rant of the Grecian Tongue,  
Tho' none with more Reluctance could forsake  
The Town, he did a Resolution make,  
To never see the same till he attain'd  
That Language, and accordingly remain'd  
At his own Rural Seat, till he could speak  
And, like a good Grammarian, construe Greek,  
Performing the Herculean Task so soon,  
That none would credit in what time 'twas done.

*Thus willing Minds that have no Cares to teaze,  
The hardest Labours overcome with ease,  
Whilst the poor starving Genius fumbling sits,  
And 'twixt his Books and Wants divides his Wits.*

His Seat within few Miles of Oxford stood,  
A House of Bounty to the Learn'd and Good,  
Where all such studious Gownmen as were stor'd  
With Parts, were welcome to the Gen'rous Lord,  
That his frequented Palace seem'd to be  
A less, but nobler University,  
Where the best Wits retir'd, to purge the Rules  
Of Wisdom from the Errors of the Schools,  
And at a proper distance to remove  
The subtil Serpent from the harmless Dove,  
And in a less corrupted Air refine,  
From worldly Craft, what truly was divine.

By learn'd and wise Companions, such as these,  
The Lord improv'd his Talents by Degrees,  
Till he, at length, was look'd upon to be  
The single mirrour of Humanity,  
Whose Parts and universal Knowledge were  
A compound Prodigy, without compare:  
Yet, as no humane Wisdom is secure  
From doubtful Views, of what relate to Pow'r,

So the young Lord, a stranger to the Cheats  
 Of Faction, and unskill'd in their Deceits,  
 Was influenc'd to entertain no good  
 Opinion of the Rev'rend Pimate *Laud*;  
 And therefore, by mistaken Zeal, was mov'd  
 To use some Rigour, not to be approv'd,  
 Was also one of those that gave his Vote  
 To rashly drive that Holy Order out  
 The House of Lords, believing that the end  
 Of the proud Faction did no further tend,  
 And therefore thought complying with that Bill,  
 Might give diversion to a greater Ill,  
 Conciliate those Jars that might encrease,  
 And suddenly o'erturn the Publick Peace;  
 But when he found the Point in hand was meant  
 No more than previous to a worse Intent,  
 Upon the second Bill \* he chang'd his Mind,  
 And shew'd himself quite diff'rently inclin'd,  
 Bending his Forces, which were truly great,  
 In just defence of both the Church and State,  
 Which made the King desirous to secure  
 A Friend so useful to the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
 By such Preferment that might best engage  
 A gen'rous Mind in such a wav'ring Age;  
 Tho' 'twas believ'd by all, no gainful Trust  
 Would make him swerve from what he thought was just,  
 But that he'd act pursuant to the Laws,  
 And give new Credit to the Royal Cause.  
 These Motives chiefly made the King desire  
 To have a Man of so much Honour nigh'r,  
 Who, at so dangerous a time of Day,  
 Would neither falter, flatter, nor betray.  
 Thus Royal Goodness having pitch'd upon  
 The well-accomplish'd Peer to serve the Throne,

A. D.

1642.

h

\* The first Bill was frustrated.



A. D. 1642. After some struggles with himself, the Lord  
 Was to the Secretary's Seat prefer'd;  
 In which mysterious Post he prov'd not quite  
 So active and so useful as he might;  
 For he had too much Honour to imploy  
 That odious treach'rous Parasite, a Spy,  
 Or to encourage such a dang'rous Brood  
 Of Bosom-Snakes, who fawningly intrude  
 Into Mens Conversation, to betray  
 Whate'er they act imprudently or say;  
 Nay, tempt by Wiles the Weak and Innocent,  
 To rashly speak those things they never meant;  
 And when they've done, to open Shame expose  
 The Fools deluded, as the Nation's Foes:  
 By these good Methods Plots and Projects frame,  
 To charge and punish others for the same.  
 Such Services as these, the worthy Lord,  
 And all such wicked Instruments, abhor'd,  
 Knowing in Justice no Man ought to give  
 Credit to Villains, who by treach'ry live,  
 And that 'twas shameful in a State that Rules,  
 To work their Ends by such audacious Tools.  
*For Plots projected by depending Rogues,  
 Turn Kings to Storks and Subjects into Frogs.*

All other Parts of his officious Care  
 With Justice and Discretion manag'd were,  
 So far as the Affairs of State comply'd  
 With that strict Honour which he made his Guide,  
 But when the War broke out, b'ing much inclin'd  
 To publick Peace, as well as Peace of Mind,  
 It chang'd his Temper, made him grow morose,  
 Tho' never wean'd him from the Royal Cause,  
 And turn'd his natural facetious Air,  
 To the rough Carriage of a Man of War,

A. D.  
1642.  
~

That all his Friends were much amaz'd to find  
His nat'ral Calmness totally declin'd,  
And that a Soldier's Spirit had possess'd  
So mod'rate and so peaceable a Breast,  
That Toil and Hazard rather seem'd to please  
His Appetite, than safe unactive Ease:  
Not but he always was to Peace a Friend,  
But daring when it could not be obtain'd;  
Maintaining still his Secretary's Post,  
Till he at once his Life and Office lost,  
Resigning both at *Newb'ry*, in the Field  
Of Battle, by a fatal Bullet kill'd,  
As boldly charging with undaunted Force,  
In the front Rank of Noble *Byron's* Horse.  
Falling among the Valiant and the Just,  
Who dy'd that Day an Honour to their Trust,  
And quench'd with Loyal Blood the drought of trod-  
(den Dust.)

*Such is the Fate of War, that worthless Slaves  
Survive the Battle and escape their Graves,  
Whilst Men of Worth, who grace the martial Plain,  
By cruel Chance are undistinguish'd slain,*

A. D.  
1642.  
W

THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
Sir JOHN COLEPEPER.

A Worthy Patriot and a Knight for *Kent*,  
In the long-sitting Factionous Parliament,  
Call'd to the Council-Table when the Storm  
Blew high, and restless Spirits grew too warm,  
And to oblige him to the Crown the more,  
Was also made Exchequer Chancellor,  
At the same time when *Falkland* was prefer'd  
Toth' Signet-Office and the Council-Board;  
Which Favours so bestow'd gave great Offence  
To Faction, and inflam'd their Insolence,  
Whose haughty Leaders had themselves an Eye,  
Not only on th' Exchequer-Chancery,  
But also on the Secretary's Place,  
To give their ill Designs a better Face,  
And that they might at once deprive their Prince  
Of all the Benefits that flow'd from thence;  
But Royal Wisdom did the Snare avoid,  
And honour'd those, too just to be decoy'd.  
The worthy Knight from all Corruption free,  
Persisting in unspotted Loyalty,  
And thro' the dismal Series bravely run,  
From the first Crisis that the Flame begun,  
Doing the faithfull'st Service that he cou'd  
In times of wrangling and in those of Blood,

Neglect



Neglecting nothing that he thought might be  
Of use and safety to His Majesty,  
But long surviv'd that black Infernal Day,  
When Sov'reign Pow'r at cruel Mercy lay ;  
That Day which is a scandal to the Year,  
The Law, the Kingdom, and the Kalendar ;  
And liv'd to see those Rebels, who, in War,  
Had sham'd their proud Example *Lucifer*,  
Trembl' at the Justice of the Royal Son,  
And swing for those tremendous Ills they'd done.

A. D.

1642.

W

*Thus, tho' the Cruel and the Proud sometimes  
Are spar'd a while to glory in their Crimes,  
Yet Heav'n its Vengeance on their Heads will pour,  
When they conceit themselves the most secure.*

A.D.  
1642.  
}

THE  
CHARACTER  
OF

*Sir* EDWARD NICHOLAS.

NO mortal Man more Honesty could boast,  
Or with more Faith discharge his trusty Post ;  
Nor were his great Industry and his Care  
To his Fidelity inferior ;  
Well vers'd in Bus'ness, which but few had been,  
Who'd held of late that Office he was in.  
When young, at *Oxford* he some time had spent,  
And from that Nurs'ry to the *Temple* went ;  
From thence to *France*, according to the Mode,  
He travel'd and imploy'd some Years abroad ;  
Was Secretary made, at his return,  
To the Lord *Zouch*, of the King's Cinque-Ports Ward'n,  
By which he rightly understood the Charge  
Of all that Jurisdiction, which is large ;  
And when his Lord surrender'd up the same,  
That it might be confer'd on *Buckingham*,  
Then Admiral, yet faithful *Nicholas*  
Was, for his Worth, continu'd in his Place,  
Promoted also by the Duke to be  
Chief Secretary of the Adm'ralty.  
After whose Death, when Majesty impowr'd  
Commissioners to Rule the Navy-Board,  
Preserv'd his Post, and as a further Mark  
Of Royal Favour, was appointed Clerk

O'th'



*S<sup>r</sup>. Edward Nicholas Secret<sup>y</sup>  
of State &c .*

*From an Original painting .*





O'th' Privy-Council, in that Sphere remain'd,  
Till *Windebank* for Safety fled the Land,  
Then by the King was honour'd with the great  
And trusty Post of Secretary 'f State,  
Which he discharg'd without the least Offence,  
With true Fidelity and Diligence,  
Proving an honest and industrious Man,  
To the last Period of his vital Span.

A. D.

1642.

W

*Nor do the Just and Faithful only find  
On Earth good Fortune and content of Mind,  
But to the World bequeath, whene'er they die,  
Examples worthy of Posterity.*

The

A.D.

1643.

The most

## Remarkable Transactions

Of the Nineteenth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

*Anno Dom. 1643.*

**T**He Rump now having fortify'd the Town  
 Of *Glouc'ster* with an able Garison,  
 Began t'enlarge their Quarters e'ery Day,  
 Tow'rds *Oxford*, where the Royal Hero lay,  
 Also to *Ci'cester* great Strength had drawn  
 To carry their Design the better on:  
 But the wise King foreseeing that no good  
 Would spring from such a treach'rous Neighbourhood,  
 Commanded *Rupert* with Four-thousand Horse  
 And Foot, t'attempt the latter Town by force,  
 Who marching near it made a cunning Feint,  
 As if alone to *Sudely-Castle* bent,  
 Then of a sudden turning all his Pow'r  
 Upon the Town, subdu'd it in an Hour,  
 Took Arms Three-thousand, which in store were laid,  
 And more than twice Five-hundred Captives made.  
 Yet all this great Success did not so far  
 Elate the King as to approve the War,  
 Which brought upon his Subjects such a flood  
 Of Miseries, and drown'd the Land in Blood,  
 But that he still endeavour'd to regain  
 His Peoples Safety, and a peaceful Reign,

And



A. D.

1643.

~

And did, in order thereunto, propose  
A Treaty, with his Senatory Foes,  
To which the Rump unwillingly comply'd,  
And by their Shams and Shuffles still destroy'd,  
Recall'd their Agents from the King, to Town,  
And slighted all the Offers of the Crown,  
Sending their Gen'ral *Essex* to invest  
*Reading*, by \* *Fielding* for the King possess't,  
Who was not able to defend the place,  
Against the Rebels, above sixteen Days,  
By reason that a Pestilence arose,  
And forc'd 'em to surrender to their Foes :  
Yet *Fielding* by a Martial-Court was try'd,  
And sentenc'd to be shot, and must have dy'd  
For Treach'ry, but the King who thought his case  
Too rigid, shew'd him Mercy in Distress.

The War so universal now became  
That e'ery Shire was in a Martial Flame ;  
And the King's Party, cherish'd by Success,  
Daily gain'd Ground almost in e'ery place.  
In *Stafford*, *Warwick* and *Northamptonshire*,  
Many severe Encounters pass'd this Year,  
'Twixt *Rupert* and † *Northampton*, for the Crown,  
And for the Rump, ‡ *Brook*, || *Gell*, and † *Bruerton*.  
The Earl on the King's part, at *Hopton-Heath*,  
Submitted bravely to the Gasps of Death.  
And *Brook*, whose Pray'rs had hasten'd on his Doom,  
Perish'd at *Litchfield*, in his Lodging-Room ;  
That other Rebels, who espous'd so black  
A Cause, might dread the like, and warning take ;  
Yet *Litchfield* close was by the Roundheads ta'en,  
After their Gen'ral was so strangely slain †† ;

\* Colonel.

† Earl of

‡ Lord

|| Sir John

† Sir William

†† See the Lord *Brook's* Character.

A. D. But by the Prince retaken, and restor'd  
1643. To the King's Forces, by the dint of Sword.

Wales also, or at least the major part,  
Did on the King's behalf themselves exert ;  
But *Stamford's* Earl was by the Senate sent  
With a fresh Army Westward, to prevent  
The growth of Fortune, which increas'd too fast  
On the King's Side, for his Success to last.  
At the same juncture *Hopton* lay before  
The Town of *Plymouth*, in the Rebels pow'r ;  
But hearing timely of the Earl's advance  
Into those Parts, withdrew his Forces thence ;  
Nor had he any prospect of Success  
Against the Town, which made him quit the Place  
More willingly, the season of the Year,  
By Rain and Cold, b'ing render'd too severe  
For such hard Service, therefore he withdrew  
To faithful *Cornwall*, always brave and true,  
Whither *Scotch Ruthen* \*, follow'd with a far  
Superior Force from *Plymouth*, *Exeter*,  
And *Devon* drawn, with other Troops that met  
The *Scot* from *Dorset* and from *Somerset* ;  
The Rump thereby not doubting, in a trice,  
But to subdue their Cornish Enemies,  
Whose active Courage and untainted Hearts,  
Did 'em much Mischief in the Western Parts :  
But *Hopton* being earnestly inclin'd  
To fight, e'er *Stamford's* Earl had *Ruthen* join'd ;  
The latter being also fond to try,  
His Fortune in the Field of Victory,  
Without the Earl, unwilling he should share  
The Laurels he himself propos'd to wear :  
So that both sides being forward to engage  
At *Braddock-Down* they met with equal Rage,

\* Governour of *Plymouth*.

A.D.  
1643.  
w

Where *Hopton* with his *Cornish* Force prevail'd,  
And by exemplar Courage won the Field,  
Pursu'd the Rebels, who confus'dly fled,  
Near Thirteen-hundred Victims captive made,  
Took all their Canon, and in Triumph brought  
Most of their Ensigns off the wreaking Spot,  
Whilst *Ruthen* disappointed of his Aim,  
To *Saltaſh* fled, and fortify'd the same  
With store of Canon, which some Ships supply'd,  
That in that Harbour did at Anchor ride,  
Bringing a Vessel of Four-hundred Tuns,  
Well lin'd with able Hands and sixteen Guns,  
Close by the Town, where she had full Command  
Of sev'ral distant Avenues by Land,  
Believeing now himself and Troops secure  
Against the Victor and his *Cornish* Pow'r.  
But *Hopton* boldly follow'd, Storm'd the Town,  
And drove 'em from their Works and Batt'ries soon,  
Making a greater Slaughter of the Foe,  
In this, than in the former Overthrow;  
*Ruthen* himself escaping in a Boat,  
And with much hazard into *Plymouth* got;  
Whilst frighted Numbers in the Storm o'erpowr'd,  
Perish'd by Drowning, to avoid the Sword.

*Thus did those Forces which the Rump made sure  
To ruin, conquer a superior Pow'r\*.*

*Stamford* who'd heard of *Ruthen's* first Defeat,  
To wisely save himself from being beat,  
Retir'd to *Tarvisstock*, where † *Berkly* came,  
Brave || *Slanning*, † *Greenvil*, Col'nel *Ashburnham*,  
With a strong Party of the Western Horse  
And *Cornish* Foot, to visit *Stamford's* Force;

\* These Actions happen'd in January.

† Sir John

|| Sir Nicholas

† Sir Bevil

But



*A.D.* But the Rump Earl, forewarn'd of their Intent,  
 1643 Forsook his Quarters, and for safety sent  
 ~~~~~ Part of his Roundheads, in a panick Fear,  
 To *Plymouth*, and the rest to *Exeter*.
 However, tho' the Birds of prey were flown,
 The *Cornish* Forces rested in the Town,
 Where they refresh'd, for many Days, to ease
 Their native County * of the Miseries
 That wait on Armies, whose devouring Troops,
 Make Havock of the toiling Farmer's Crops.
 Great want of Amunition now distress'd
 The *Cornish* Army, which prolong'd their rest,
 And kept 'em back from sitting down before,
 Those Towns wherein the Rebels lay secure,
 Till Captain *Cart'ret* †, by a lucky chance,
 Came timely thither to relieve their Wants,
 By must'ring up a Merchandable Store
 Of Goods in *Cornwal*, which he waisted o'er
 To *France*, and in return supply'd his Friends
 With all things needful for their present Ends;
 That spite of all the Rump's successful Toil,
 They still kept Masters of their native Soil;
 But, in the int'rim, whilst the Army staid
 At *Tavistock*, some Overtures were made
 By *Devon* Rebels, tow'rd's a Peace, between
 The Counties, who such bitter Foes had been.
 A Solemn Protestation thereupon,
 In the most binding manner; being drawn,
 For all to take who were impow'r'd to Treat,
 Before they could in Consultation sit;
 To which, both sides, with equal hopes, agreed,
 And did so far in the Affair proceed,
 That their Debates did in the End produce,
 For Twenty Days a Satisfact'ry Truce.

* *Tavistock is in Devonshire.*

† *Comptroller of the Kings Navy.*

A. D.
1643.



In which unactive State, 'twixt Peace and War,
We'll leave the *West* and to the *North* repair.

The Senate now declar'd that Treaty void,
Held 'twixt the Loyal and the Rebels Side,
In *Yorkshire*, to preserve their County free
From Bloodshed, by a firm Neutrality,
Which tho' with all Solemnity agreed
And ratify'd, was by the vip'rous Breed
Of Rebels, broke as soon as they could see
A prospect of Success by Perfidy.

*Nor can the sacredst Ties oblige that Race
To common Justice, who rebel by Grace,
And pray to prosper in their Wickedness.*



However, tho' the Roundheads did propose
A great Advantage by their breach of Vows,
And *Yorkshire Fairfax*, and his active Son,
With their small Force took here and there a Town,
Yet brave *Newcastle*, by his timely Care,
Upon this new revival of the War,
Made such a progress, that he soon o'erpower'd
The Rebels, and the Northern Parts secur'd,
Ranging the Country, fortifying Towns,
In spite of *Fairfax*, *Hotham*, and their Sons,
Chasing the Rebels till they fled in fear
To *Hull*, and gladly took close Quarters there.

A *Scotch* Commander* from the *Belgick-Shoar*,
For the King's use, Six Thousand Arms brought o'er,
And Landing at the Port, *Newcastle*, safe,
Join'd with the Brave and Loyal Earl thereof,
Who sent the welcome *Scot* protected thence,
To *York*, with all his Weapons of Defence.

* General King, in February.

A. D. In the same Month that Pious Royal Dame
 1643. The Queen, from *Holland* into *England* came,
 And Landed in the Bay of *Burlington*,
 With store of Arms and Ammunition :
 In her Retinue many famous stout
 Experienc'd Officers for Horse and Foot:
 The Queen fatigu'd and weary'd with the Sea,
 Lodg'd in a Merchant's House upon the Key,
 Where, for some time, Her Majesty remain'd,
 To have those Goods she wanted brought to Land,
 But *Batten*, curs'd with a Rebellious Soul,
 Of cruel Treachery and Malice full,
 Vice-Adm'ral to the Senate, having been
 At Sea, in hopes to intercept the Queen,
 But disappointed, came the second Day
 After Her Landing, close into the Bay,
 With four stout Ships, and fir'd upon the House
 The Queen had chosen for her soft Repose,
 Where sev'ral Cross-bar'd Cannon-Shot madeway
 Quite thro' the Chamber, as in Bed she lay ;
 Who, to avoid the Storm, was forc'd to fly
 'The House, and in the open Meadows lie
 Behind a Bank, where frighted Majesty
 For Shelter stay'd, till they made off to Sea.

*Who but the worst of Villains, in an Age
 When factions Malice carr'd the keenest Edge,
 Could crown his Treasons with such impious Rage.*

From *Burlington* *Newcastle's* Earl convey'd
 The Queen to *York*, where for a time she staid,
 Till Brave *Montross* and *Ogleby* repair'd
 From *Scotland* thither, with a Loyal Guard
 Of Sixscore Horse, and whither * *Cholmley* came
 With Foot Three-hundred to the Royal Dame

* Sir Hugh

From *Scarborough*, where, till then, he'd held the pow'r, *A. D.*
 Beneath the Parliament, of Governour, *1643.*
 But now revolted from the Rebels side,
 And to the Royal Cause himself apply'd.
 Soon after this old *Hotbarn* and his Son,
 In tampering about *Hull's* Rendition,
 Were trap'd amidst their Overtures, and sent
 Toth' *Tower*, by their Lords the Parliament,
 Where they remain'd long Prisoners, and at last
 Were hang'd by those whose Cause they first embrac'd.

*A Fate that often punishes the Pride
 Of Turncoat Rebels, true to neither Side.*

The Earl of *Derby* at the King's desire,
 Took care of *Cheshire* and of *Lancashire*,
 Where he'd sufficient Int'rest to prevent
 Their being decoy'd to join the Parliament,
 But thro' Misconduct, and the want of free
 Obliging Carriage and Activity,
 So lost his Int'rest, that the Rump, at length,
 In *Lancashire* had gain'd so great a Strength,
 That they surpris'd his Troops, took sev'ral Towns,
 And strengthen'd 'em with Works and Garisons.
 In *Cheshire* all the active leading Men
 Of both sides, had concluded to maintain
 A firm Neutrality, as had been done
 Before in *Yorkshire*, when the War begun;
 But the Rump finding that their Int'rest grew
 Apace in the next County thereunto,
 Absolv'd their Friends of all the solemn Ties
 They'd ratify'd, and prompted 'em to rise.

*Thus any Vows they would for Int'rest make,
 And for the same thro' any Contracts break.*

A.D. 1643. *Chester*, by Bishop *Bridgman* and his Son *
 Was kept intirely faithful to the Crown,
 The last supplying, at his own Expence,
 The Town, with all things needful for Defence,
 Which on its firm united Pow'r alone
 Bravely depended 'thout a Garrison,
 Till the Rump Party gaining strength so near,
 And growing absolute in *Lancashire*,
 Then the King sent Sir *Nich'las Byron* down,
 A bold experienc'd Soldier of Renown,
 Commission'd to be Col'nel General
 Of *Cheeshire*, Loyal *Shropshire*, and withall,
 To govern *Chester*, fortify the Town,
 And place therein an able Garison ;
 Which he perform'd, and did himself deport
 So well to the King's Friends of e'ery sort,
 That from North *Wales* the Gentry daily sent
 Fresh Succours, to his great Encouragement,
 That he soon rais'd an unexpected Force
 Of serviceable Foot, and able Horse,
 Which, with small loss, he frequently imploy'd,
 With good Success, against the Rebels Side.

The Rump in the mean time possess'd the Town
 Of *Nantwich* †, by Sir *William Bruerton*,
 Who fortify'd the same, that such a Hold
 Might make the Senates Friends more safe and bold,
 Each Garison endeav'ring to incline
 The Country-People to approve and join
 The diff'rent Causes which themselves advanc'd,
 And by obliging Measures countenanc'd;
 But *Byron's* Prospect, tho' at first so fair,
 Was clouded soon by stormy *Lancashire*,

* Sir Orlando Bridgman, the great Lawyer.

† In *Cheeshire*.

A. D.

1643.

Where Men of little Int'rest in the same,
 Of narrow Fortune, no Repute or Name,
 Seduc'd that wealthy County to the Good
 Old Cause, by the meer frenzy of the Crowd,
 When 'twas at first believ'd that Ten to One
 Were heartily inclin'd to serve the Throne,
 But lost, for want of *Derby's* active Care
 And Vigilance, to keep 'em as they were.
 The King however, 'cause he knew him free
 From the black Sin of Infidelity,
 Continu'd him Lieutenant, to the great
 Declension of his own defensive State.

Lord *Capel* now to *Shrewsbury* went down,
 Being made Lieutenant Gen'ral, by the Crown,
 Of *Cheshire*, *Shropshire*, and the Northern part
 Of *Wales*; all which he govern'd with such Art,
 That he preserv'd the same from sending forth
 Recruits to *Fairfax* Army in the North,
 Or raising Reinforcements to supply
 The Earl of *Essex* 'gainst his Majesty;
 But factious *Warwick*, and *Northamptonshire*,
 The County and the Town of *Leicester*,
 Were by the Rebels so subdu'd, that none
 Durst shew themselves in favour of the Throne.
 The Earl of *Stamford's* Son, the young Lord *Grey*,
 I'th' latter County bearing all the sway,
 Whilst * *Gell* possess'd the Shire as well as Town
 Of *Derby*, which he made a Garison.
 And the Lord *Brook*, whilst living, bore command
 In *Stafford's* County with an awful hand,
 And kept all lovers of the Royal Cause,
 In Terror of the Rump's Tyrannick Laws,
 Till the Brave Col'nell *Hastings*, who was Son
 To *Stamford's* Foe, the Earl of *Huntington*,

* Sir John

A.D.
1643. At *Ashby de la Zouch* * possess'd, a strong
 Old Seat, that to his Father did belong ;
 Which House he fortify'd and kept by force,
 In spite of *Grey* and all his Followers,
 Till *Hastings*, by his Interest, at length,
 To his own Troop had added such a Strength,
 That he maintain'd sharp Skirmishes with *Grey*,
 Wherein he often bravely won the Day :
 So that at once the Champions carry'd on
 The publick Quarrel 'twixt the Rump and Throne,
 And that revengeful Enmity between
 Their Families, which long had kindled been ;
 Nor did the Col'nel only prove a Bry'r
 To *Grey*, and the Rump's Friends in *Leic'stershire*,
 But was a Thorn to those that did Rebel
 In *Derby County*, under Sir *John Gell*,
 Also took several commodious Towns
 In *Staffordshire*, and made 'em Garisons.
 But these were Actions of the former Year,
 And introduc'd by retrospection here.
Waller †, last Winter, having won Renown,
 By taking *Chichester*, a useful Town,
 And putting by those Levies which the King
 Propos'd in *Sussex*, for the foll'wing Spring,
 This Year, was early furnish'd with a large
 Rebellious Army at the Senates Charge,
 Who with their Matchlocks and their Basket Hilts,
 Made fatal Work in *Monmouthshire* and *Wilts*.
 And did the Rump much service, by the Sword,
 Pth' Shire of *Gloc'ster* and of *Hereford*,
 Besieging and subduing sev'ral Towns,
 Made by the Royal Party Garisons.

*Which shews the Justice of a Cause is far
 Too weak a guard against the Chance of War.*

* In *Leicestershire*.

† *Sir William*

About the midst of *May* † this present Year,
 There chanc'd a sharp Dispute in *Devonshire*,
 At *Stratton*, where Earl *Stamford*, with a force
 Of near Sev'n-thousand Foot, Dragoons, and Horse,
 And half the Strength commanded by *Mobun* ||,
Hopton, and other Champions for the Crown,
 Whose little *Cornish* Army push'd the Foe
 So bravely, that they gave an Overthrow
 To twice the Number posted on a Hill,
 And on the Spot did many Hundreds kill;
 Their Major Gen'ral *Chudleigh* Captive made,
 The best and bravest Officer they had;
 And after, by perswasion, brought him o'er,
 From the Rump Side, to serve the Sov'reign Pow'r,
 Making their Gen'ral *Stamford* glad to fly
 The Dangers of a hard won Victory.

A. D.

1643.



At the same time the Rump thought fit to send
Essex near *Oxford*, where the King remain'd,
 With Orders to disturb and incommode
 That Garison by all the ways he cou'd,
 Accordingly he march'd some Troops so near
 His Sov'reign as to *Thame* in *Oxfordshire*,
 Quart'ring his Roundhead Army close the same,
 In the adjacent County o' *Buckingham*,
 Where numbers of his Men, grew weak and ill,
 Occasion'd by immod'rate Rains that fell;
 So that he could not greatly incommode
 The King, or do the Parliament much good.
 However, timely Tidings being brought
 To the King's Ear by a revolted *Scot* *,
 Where a large Party of the Rebels Horse
 Were loosely quarter'd, and with half the Force

† Upon the 16th.

|| Lord

* Colonel Urrey, who had serv'd the Rump, but revolted to the King.

A. D. 1643. Might be surpriz'd and routed ; and that he
 Himself, to instance his sincerity,
 Would with a Party go a Voluntier,
 And shew them where the Horſe he mention'd were,
Rupert forthwith accordingly assign'd
 A Strength proportion'd to the others mind,
 Which *Urrey* guided thro' a private Way,
 Toth' ſtraggling Village where the Rebels lay,
 And beating up their Quarters, crush'd the beſt
 Of a whole Regiment, and took the reſt,
 Falling, in their return, upon a place
 They'd paſſ'd before, obtaining like Succeſs.
Thus Rebels are by Rebels oft betray'd,
And cruel Deeds by Cruelty repaid.

Urrey, no ſooner had perform'd this Point
 Of his Revenge againſt the Parliament,
 By whom he had been us'd with ſome neglect,
 Or thought ſo, which produc'd the ſame Effect,
 But to Prince *Rupert* he propos'd the ſame
 Succeſs upon their Quarters cloſe by *Thame*.
 The King and Prince well ſatisfy'd with what
 Had been already manag'd by the *Scot*,
 Approv'd the Hint, and *Rupert*, out of hand,
 Prepar'd, and bore himſelf the chief Command,
 But with him took the *Scot*, that he might ſhare
 The Glory which they hop'd to win and wear.
 Accordingly the Heroes march'd away
 From *Oxford*, on the Eve of *Saturday*,
 Moving tow'rd's *Wickham*, *Poſtcomb*, *Chimer**, where
 The Rebels Quarters near their Gen'ral's were,
 And falling in, next *London*, whence they fear'd
 No Enemy, and therefore kept no guard.

* In Oxfordſhire.

Two Regiments† at *Wickam* they secur'd,
 Great Numbers took, put others to the Sword,
 Did then to the next Villages repair,
 And with the like success proceeded there,
 Returning from their Sanguinary Toils,
 With droves of Captives and with loads of Spoils.
 But *Essex* had, by this time, been allarm'd,
 At *Thame*, that his own Quarters now were arm'd
 And his best Troops commanded to pursue
 And Skirmish with the Prince, as he withdrew,
 Till he himself could follow with the Foot,
 And hold the En'my to a tough Dispute ;
 Accordingly their best and ready'st Horse
 March'd forward to o'ertake the Conquerors,
 And in the Field of *Chalgrove* came so near
 As to behold their Adversaries Rear,
 Just as their Front were moving off the Plain,
 Into a narrow incommodious Lane,
 That led unto a distant Bridge that lay
 Upon a little River in their way.
 But *Rupert* finding *Essex* was in chase
 Thought it not safe to venture thro' the Pass,
 Order'd the Pris'ners therefore to be carr'd
 With speed beyond the River by their Guard,
 And fac'd about his Troops, once more, to try
 The Strength of a Superior Enemy,
 Who, from their Numbers, being sure to win
 The Day, like Heroes, did the Fight begin ;
 But fiery *Rupert*, with such angry haste,
 Return'd their Blows and ply'd the Foe so fast,
 That from his Rage their broken Troops withdrew
 And left the Field, tho' *Essex* was in view ;
 Most of their chief Commanders being slain
 In the sharp contest on the tramp'd Plain.

A.D.

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W

† One of Horse, one of Foot.

A. D. 1643. *Hambden*, whose factious and prevailing Tongue,
 As well as Sword, had done his Country wrong,
 Receiving his Death's Wound*, where first he'd shown
 His Duty to the Rump, instead of Throne,
 Not that he was in Battle kill'd outright
 But for some Days, in pain, outliv'd the Fight,
 And might have eas'd his Conscience in distress,
 But harden'd Rebels seldom have the Grace,
Gunter†, a valiant Officer of Note,
 Was also shot, and perish'd on the Spot,
 Whose Malice to the Church before the War
 Had brought him to the High-Commission-Bar,
 Which work'd him up to meditate Revenge,
 And labour to effect a thorough Change.
Sheffield, the Earl of *Mulgrave's* Younger Son,
 And *Beckly* a Scotch Col'nel of Renown,
 Were taken, but the Wounds they had receiv'd
 B'ing great, as they affirm'd, and were believ'd,
 The Prince till their Recov'ry, was so kind
 To leave 'em both, upon parole, behind ;
 But, like true Rebels they at once broke through
 The Law of Arms and that of Honour too.

Thus *Rupert* and the bold revolted *Scot*,
 Who both had with undaunted Brav'ry fought,
 Return'd in Triumph from the Field of Blood,
 To *Oxford* safe, by *Essex* unpursu'd ;
 Tho' when his routed Troops the Battle lost
 He'd brought his Foot within a Mile at most,
 Who much affronted that his bravest Horse
 Had been thus shatter'd by so small a Force,
 Retir'd to *Bristol*, hoping he should there
 Recruit his Army from the Counties near

* See *Hambden's Character*.

† A Major for the Parliament.

A.D.
1643.

In which great City sev'ral had of late
 Been try'd and doom'd to that unhappy Fate,
 The Gallows*, for attempting to restore
 The Town of *Bristol* to the sov'reign Pow'r.

*Thus none are safe in a divided Land,
 Where Parties gain, by turns, the upperhand,
 And spiteful Justice, without Law or Lord,
 Is measur'd by the keen revengeful Sword.*

The Rump for service of their Commonweal,
 By this time, had prepar'd a new Broad-Seal,
 Which Forgery both Houses did advance
 And use, by vertue of an Ordinance.
 The Queen, that Royal Heroine, having got
 Together, Seven-thousand Horse and Foot,
 Now left the *North*, and *Westward* march'd to join
 Her Forces with Her Nuptial Sovereign,
 Tho' in her Way she prudently took care
 Of *Nottingham* and neighb'ring *Lincolnshire*,
 Recruiting Col'nel *Cavendish*, who'd done
 Great Service in those Counties for the Throne ;
 Was welcom'd, when at *Newark* upon *Trent*†,
 With fresh success against the Parliament,
 By the same *Cavendish*, who'd overthrown
 A Party of the Foe at *Dunnington*||.
 From thence to *Burton* Majesty repair'd,
 A Town which had been taken by the Lord‡,
 Who then was honour'd with the chief Command
 Of all the Force that did the Queen attend,
 Who mov'd by gentle Marches till she came
 To *Stratford*, *Avon*, where the Royal Dame

* Mr. Robert Yeomans, late Sherriff of that City, Mr. William his Brother, Mr. George Bouchier, Mr. Edward Dacres, and others of their Friends.

† June 13. || In *Lincolnshire*.

‡ *Jermine*.
 Was

A.D. 1643. Was met by *Rupert*, with a noble shew
 Of gallant Troops, which he from *Oxford* drew,
 Forming, when join'd, a much compleater Host
 Than *Effex*, or his Lords the Rump could boast,
 Which so provok'd 'em that, to shew their Spleen,
 The Commons with High-Treason charg'd the Queen,
 And sent up an Impeachment to the Lords,
 Heighten'd with Malice, in the blackest Words,
 Alledging, she'd in *Holland* left in pawn
 The Jewels appertaining to the Crown,
 That she'd fomented the Rebellious War,
 In *Ireland*, and espous'd the Papists there,
 That she had us'd her Int'rest, with intent
 To raise the *Scots* against the Parliament,
 And that sh'appear'd in *England* at the Head
 Of Popish Forces, and in Triumph led
 The same, and did from Town to Town advance
 To awe and terrify the Protestants.
 To all which Articles the Lords agreed,
 Who fear'd to flinch from what the Commons did,
O despicable Rump! O wretched Times!
When Vertues thus were deem'd the blackest Crimes.

Waller who in this Int'rim, had obtain'd
 Success, and wondrous Reputation gain'd,
 Being now at *Bath*, and *Hertford* lying near,
 With *Maurice*, *Hopton*, and that noble Peer
Carnarwan, daily Skirmishes arose
 'Twixt moving Parties of the neighb'ring Foes.
 The Western Host b'ing order'd by the Crown,
 To blast the Laurels *Waller's* Arms had won,
 And if they could to stop his growing Pow'r,
 From *Ludlow-Castle* and from *Worcester* ;
 Accordingly the Loyal Heroes nam'd
 Before, for Conduct and for Courage fam'd,

Having,

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Having, with all their sev'ral Squadrons met
At *Chard*, within the Shire of *Somerſet*,
March'd with united Force and took the Towns
Of *Taunton* and *Bridgewater*, Garifons
Of Strength, and *Dunſtar*-Caſtle did ſubdue
With eaſe, tho' ſtronger than the other Two ;
Were after, in their Quarters, when they lay
At *Summertown*, aſſaulted e'er 'twas Day,
By *Strode* and *Popham*, with a rally'd Force
Of broken Bands of Foot and Troops of Horſe,
Which had before at *Stratton* been repell'd,
And under *Stamford's* Conduct fled the Field,
But now reſum'd their Courage to ſurpriſe,
E'er Light appear'd, their Sleeping Enemies,
Fell on a Dragoon Reg'ment and allarm'd
The Royal Hoſt, who in an Inſtant arm'd,
And chas'd the Foe through *Wells*, who in no ill
Condition gain'd the Top of *Mendip* Hill,
Whither Prince *Maurice* and the Marquis led
Their Army, and from whence the Rebels fled,
But did with little Bick'rings entertain
Their Foll'wers, till they paſſ'd into a Lane,
Where brave *Carnarvan* push'd 'em with ſuch Force,
That, in the End, he routed all their Horſe,
Boldly purſuing, with unweary'd Toil,
Their vanquiſh'd flying Troops Mile after Mile,
Till, hurry'd by ſucceſs, he was at length,
Decoy'd within the Bounds of *Waller's* Strength,
And in the height of Vict'ry made his way
Into thoſe Quarters where the Rebels lay,
Where ſome freſh Squadrons of the Foe, within
The Cover of a Hedge, had march'd unſeen,
To meet their Friends, who join'd them in their flight,
And gave them Courage to renew the Fight ;
That now the Earl retreated full as faſt
As thoſe he'd follow'd with ſuch eager haſte,

Diſ-

A.D. Dispatching Couriers, upon full carier,
 1643. T'acquaint Prince *Maurice* of the Danger near,
 Who, upon this Intelligence, withdrew
 Into an open Plain that lay in view,
 A place commodious for the Prince to meet
 The Foe, and join the Earl in his Retreat,
 Who, in a chaff'd Condition, thither brought
 His shatter'd Troops who had so bravely fought;
 Where now again the Battle was renew'd,
 The Foe once more defeated and pursu'd,
 The Rebels loosing, on the Dusty Plain,
 Three times the Number of the Victors slain;
 The Prince and Earl returning o'er the Hills
 Of *Mendip* to their Quarters then at *Wells*,
 Where they refresh'd, and triumph'd in Success,
 With their whole Body, for a Fortnights space,
 Whilst *Waller* and his Army, fir'd with Wrath,
 At these Proceedings, Quarter'd at the *Bath*,
 Having from *London* just receiv'd a fierce
 Tremendous Reg'ment arm'd like Cuirassiers*,
 The first that in that Crimson War appear'd,
 Equip'd in Armour, and were therefore fear'd
 The more; however, the successful Side,
 Inspir'd by Vict'ry, with a gallant Pride,
 Seem'd now impatient, after Ten Days Ease,
 In open Field to meet their Enemies;
 Accordingly from *Wells* their Captains led
 Their valiant Host to *Marssfield*, where they staid
 Till *Waller* drew his Roundheads out of *Bath*
 To *Lansdown*, an extensive lofty Heath,
 From whence he sent a Party of his Horse
 To *Marssfield* to alarm the Loyal Force,
 Who beat 'em back and follow'd with their Host,
 To th' foot of *Waller's* advantageous Post;

* Commanded by Sir Arthur Haslerig.

But thinking it unsafe t'engage a Foe
That stood so high, whilst they remain'd so low,
Concluded to retire, until they found
The Enemy upon more equal Ground;
But *Waller* apprehensive of their fear,
Sent his whole Horse t'attack 'em in the Rear,
In which Attempt Sir *Arthur's* Cuirassiers,
Prov'd so amazing to the Cavaliers,
That, by the first impressiion, they were cow'd,
With the fierce Courage the Assailants shew'd;
Yet by their brave Commanders were they brought,
At length, to rally, and so boldly fought,
That they amaz'd the Rebels, climb'd the Hill,
By Nature almost inaccessible,
And beat the Rumps best Champion and his Host,
By dint of Sword, from their advantage Post*,
That they behind a Stony Wall retir'd,
From which strong Bulwark of Defence they fir'd
Some Ordinance, till kind obliging Night
Came on, and put a period to the Fight,
The Foe retreating from the Danger nigh,
Beneath the Cover of a cloudy Sky,
Leaving their lighted Matches stuck in Holes
And Crevices, they found about the Walls,
That Scouts might be deceiv'd and think they lay
In order to engage by break of Day;
Which Stratagem the Rebels us'd, for fear
The Foe should follow and attack their Rear.
Thus ended the Dispute, which Vict'ry cost
The Loyal Side the Flower of their Host,
Thousands by each being left upon the Plain,
And many noted brave Commanders slain,
As in their sev'ral Characters appear,
And therefore needless to be mention'd here.

A. D.

1643.

W.

* Wednesday, July 5.

A.D. 1643. *Waller* to *Bristol* hasten'd to recruit
 His Army, and refresh his Horse and Foot,
 Which when he'd done he soon return'd in quest
 Of *Hopton* and his Champions of the *West*,
 Hoping t'ingage him e'er the King could send
 Supplies of Powder to his trusty Friend,
 Which he much wanted, therefore did retire
 To the *Devizes*, famous in the Shire
 Of *Wilts*, where the brave Hero staid, in hopes
 Of Succour, till besieg'd by *Waller's* Troops,
 Whilst *Maurice* with the Horse was march'd away
 To *Oxford*, where the King in safety lay,
 Who having heard how *Hopton* was distress'd
 Sent Fifteen-hundred Horse into the *West**,
 To his Relief, who coming near the Town,
 Caus'd *Waller* to withdraw to *Roundway-Down*,
 Where both their Troops with equal Rage began
 A fiery Battle on that spacious Plain;
 Whilst *Hopton* from the Town led forth his Foot
 Whose active Brav'ry sharpen'd the Dispute,
 And in conclusion gave the Rebel Foe
 So signal and severe an Overthrow †,
 That of Two-thousand Horse there was not one,
 Except the slain, but what had fled the Down,
 Tho' back'd with full Three-thousand Foot or more,
 Dragoons Five-hundred, with sufficient store
 Of Brass Artill'ry, which became the Spoil
 Of those that made 'em fly the Downy Hill,
 In so much fear and haste that many spent
 Their Lives in plunging down the deep Descent;
 Whilst routed *Waller* fled to *Bristol* Town
 Despoil'd of all the Laurels he had won;
 Attended only by a shatter'd Train,
 In number far inferior to the slain.

* Under the Command of Commissary *Wilmot*.

† Wednesday July 13.

A. D.
1643.
~

Kind Providence appointing this Defeat,
Upon that very Day the Sov'reign met
His Royal Consort in the Field, whereon
The King before had *Edge-hill* Battle won,
Who willing, when he heard of this Success,
T'improve it to his further Happiness,
Sent his Two Nephews, with some Troops of Horse,
To join with *Hopton* and his Western Force,
That with resistless Strength they might sit down
Before the sturdy Walls of *Bristol* Town :
Which Orders they pursu'd, and in Three Days
Became sole Masters of that wealthy Place.
The Governour*, tho' first he made a show
Of great Resistance, yielding to the Foe.

About this time *Carnarvan*, in the *West*,
So many Towns and Garisons possess'd,
That, by his uncontroll'd Success, the Crown
Was Lord of all the Western Counties grown,
Newcastle, Norward, had obtain'd the sole
Command, and driven *Fairfax* into *Hull*,
Having first fortunately overthrown
His Forces, on the Moor of *Adderton*.
Essex's broken Army were not yet
Recruited since their *Oxfordshire* defeat,
Nor had the Rebels any Force to face
The King, or stop his March to any place ;
That now he safely might have made his Way
To *London*, and resum'd the Sov'reign sway,
But was, against his Will, advis'd to steer
A more destructive course to *Glouc'stershire*,
And with his prosp'rous Army to sit down
Before the ancient Walls of *Glouc'ster* Town,

* *Mr. Nathaniel Fiennes, Son of the Lord Say and Seal.*

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Which Siege the King continu'd till, at length,
 His much dishearten'd Foes recover'd Strength,
 And *Effex* had receiv'd a fresh Recruit
 From *London* of stout Horse and able Foot;
 Whilst the Rump pass'd an Ord'nance, to set forth
 Full Twenty-thousand Men* to aid the North,
 'Till their *Scotch* Friends, invited to oppose
 The Crown, were ready to assist their Cause.
 Aspiring *Cromwel*, who had been no more
 Than Captain of a Troop the Year before,
 And after made a Col'nel, now began
 To be esteem'd a serviceable Man,
 Having in these new Levies given great
 Assistance, also had perform'd of late,
 In the North-west, such Actions as had rais'd
 His Fame, and caus'd him to be highly prais'd;
 Who was the first that took the crafty pains,
 By preaching, to infuse into the Brains
 Of the new Army, that for Heaven's sake
 They fought, and that Religion lay at stake,
 And he that perish'd in the Cause, by Sword,
 Dy'd in the Fear and Favour of the Lord,
 By which he made their conscientious Pride,
 Balance the Honour of the Loyal Side.

Effex from *Hounslow*, with his new-rai'd Pow'r,
 Now† march'd tow'rd's the Relief of *Gloucester*,
 From whence the King advisably withdrew,
 When *Effex* was advanc'd almost in view,
 And left them to relieve the Town he'd lain,
 Without assault, so long before in vain.

Effex now hearing that some Troops with store
 Of Bread, had lodg'd themselves in *Ci'cester*,

* Under Command of the Earl of Manchester.

† August 24.

A. D.

1643.



Made a long March from *Tewksbury* with speed,
 To rout the Party and supply the Need
 Of his own Army, who were much distress'd
 For want of what the Loyal Foe possess'd,
 Accordingly at midnight he surpris'd
 The Castle and the Town, wherein he seiz'd
 Two Regiments of Horse, and Thirty Load
 Of Stores, the adverse Party there had stow'd,
 Marching from thence with an intent to pass
 Thro' *Hungerford*, but was, on *Awburn-Chase*,
 O'erta'en by *Rupert*, with an able Force,
 Consisting chiefly of the King's best Horse,
 Who, charging home, into disorder put
 The moving Rear of *Effex* Horse and Foot*
 Who, after losing many by the Sword,
 Cover'd by Night, advanc'd to *Hungerford*;
 From whence they march'd to *Newbury* next Day,
 Where, with his Army, *CHARLES* the Royal lay,
 To stop the Earl, who meant to steer his course
 To *London*, lest diverted thence by force.
 And now the Rebels, since the adverse Pow'r
 Had gain'd the Town about Two Hours before,
 Were greatly disappointed, and compell'd
 To lodge till Morning in the open Field:
Effex advancing by the break of Day,
 To a high Ground†, which near to *Newb'ry* lay,
 Whither the King, e're *Effex* gain'd the top
 O'th' Hill, attack'd him by a Forlorn-Hope,
 Who with undaunted Warmth began the Fight,
 Which was with mutual Zeal maintain'd till Night,
 Beneath whose cover both sides drawing off,
 Seem'd tacitly to own they had enough,

* *The Marquis of Vieuville, a gallant French Noble-Man, drop'd in this Action, on the Kings Side.*

† *Biggs-Hill.*

A. D.
1643. Leaving vast numbers bleeding on the Hill,
To fatten and improve the thirsty Soil.
The Earl inclining with what haste he cou'd,
Tow'rds *Reading*, which when *Rupert* understood,
With a strong Party, he pursu'd the Foe,
Who' thro' a narrow Lane were bound to go,
There falling on their Rear, with good success,
Cut many off before they pass'd the place,
Which rather gave th' advantage, in the main,
To the King's Army, by the numbers slain;
Tho' both well beaten did alike pretend
To Victory, which neither Side had gain'd *.
Essex, as soon as he'd refresh'd a while
At *Reading*, march'd, pursuant to his Will,
To *London*, where the Rump were pleas'd to boast
Of Laurels they had neither won nor lost,
And in a solemn manner did accord,
To thank their Gen'ral first, and next the Lord.
The King to *Oxford* marching, where the Town
Proclaim'd, with Joy, a Vict'ry for the Crown.
Thus when two Foes have made a doubtful Fight,
Both proudly challenge what is neither's Right.

The King now finding *Reading* dispossest'd †
O'th' Enemy, in Wisdom thought it best
To Garrison that Town with such a Pow'r,
As made his Royal Quarters more secure.
In the mean while, the wealthy Town of *Lynn*,
Seiz'd for the King by th' *Norfolk* Gentlemen,
Hoping the Earl *Newcastle* would have sent,
Or come himself, to their incouragement,
Was close besieg'd, and yielded, thro' distress,
To || *Manchester* and *Cromwel*, in few Days,

* In this Battle fell the Earls of Carnarvan and Sunderland,
and the Lord Viscount Falkland. See their Characters.

† October 3.

|| Earl of

Whilst * *Meldrum*, † *Lambert*, ‡ *Rainsbrough* in the North, *A. D.*
 From *Hull*, with two large Bodies, sally'd forth, 1643.
 Fell on *Newcastle's* Quarters, made him fly,
 For present safety, into *Beverly*,
 His Army also being forc'd to quit
 The Siege, and from the Walls of *Hull* retreat.

Ireland, which all this time had been distress'd,
 And by the Rebels e'erywhere oppress'd,
 For want of Succours, which the Commons-House
 Converted here to their Rebellious use,
 Was now reliev'd by *Ormond* ||, for a Year,
 From the sharp Conflicts of a bloody War,
 He having, with the Rebels, for the space
 Premis'd, agreed Hostility should cease.

During this time, Prince *Maurice*, in the *West*,
 Had, by his active Courage, dispossest
 The Foe of many Towns †, and much advanc'd
 The King's Condition, and discountenanc'd
 His Enemies, so far, that tho' the Crown
 Had suffer'd by not marching up to Town,
 When Royal Wisdom was mis'd before
 That factious fatal City, *Gloucester*,
 Yet, in all Parts, the King was thought to be,
 In strength, superior to the Enemy,
 Who also now improv'd his Martial Pow'r,
 By fresh Assistance from the *Irish* Shore,
 Receiving thence a well-experienc'd Force
 Of Foot One-thousand, and a Hundred Horse **;
 And in a little time Four-thousand more,
 Of their best Infantry, to *Wales* came o'er,

* Sir John † Colonel ‡ Captain

|| Lieutenant-General of the English Forces.

↓ Biddisford, Appleford, Barnstable, Exeter, and Dartmouth.

** Under the Command of Sir William St. Leger and Col. Min.

A. D. Who being, much against their own desire,
 1643. Divided and dispos'd of here and there,
 W Less Service did than if preserv'd intire.

*It proves the same with e'ery foreign Host,
 Disperse the Body and the Spirit's lost.*

The Prince *d' Harcourt* *now from *France* was sent,
 To mediate 'twixt the King and Parliament,
 But finding his Efforts were all in vain,
 After a few Months stay, return'd again.
Sir William Waller, since his last Defeat,
 Having, in *London*, rais'd a new compleat,
 Tho' little Army, which Records compute
 To be, at most, Six-thousand Horse and Foot,
 Lay ready to march early in the Spring,
 Against the Western Forces of the King,
 Who was as thoughtful how he might prevent
 His Progress, by some shrewd Impediment.

The *Scots*, who with their Friends the Parliament,
 Had join'd in Solemn League and Covenant,
 Now † enter'd *England*, as before agreed,
 Between the Rump and Kirk beyond the *Tweed*,
 Writing a crafty Letter ‡ in their way,
 To Loyal || *Glemham*, who at *Anwick* lay,
 With sixteen Troops, two Regiments of Foot,
 Commanded all by Officers of Note,
 Twenty good Ordinance, eight Drakes, and Stores
 Of all things needful for so small a Force :
 The *Scots* declaring 'twas their sole intent
 To prosecute the Ends o'th' Covenant,
 For the reforming and establishing
 Religion, and the Honour of the King,

* Made his Entrance at Oxford, Octob. 18.

† In January.

‡ From Berwick.

|| *Sir Thomas.*

A.D.

1643.



Restoring publick Peace and Liberty,
 And settling all things as they ought to be.
 Such taking Cant by which the *Scots* believ'd
 Their Friends would be oblig'd, and Fools deceiv'd,
 Desiring *Glembham* would vouchsafe to hand
 The same toth' Gentry of *Northumberland*.
 To which the Loyal Knight return'd so fair
 And fit an Answer by their Trumpeter,
 That he gain'd time to draw his Forces off
 From *Anwick*, and to make himself more safe,
 By moving with his Ord'nance to the Town,
Newcastle, a commodious Garison.

The Northern Marquis * now advanc'd to meet
 The *Scots*, in hopes to force 'em to retreat,
 Leaving the Care of *York*, and of the Shire,
 And the Command of all the Forces there,
 To Col'nel *Bellasis*, whose Failings soon
 Brought many sudden Mischiefs on the Crown:
 For the industrious Foe no sooner found
 That brave *Newcastle* had forsook his Ground
 In *Yorkshire*, and was moving farther North,
 But they from sev'ral neighb'ring Shires drew forth
 What Force they could, b'ing resolutely bent
 To lay close Siege to *Newark* upon *Trent*,
 A Town which had been, and at present was,
 Of great Importance to the Royal Cause:
 Therefore the Rebels, when they first sat down
 Before it, vow'd to make the same their own.
 Also in this unhappy Juncture, full
 Of evil Prospects, † *Fairfax*, out of *Hull*,
 Drew a strong Party, and at *Selby*, near
 To *York*, when *Bellasis* was quarter'd there,

* Of *Newcastle*, lately so created.

† *Sir Thomas*

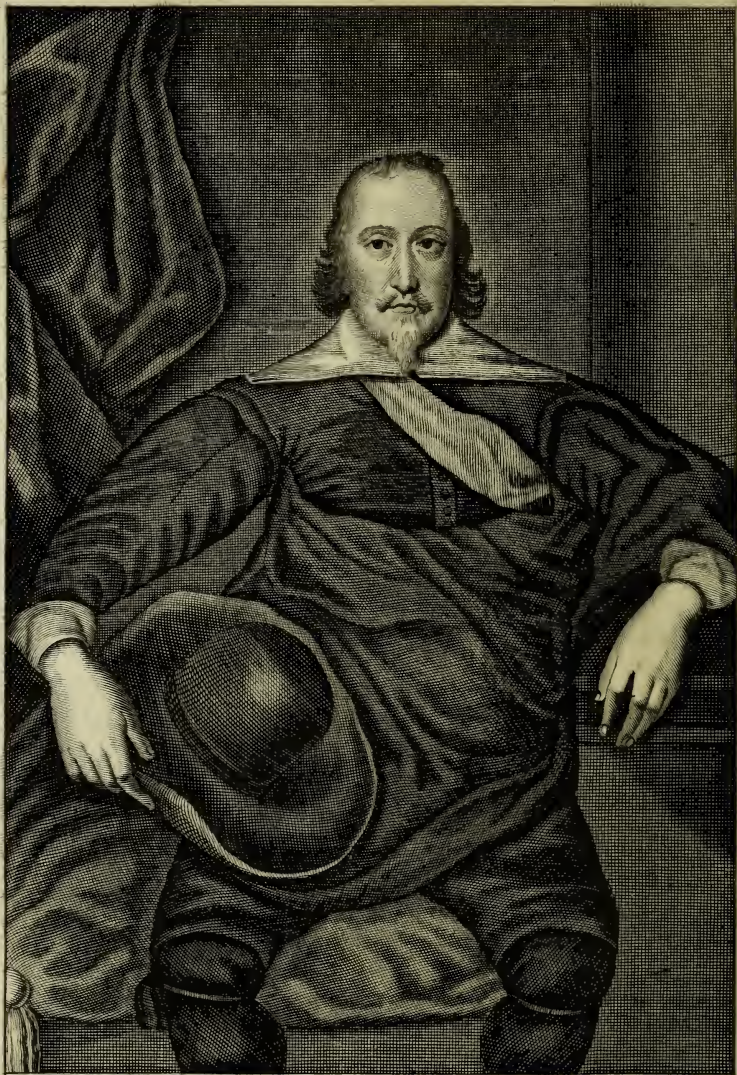
A.D. 1643. Surpriz'd him in the Town, and, to his great
 Dishonour, gave him a severe Defeat,
 Took many Pris'ners, some of high Degree,
 Nor did himself escape Captivity;
 Carr'd off his Cannon also from the Place,
 With all the Marks and Ensigns of Success.
 Which unexpected fatal Overthrow,
 To *York* itself was such a frightful Blow,
 That Brave *Newcastle*, who had stop'd the way
 The *Scots* propos'd, and kept 'em at a Bay,
 Now thought it Wisdom to withdraw his Force,
 And for *York* City change his Norward Course,
 Lest *Fairfax* should improve the great Defeat
 He'd giv'n, and make his Vict'ry more compleat.
 Which was his first Success that ever wrought
 Upon the Minds of those for whom he fought.

The King concern'd at *Newark* Siege, a Town
 Of mighty use and service to the Crown,
 Sent Fiery *Rupert* to relieve the same,
 Whose Name a Terror struck where'er he came.
 According to his Orders, he pursu'd
 The Noble Task with all the speed he cou'd,
 And with a Force inferior to the Foe,
 Such Wonders did that few Records can show,
 Beat 'em from all their Works, their Trenches scow'rd,
 And made 'em feel the Fury of his Sword,
 Push'd 'em, by dint of Blows, from place to place,
 With such impatient Brav'ry and Success,
 That they, at length, submitted upon Terms,
 Of giving up their Baggage and their Arms,
 And to depart without, which gracious Leave
 The Prince, with Battle tir'd, vouchsaf'd to give.
 Thus beat the Rebels and reliev'd the Town,
 To his eternal Honour and Renown,
 For no one Action, brighten'd with Success,
 Throughout the War, was thought more great than this.

The End of the Nineteenth Year.

THE





*RALPH L. Hopton, His Majesties
General of the Western Army.*

This is from a Painting in S^r Jacob Astleys hands.

M. V. Gucht scul.

THE

A.D.
1643.*Lord* HOPTON'S

CHARACTER.

BOrn in *South-Wales*, and, as some Writers say,
 No sooner could he speak but he could pray,
 And that all common Characters he read
 Distinctly true as early as he pray'd,
 Proving, before his Years were fully Three,
 A Miracle beyond credulity ;
 'Twixt Four and Five, Six-hundred Words could speak
 Of *Latin*, and that full-mouth'd Language *Greek*,
 Their Genders and Declensions justly give,
 And do those things that few would now believe.
 At riper Years he was to *Oxford* sent,
 And there some time in *Lincoln-College* spent,
 Tutor'd by *Sanderson*, that pious Guide,
 Who, after, *Lincoln Bishoprick* supply'd.
 From thence the Youth had to the Camp recourse,
 Where he was soon made Officer of Horse,
 And, in a little time, appear'd as skill'd
 In Arms as the best Hero in the Field,
 Run thro' as many Dangers with Success,
 Till Fortune did, at length, the Foe embrace,
 Who, under *Waller's* Conduct, gave the Lord
 A resolute Defeat at *Alresford*.
 Yet, in a little time, was Gen'ral made
 Of all the Western Forces, which he led
 To *Torrington*, where he receiv'd a Blow,
 That prov'd his cow'rdly Army's overthrow,

Who

A. D. 1643. Who fled from *Fairfax* shamefully, and left
 Their Gen'ral, wounded with a Pike, to shift :
 Nor would they upon further Action go,
 But treated with the base rebellious Foe.
 Thus was the Western Force at once dissolv'd,
 The Lord forsaken, wounded, and involv'd
 In Cares and Dangers he for Years surviv'd,
 And with the Royal Son in Exile liv'd,
 Dying at *Bruges*, e're he joy'd to see
 That happy Day, that set the Kingdom free
 From Slav'ry and rebellious Tyranny.

No mortal Worthy treasur'd in his Breast
 More Honour, or more Loyalty profess'd ;
 None better fortify'd against Disgrace,
 And all temptations to be false and base,
 Enjoy'd an Understanding sound and clear,
 And stedfast Courage, proud to persevere
 In a just Cause, and if he chanc'd to fail
 Of any Vertue in a General,
 'Twas when he call'd a Council, to confer
 About some present Exigence of War,
 For then he would be tedious in Debate,
 Which sometimes render'd things unfortunate,
 And falling from the Measures they'd agreed,
 Would, by new Schemes, their urgent haste impede ;
 Was therefore thought, by some, more fit to bear
 The second, than the first, Command in War.

*But who, alas, tho' ne'er so Wise and Great,
 Escapes Reflection, if unfortunate.
 England does always, to her open shame,
 The Just and Brave for Disappointments blame,
 And labours to support the prosp'rous Villain's Fame.*

A. D.

1643.

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THE

Earl of SUNDERLAND'S

CHARACTER.

A Valiant Noble Peer, whose gen'rous Breast
 Was early with heroick Vertues blest;
 Nature with Wonders had his Soul inspir'd,
 And all that Art could furnish he'd acquir'd :
 To which great Gifts and Graces of the Mind,
 A lib'ral Fortune, by Descent, was join'd.
 With these Accomplishments the gallant Youth,
 Confirm'd in Honour, Loyalty, and Truth,
 Set forth into the World, at scarce the Age
 Of Man, to act upon the Publick Stage,
 And fond, in an ill season, to express
 His Duty to his Sov'reign in Distress,
 Attended, only as a Voluntier,
 His Royal Person, in the heat of War ;
 And at the second Fight, near *Newbry Town*,
 Before the Troop he mounted in fell on,
 A Cannon-Bullet snatch'd his Life away,
 And to the Surface crush'd his bleeding Clay.

*Thus the brave Youth, in one short space, appear'd
 Lively and gay, and mangl'd and besmear'd.*

*Hard Fate ! a Plant so Noble, that had stood
 Twenty-three Years the Wonder of the Wood,
 Should, in an instant, perish in the Bud.*

*But humane Nature has, alas, no fence
 Against the turns of Chance or Providence,*

*Nor can the Heav'nly Sciences foreshow,
 Or Wisdom, by its utmost searches, know,*

Why, where, or when we shall receive the Blow.

THE

A.D.

1643.

THE

Earl of CARNARVAN'S
CHARACTER.

A Man by Nature of a curious Mind,
 To Knowledge and to Action much inclin'd,
 Possess'd with Vertues equal to his Birth,
 Wanting no Parts that could enhance his Worth;
 And by long foreign Travels, which he lov'd,
 His Education largely had improv'd,
Paris and *Madrid* he alike had view'd,
 And glean'd from both what he esteem'd as good;
 Th' *Italian* Garden of the World had seen,
 And o'er the Seven *Roman* Hills had been,
 Survey'd that noble old Imperial Town,
 Once the World's Mistress, now with Priest's o'er-run.
 Thro' the *Turks* Empire also he had pass'd,
 And travel'd divers Regions in the *East*,
 Finding, where'er he came, some diff'rent Arts,
 Or new advantage to improve his Parts.
 Fraught with this vast Experience he had gain'd
 Abroad, return'd into his Native Land,
 Where the accomplish'd Noble Peer was known
 Too little, e'er the Civil Wars begun;
 Delighting chiefly in those Rural Sports,
 Admir'd by such as fly from Princes Courts,
 Till the King made him, in his first rais'd Force,
 Commander of a Regiment of Horse;

And



J. Aud. Pinel del. & sculp.

M. P. Gualt. fecit.

The Earl of CARNARVAN.



A.D.
1643.

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And then, at once, he totally resign'd
His Pleasures, and to Arms apply'd his Mind,
That no Man with a more consid'rate Head
Commanded, or more punctually obey'd:
Nor was he only happy in a keen
Undaunted Courage above other Men,
But none discern'd with quicker Eyes than he,
Advantages against an Enemy,
Or with more Warmth pursu'd the same as far
As 'twas consistent with the Rules of War,
Having, in sev'ral Battles plaid his part,
And not alone his Courage shew'd, but Art:
Nor did he want a present Mind to steer
The safest Course, when Danger happen'd near,
A Gift of wondrous benefit to those
Who in the Martial Plain contend with Foes.
Justice he lov'd, and practis'd it among
Those Persons most that he had Pow'r to wrong,
Scorning that License some Commanders thought
No Crime, or in a Soldier scarce a Fau't,
Having so strict and punctual a regard
To all the Rules of Honour and his Word,
That when he found it was not in his Pow'r
To make his Promise good to *Dorchester*
And *Weymouth*, nothing could perswade his stay
In the *West* Country, where his Reg'ment lay.
But all these Christian Vertues were no shield
Of safety in Death's Slaughter-house, the Field,
For having charg'd with bold successful force,
A larger Body of the Rebels Horse,
At *Newb'ry* Fight, and put 'em to the Rout,
The Earl, in his return from the Pursuit,
Was by a scatter'd Roundhead Trooper known,
And, by the Villain, thro' the Body run,
Of which invidious Wound, within an Hour,
The Hero dy'd, who had so oft before

Desy'd

A.D. 1643. Defy'd the Pow'r of Death in open Plain,
Where Crowds with flying Thunderbolts were slain.

*Thus Fate, in Battle, no distinction makes
Between the best of Men and worst of Rakes;
Both, if alike expos'd where Bullets fly,
Have but an equal Chance to live or die.*

THE

A.D.

1643.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

Sir JOHN BANKS.

NUrs'd in the briary Lab'rinth of the Laws,
 Where some are fleec'd, whilst others win the Cause
 In which precarious Maze the Pleader toil'd,
 And fairly practis'd with a Fame unsoil'd,
 Till made Attorney-Gen'ral, at a time
 When to be Just and Loyal was a Crime,
 And when the factious Commons look'd awry
 On all that truly serv'd His Majesty,
 And by their noisy Numbers and their Threats
 O'eraw'd the Men of Worth in all Debates,
 That *Banks*, desirous to avoid the Storm,
 Which he perceiv'd was growing still more warm,
 By Favour climb'd into the Common-Pleas,
 And sat Chief-Justice there, much more at ease,
 Where he each knotty Cause and Contest try'd
 So well, that he offended neither Side.
 But when the Factious Tribe would have remov'd
 Some other Judges, whom they disapprov'd,
 They nam'd his Lordship as a Person fit
 To be continu'd in the Judgment-seat;
 Which special Favour caus'd the jealous Court,
 Not to esteem the Judge the better for't.
 However, when the fatal Breach was grown
 More wide betwixt the Parliament and Throne,

He

A. D. He was of those who to the King adher'd,
1643. And with his Friends at Oxon Town appear'd,

Whilst his Heroick Lady did defend
His Country-House, Corfe-Castle, and maintain'd
Her Seat against that Rebel, to his shame,
Sir *Walter Earl*, who long besieg'd the same,
And was at last oblig'd, without Success,
To draw his Forces off and quit the Place.

*Thus does the Justice of a Cause inspire
The weak and fearful with courageous Fire.
And strengthens Vertue, bravely to despise
Those Dangers which the cow'rdly Spirit flies.*

A.D.
1643.

Sir PETER WYCH'S

CHARACTER.

A Man of Worth and Honour, who before
 The Troubles, had been sent Embassador
 To *Turkey*, and about the time return'd
 From thence, when *England* her Distractions mourn'd,
 And b'ing at home desirous to support
 A Loyal Int'rest in the Royal Court,
 Gave to Sir *Thomas Fermin*, who controll'd
 The Houshold, an engaging Sum of Gold,
 For his white Staff, which wisely he resign'd,
 To ease th'Ambition of Sir *Peter's* Mind;
 Who also by his Station had, in course,
 A Place among the Privy Counsellors,
 Which purchas'd Honours he, alas, enjoy'd
 Not long, e'er he declin'd in Health and dy'd,
 Always accounted by the World a plain,
 Ingenuous, sober, downright, honest Man,
 A Christian blooming Character that few
 Deserve, tho' many do pretend thereto,
 Especially such Persons as have drawn
 The Subtil Air that's breath'd about a Throne.

For where politer Craft is only found
 The Spring that drives their Machinations round,
 'Tis hard to see Men flourish by Deceit,
 And not endeavour to become as great
 As others, by consenting to the Cheat.

A.D.

1644.



The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Twentieth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

Anno Dom. 1644.

THE Roundheads hearing of the great Defeat
 At Newark, by the Prince, were glad to quit,
 For present Safety, the important Towns
 Of Gainsbrough, Lincoln, Sleaford, Garifons,
 Whilst * Gerard did in Stafford County bring
 Sterne-Castle in Subjection to the King;
 But the Scotch Army having pass'd the Time,
 And moving forward with intent to join
 Their English Friends, were by Newcastle met
 At Hilton, where they toil'd in Blood and Sweat,
 Till the Kings Troops, by numbers overborn
 Gave up those Laurels they so long had worn†,
 Yet with such gallant Resolution fought,
 That the Scotch Vict'ry was but dearly bought.

Waller by this time having steer'd his Course
 So far as *Suffex* with his new-raisd Force,
 And taken *Arndel*-Castle in his way
 Which, to advantage, near the Ocean lay,
 From thence march'd into *Hampshire*, where he met
 With *Hopton*, who had there been fortunate,

† Sir Gilbert

March 25.

On *Brandon-Heath* a hot Dispute arose
 Between the Loyal and Disloyal Foes,
 Where *Waller*, by the Courage of his Host*
 Redeem'd the Credit he before had lost,
 Tho' *Hopton* carry'd off, in his Retreat,
 Most of his Cannon, after the Defeat.

A.D.

1644.

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Oxford now apprehensive of a Siege †,
 The Queen, b'ing pregnant, left her Sov'reign Liege,
 And did with safety, unsurpriz'd, retire
 From thence to th' Garison of *Exeter*;
 The King proroguing, when the Queen was gone,
 His Parliamentary Convention,
 Made up of Members, who had left the House
 Of Lords, and daring Commons, to espouse
 Their injur'd Sov'reign and his Royal Cause,
 Oppos'd unjustly 'gainst the Nations Laws.

Rupert in *Shropshire*, *Cheshire*, *Staffordshire*,
 As well as in the Shire of *Lancaster*,
 From the Rump side had taken many Towns,
 And forc'd them out of Holds and Garisons,
 Relieving *Latham-House*, which for the Crown,
 By *Derby's* Countess, to her great Renown,
 Was held against a Siege, for Eighteen Weeks,
 An Action that alone so largely speaks
 Her Vertues, that the Gallant Lady needs
 No praise, but a recital of her Deeds.
 Therefore the Prince, obtaining this Success,
 Was now industrious in those Parts to raise
 An Army, able to sustain the Great
Newcastle, weaken'd by his *Scotch* Defeat,
 Where we shall leave the Hero to improve
 His Fortune and from *North* to *West* remove.

* March 30.

† April 17.

A. D. 1644. *Effex* and *Waller* now thought fit to join,
 At *Blew'ry**, to pursue the Rumps Design
 Of laying Siege to *Oxford*, which the Crown
 Had been some time appriz'd of, e'er begun.
 After the Heroes had a while confer'd,
 And settl'd Matters as themselves desir'd,
Effex to *Islip* did his Army lead
 To straiten *Oxford* on the Norward side,
 Whilst *Waller* mov'd to th' Southward of the Town,
 And took his Quarters up at *Abington*;
 But the consid'rate King no sooner found
 That he was like to be beleaguer'd round,
 But ord'ring all his Troops in readiness
 To march tow'rds *Worc'ster*, to avoid Distress,
 He sent the Earl of *Cleaveland* with a Force,
 Consisting of about Six-hundred Horse,
 To alarm *Abbingdon*, where *Waller* lay,
 Whilst he himself withdrew another way,
 With a small Host, whose number was about
 Sev'n Thousand well experienc'd Horse and Foot,
 Which wise Heroick CHARLES conducted clear
 And unmolested into *Worcester*,
 Gaining full Eighteen Hours, before 'twas known
 To either Army, he had left the Town,
 That tho' they both pursu'd, the King maintain'd
 His Distance, and his Point with safety gain'd.
Effex, soon weary of his fruitless Chase,
 Encourag'd by no prospect of Success,
 Withheld his Speed at *Burford*, where he lay
 Till *Waller* thither came, a diff'rent way,
 Where 'twas agreed the latter should attend
 The King, whilst *Effex* did his Forces bend
 Towards the *Western* Counties, with intent
 To force Obedience to the Parliament;

* In Berkshire, May 24.

Accordingly they parted, and pursu'd
 Their different Measures with what care they cou'd, ^{A. D. 1644.}
Waller endea'ring in his March to raise
 More Forces, which occasion'd such Delays;
 That a strong Party by the King was sent
 To *Dudly-Castle*, when the Parliament
 Adherents had almost reduc'd the same,
 For want of such Relief as timely came*.
 The King now march'd to *Budely*, which inclin'd
Waller more Norward than he first design'd,
 Believing 'twas His Majesty's Intent,
 To join *Newcastle*, which he never meant;
 For when he found Sir *William* and his Pow'r
 Beyond him, he return'd to *Worcester*;
 From thence remov'd to *Witney*†, where he staid
 Till he receiv'd from *Oxford* further Aid,
Waller inclining with his Host that way,
 Where e'er he heard the Royal Forces lay,
 Till both the Armies met, and near the Bridge
 Of *Cro'predy* disputed Edge to Edge;
 Both sides contending with unweary'd Zeal
 Involv'd in Lightning, fed by clashing Steel,
 Till Fortune, after they for Hours had try'd
 The Cause in Blood, deceiv'd the Rebels Pride,
 And gave the Vict'ry to the Royal Side, }

The King thus having gain'd this mighty Point,
 Desir'd a Treaty with the Parliament,
 But all his kind advances tow'rd a Peace,
 Were still obstructed by his Enemies,
 That now the Royal Hero thought it best
 To follow *Essex*, active in the *West*;
 In which Pursuit we'll leave him, to repair
 Into the *North*, to treat of Actions there.

* June 17.

† June 18.

A. D. 1644. Prince *Rupert*, fam'd for sanguinary Work,
 From *Lancashire* now led his Troops tow'rd *York*,
 Where brave *Newcastle* full two Months had been
 Besieg'd, and straiten'd for Relief within,
 Begirt by three strong Hosts, beneath the Pow'r
 Of *Fairfax*, *Lelly*, and of *Manchester*,
 Who had no sooner notice, by their Spies,
 Of *Rupert's* near approach, but, in surprise,
 They drew their Armies off, the Siege gave o'er,
 And join'd their Forces upon *Marston-Moor*,
 Whilst *Rupert* sent to th' Marquis in the Town,
 To sally forth with all his Garison;
 Which being done, the brave *Bohemian* Lord
 Attack'd the Enemy with Fire and Sword,
 And with his Squadrons such Impression made
 Upon the *Scots*, that all their Army fled,
 And throwing down their Arms, to be more light,
 Did with their Gen'ral fly Ten Miles outright*.
 Yet, after this, bold *Cromwel's* sturdy Horse
 With *Fairfax* join'd, push'd on with so much force,
 That in the End they gratify'd their Pride,
 For want of Conduct in the Loyal Side,
 And gain'd a cloudy Victory, which cost
 The Foe more Blood than *Rupert's* Army lost,
 Yet gave so deep a Wound to Sov'reign Pow'r,
 That clos'd and gangreen'd till 'twas past a Cure.
Newcastle, after he had bravely fought,
 Flying with many Officers of Note,
 From *York* to *Scarborough*, where they Shipping took,
 And full of Grief their native Soil forsook,
 Whilst *Rupert*, vex'd he should the Battle lose,
 With wither'd Laurels on his sullen Brows,
 Did, with his broken Troops and Bands, retire
 Into his prosp'rous County *Lancashire*,

* See *Lelly's* Character.

And left the Rebels to renew their Siege,
Who did in less than Thirteen Days oblige
The Town to a Surrender*, upon Terms,
Accounted Hon'able by Men of Arms.

*Thus as Misfortunes seldom rain but pour,
So one Success is parent still of more.*

A.D.
1644.

W

The Queen who in the Month of June† before,
Had been deliver'd safe at *Exeter*,
Of a fair Princess|| now departed thence,
And cross'd the Seas to *Britany* in *France*,
Tho' some Rebellious Ships that hov'ring lay
To intercept the Heroine in her way,
Made at her Bark, as sailing o'er the Main,
Above a Hundred Cannon Shot in vain,
Kind Providence protecting the Distress'd
And frighted Vertuous Lady safe to *Brest*.

Greenvil ‡, who'd undertaken to subdue
The Town of *Plymouth*, for the King, withdrew
His Forces from the Siege, upon the Fame
That *Essex* was approaching tow'rd's the same,
Who hearing the Besiegers were withdrawn,
Instead of marching to relieve the Town,
Mov'd into *Cornwal*, where the King, to try
The Bent of his revolted Enemy,
Sent him a Letter** to invite him o'er,
From his Rump Friends, to join the Sov'reign Pow'r,
Which the Lord *Beauchamp* †† to the Earl convey'd,
Who, tho' he read the same, no Answer made.
Soon after this the King's Commanders join'd
And sent the Earl a Letter they had Sign'd,

* July 16.

† Sir Richard

†† Nephew to Essex.

† 22d.

** Dated August 6

|| Henrietta

A. D. 1644. Desiring he'd vouchsafe to treat of Peace,
 That Discord and destructive War might cease,
 To which he made a Negative Reply,
 Importing their Request was of so high
 A Nature, that he had not Pow'r to do
 What they so earnestly had press'd him to.
*Thus the best Vertue eas'ly is betray'd
 But hard to be restrain'd when once misled.*

Soon after this the King, who now had join'd
 Maurice, according to his Royal Mind,
 Block'd Essex up in Cornwall near St. Blaise,
 And there reduc'd him into great Distress,
 That * Belfour was oblig'd to steal away,
 With near Three-thousand Horse before 'twas Day†,
 By which their Troops could only be preserv'd
 From being taken Pris'ners, Kill'd, or Starv'd,
 Whilst Essex fled to Plymouth in a Boat,
 And to the Royal Mercy left his Foot,
 Who gain'd such Terms that they should all go free,
 Without Arms, Waggon, or Artillery ||;
 So that the Monarch strip'd his Foes at once,
 Of Forty-nine Brass heavy Ordinance.
 Two-hundred and odd Barrels of that curs'd
 Destructive Blast the Monk invented first;
 With Ropes of Match, the Sulphur to inflame,
 And Killing Ball proportion'd to the same;
 Sev'n-hundred Carriages, and more than twice
 Four-thousand Arms were also made free Prize:
 But all these vast Successes prov'd no more
 Than Fortunes flatt'ries to the Royal Pow'r.

By this great Victory sev'ral Towns were won,
 Which had before rebell'd against the Throne,

* Sir William

† August 31.

September 2.
 And

And *Basing-House* * which had endur'd a Siege A.D.
 For Eighteen Weeks, was now reliev'd by † *Gage*, 1644.
 Who also forc'd the Foe with loss to run,
 From *Banb'ry* Castle, where they'd long fate down,
 But this Success was in the main destroy'd,
 And overballanc'd by the Rebels Side,
 For in this time they'd taken from the Crown
 The Castle of *Newcastle*, and the Town,
 By Storm, subduing *Monmouth* in the West,
 Also the Port of *Liverpool* possess'd.

Essex recov'ring strength now || join'd his Force
 With *Waller's* Army and with *Manchester's*,
 In *Aldermaston-Park*, and march'd from thence
 To *Newbury* against the King and Prince †
 Where, for some Days, they Skirmish'd, till, at length,
 Both sides in Battle join'd their total strength:
 In which unhappy Fight, where heaps were slain,
 The prosp'rous Rebels did the better gain,
 The King retreating, when the Night came on,
 With secrecy, to th' Castle o' *Dunnington*.
 Wherein, to expedite his march from thence,
 He lodg'd the heav'ist of his Ordinance,
 And hasten'd on to *Wallingford*, in hopes,
 From *Oxford*, to recruit his broken Troops;
 Whilst th' Enemy at *Newb'ry* made a halt,
 Whence *Essex* sent a Party to assault
 The Castle, where the King's Artil'ry Train
 Were left, but they attempted it in vain,
 And after carry'd on a Siege, in form,
 That prov'd as ineffectual as their Storm.
 During which time, the Generals disjoin'd
 Their sev'ral Hosts, and different ways inclin'd.

* The Seat of the Marquis of Winchester, and by him defended.

† Sir Henry || October 23.

† Maurice.

A. D. The King returning, when the Foe was drawn
 1644. From *Newb'ry*, to th' Relief of *Dunnington*;
 At whose approach the Rebels rais'd their Siege,
 And fled the Justice of their injur'd Liege,
 Who now reliev'd the Castle and drew out
 His Ordinance, thence marching in pursuit
 of *Waller*, who His Majesty had heard,
 Was with his Army near to *Hungerford*;
 But when the King approach'd him, with design
 To fight, the Foe would not in Battle join,
 But did all Opportunities decline :
 So that the King once more commanding *Gage*
 To *Basing**, whose appearance rais'd the Siege,
 Return'd to *Oxford*, that his weary'd Host
 Might into Winter Quarters be dispos'd.

But tho' the Season was unfit for War,
 And the cold Rains sufficient to deter
 Both sides from Action, yet, in sev'ral Parts,
 Zeal and Revenge so warm'd the Soldiers Hearts,
 That many fatal Bickerings arose,
 'Twixt moving Parties of the spiteful Foes,
 And divers Towns new Garisons were made,
 Which on the neighb'ring Country rudely prey'd,
 And made the toiling Farmer loudly groan,
 Beneath the Mis'ries of Rebellion,
 A Curse that never fails, where'er 'tis spread,
 To punish Nations where the Monster's bred.

*In Justice they the most deserve to feel
 The Edge, who love to grind the piercing Steel ;
 And they that set their Country in a flame,
 Should be the first that perish in the same ;
 For War, that bloody Scene, should never be
 So much our Choice as our Necessity.*

The End of the Twentieth Year.

* *Howe*



*The most Illustrious PRINCE RUPERT,
Elector Palatine of the RHINE, &c.*

Prince RUPERT'S

CHARACTER.

A Gallant Heroe, Nephew to the Throne,
 Call'd to this Country when he'd lost his own,
 To save his pious Uncle, in the Days
 Of Blood and Ruin, from the like Distress.
 Nor could the World afford a Braver Prince,
 More fit to scourge Rebellious Insolence,
 For his undaunted Soul was truly clear
 Of all those Visions that arise from Fear,
 And in the Field confound the Coward's Head,
 With far worse Objects than he's cause to dread,
 Boldly pursuing rather his Desire
 Of Glory, with excess of Martial Fire,
 Which in some Actions render'd his Success,
 For want of more delib'rate Thoughts, the less;
 But his impatient Warmth could ne'er endure
 A Foe, tho' strengthen'd with superior Pow'r;
 Long in his sight, but he would Fate defy,
 And push, in spite of Odds, for Victory.
 Therefore the Rebels, like a fainting Race
 Of Cowards, trembl'd when they saw his Face,
 Knowing the Field wherein he drew his Sword,
 With Blood and Sweat must quickly be manur'd,
 Flinching at no time from a stronger Foe,
 But always press'd for the deciding Blow,
 Thinking 'twas less dishonour to be beat
 By Odds, than without Action to retreat.

His

A.D. 1644. His first Command was General of the Horse,
 Which Post was giv'n him early in the Wars,
 A Trust he well deserv'd, and well imploy'd,
 Won many Battles, Rebel Heaps destroy'd,
 Took divers Towns and sundry Towns reliev'd,
 Amidst their Suff'rings, when by Want aggrev'd,
 Yet after all his great Successes, lost
 Two fatal Battles*, which intirely cost
 The King his Crown not only, but his Head,
 For which high Stakes the wicked Game was plaid,
 Who also in both Bloody Actions shar'd
 The Danger, tho' his Fortune prov'd so hard:
 But that which most eclips'd his Nephew's Fame,
 And shaded all his Laurels to his Shame,
 Was his too early giving up the Town
 Of *Bristol*, to the ruin of the Crown,
 After he'd firmly promis'd to secure
 The same, for Months, against the Rebels Pow'r,
 Yet, in few Days, without the King's Consent,
 Foully surrender'd to the Parliament,
 When he had all things needful to've withstood
 A longer Siege, without the loss of Blood;
 Nor was there any Mutiny on foot
 Within, to make him yield to those without;
 Which Act of Indiscretion so perplex'd
 The King, and all the Loyal Party vex'd,
 That Majesty, o'erpower'd with angry Heat,
 Forthwith a sharp upbraiding Letter writ,
 In which Express the King at once destroy'd
 All the Commissions which the Prince enjoy'd,
 Sending a Pass, and bidding him prepare
 To seek Subsistence, if he pleas'd, elsewhere.
 The Prince, however, after all these great
 Resentments, was intrusted with the Fleet,

* *Marston-Moor, and Naseby.*

Riding Lord Adm'ral o'er the clashing Main,
To jarring *Ireland*, and from thence to *Spain*;
Did also into *Lisbon River* go,
Took many Prizes from the Rebel Foe,
But render'd all his fortunate Encrease
Of Treasure, to the fierce tempestuous Seas,
Where the rude Winds and Waves conspir'd to drown
Two able Ships, and all the Crew of one,
With whom the Prince's Brother had resort
To angry *Neptune*, and his wealthy Court,
Himself escaping with the rest to *Nantz*,
That celebrated Brandy-Port of *France*,
Giving a blind Account of all his past
Success, which Fortune had destroy'd at last,
Returning only to the Prince of *Wales*,
A Fleet of shatter'd Hulls and shiver'd Sails;
And when he found that all Endeavours fail'd,
As if the Fates turn'd Roundheads and Rebell'd,
He took his leave, 'twixt Honour and Disgrace,
And left his injur'd Uncle in Distress,
Returning after with the Royal Son,
To share the Affluence of a peaceful Throne,
Forsaking Martial Dangers for the sport
Of wanton *Venus* in a Lushious Court,
Where Love an Beauty strove to make amends
For the past Toils of War and loss of Friends.

*So when cold Winters stormy Winds and Rains
Have chill'd the naked Earth, and numb'd our Veins,
The Spring succeeds, and at her kind return,
Rewards the tedious hardships we have born.*

A.D.

1644.



THE

CHARACTER

OF

Prince MAURICE.

A Noble Active Prince, of Courage great,
 Who with his Brother shar'd a banish'd Fate,
 And to his Royal Uncle had recourse,
 To serve him, when oppress'd by open Force;
 Which the puissant Hero, soon as arm'd,
 With great Success and Gallantry perform'd,
 Joining the Earl *Carnarvan* in the *West*,
 Where he the Rebels often bravely fac'd,
 And seldom fail'd to give them a Defeat,
 Where'er he did their envious Forces meet,
 In his brisk Charges sev'ral Wounds receiv'd,
 Yet fought with Courage scarce to be believ'd,
 And by the dint of Brav'ry did confound
 Superior Numbers on advantage Ground;
 At *Lansdown-Fight* made *Waller* fly the Field,
 Where num'rous Worthies on the spot were kill'd;
 Laid Siege to *Exeter*, subdu'd the same,
 Invested *Dartmouth*, took it, to his Fame,
 Attempted *Plymouth*, but sat down too late,
 When she'd augmented her defensive State.
 But after all the Battles he had won,
 And Risques he in the doubtful Field had run,
 When's fiery Brother had the sole Command
 O'th' Fleet, he left the service of the Land

T'at-

A.D.
1644



T'attend the Dangers of the clashing Seas,
Where the proud Winds so oft turn Enemies,
And there a sudden Storm at once o'ercome
The young unhappy Hero in his Bloom,
And made the rowling Waves his moving Tomb.

*Who then for Glory in the Field would strive,
Or brave the Seas that swallow Crowds alive,
Since all the Fame that we desire to boast,
When gain'd, is in one fatal Moment lost.*

THE

A.D.
1644.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

Sir BEVIL GREENVIL.

Among the Loyal memorable Train
 Of Worthies, in the Field of Battle slain,
 None with more Honour bore a nobler share
 Than *Greenvil*, in that Sanguinary War,
 Wherein the Brave and Just too often far'd,
 In a good Cause, unfortunately hard;
 Nor could the greatest Hero near the Throne,
 Oblig'd by large Dependencies thereon,
 Assist his Sov'reign with a Heart more free,
 Or full of true unshaken Loyalty,
 Whose Int'rest, great Activity, and Zeal,
 He wisely manag'd so intirely well,
 That all the Forces rais'd, and Service done
 In *Cornwal*, were ascrib'd to him alone.
 His Temper proving so divinely sweet,
 And his Affections to the Throne so great,
 That when wrong Measures, Rashness, or Neglect
 In the Chief Leaders, had an ill effect,
 He'd ne'er reflect upon the Fault, but bear
 The worst Misfortunes with a chearful Air,
 And by exemplar Patience, Love, and Peace,
 Keep others from resenting things amiss,
 Uniting to his Courage in the Field,
 A Disposition so sincerely mild,

That,



Sir BEVIL GRANVIL

A. D.

1644.

~~~~~

THE

Lord GORING'S

## CHARACTER.

**F**irst serv'd the King as Col'nel in the Wars,  
 Who after made him Gen'ral of his Horse,  
 When *Rupert* had the same Command declin'd,  
 And his Commission to the King resign'd,  
*Goring*, tho' vicious, being thought by most  
 An able Soldier, equal to the Post,  
 Wanting no Fortitude or spritely Parts,  
 But by hard drinking lessen'd his Deserts;  
 Nor could the greatest Bus'ness disincline  
 His Heart from the perpetual lust of Wine;  
 Or would the thirsty Hero in the face  
 Of Danger be enjoin'd to baulk his Glasse,  
 But when by Foes surrounded took his Draught,  
 And, like a *Dutchman*, drank before he fought;  
 No man commanding more facetious Wit,  
 To render him for Bottle-Converse fit,  
 Which made him lov'd of all that drown'd their Cares  
 In Wine, and homag'd *Bacchus* more than *Mars*;  
 Nor was the Love or Friendship he profess'd,  
 More lasting than the Vapours that possess  
 His Brains, for none had less regard than he  
 To Justice, Honour, or Integrity;  
 No Man Dissembling with a better Grace,  
 Or was, in truth, more Fawning or more Base,  
 That ev'n his nearest Friends, who knew his Vice,  
 Were well content to be deceiv'd but Twice,

For





GEORGE Lord Goring.



A. D.  
1644.  


That, thro' his Service, render'd him to all,  
Kind, Friendly, Innocent, and Affable;  
But as the Best and Bravest often stoop  
To Fate, too early, and the soonest drop,  
So *Greenvil* in the *Lansdown* Battle fell,  
Where he such Wonders did, and fought so well,  
That after he had valiantly sustain'd  
Four sharp Repulses, and had bravely gain'd  
The Hill, in spite of a superior Force  
Of *Waller's* bold Rebellious Foot and Horse,  
Before their roaring Batt'ries, by a stand  
Of his own Pikes, he still his Ground maintain'd,  
Till by a Musquet-Shot that reach'd his Breast,  
He drop'd, lamented greatly by the rest,  
Who much enrag'd, to see the Hero die,  
Reveng'd his Fall and made the Rebels fly;  
*Oxford* bestowing on the Hero's Hearse  
A mourning Volume of Elegiack Verse,  
An Honour which the Poets justly pay  
To the surviving Soul that quits such worthy Clay.





THE END

THE END

A.D.  
1644.  
W

For he'd Ambition, Courage, Wit, and Pride,  
 So near to that of *Lucifer's* ally'd,  
 And was like him alone in all too vain,  
 To be controll'd by fear of God or Man,  
 That had his slow Industry been as great  
 As his Craft, Levity, and vile Deceit,  
 None could more nicely qualify'd have been,  
 To've acted in the most audacious Scene,  
 Or could have justly hop'd for more Success  
 In the most black and daring Wickedness,  
 And cast, in truth, as Men more honest thought,  
 An Odium on the Cause wherein he fought.

*So when notorious Witnesses appear,  
 To make the matter in debate more clear,  
 Their wicked Lives induce the standers-by,  
 To scandalize the Side they justify.*

A.D.

1645.



The most

## Remarkable Transactions

Of the Twenty-first Year of the Reign of

King CHAREES the First,

*Anno Dom. 1645.*

**T**He King at *Oxford* had not long remain'd,  
 Before the Crafty Rump vouchsaf'd to send  
 Commissioners, in order to address  
 His Majesty, with Overtures of Peace,  
 Which, in the end, at *Uxbridge* did produce  
 A Treaty\*, tho' it prov'd of little use,  
 For all their Aim was to usurp the Rule,  
 And make the Sov'reign Prince their servile Tool,  
 Slighting the fair Proposals of the Throne;  
 Nor would th'abate one Tittle of their own;  
 But Royal Wisdom was too just to grant  
 Terms so rebellious and extravagant,  
 And rather would on Providence rely  
 For Safety, than betray Posterity.  
 Archbishop *Laud*, who in the *Tow'r* had lain,  
 Four wretched Years, was now in Triumph slain,  
 Who, with his long Confinement teaz'd and tir'd,  
 Look'd like a Ghost, and like a Saint expir'd †.

---

\* Agreed upon in January, but not begun till February.

† January 10.



The Rump soon after form'd a Martial Court \*,  
 To try false Friends suspected to desert  
 Their Int'rest, also others they'd confin'd,  
 For being to the Loyal Cause inclin'd,  
 † *Carew*, the Gov'nor of *St Nich'las Isle*,  
 They doom'd to loose his Head on *Tower-Hill*,  
 For some Attempts that he had made to yield  
 The Place he for the Rump some time had held.  
*Hotham* and his unhappy Son were both  
 Condemn'd, and hang'd for the like breach of Troth;  
 And that *L'Esfrange*, whose Memory still shines  
 Among the Loyal, in his golden Lines,  
 Having by *Leman* and by *Haggar* || been  
 Basely betray'd about reducing *Lynn*,  
 By the same Court, unheard, was doom'd to feel  
 Their Vengeance, but by making his Appeal,  
 The Lords, in order that their House might give  
 A timely hearing, granted a Reprieve ;  
 But no Proceedings being further made,  
 The Loyal Convict, after he had staid  
 About Four Years in *Newgate*, did prevail,  
 By trusty Friends, to get discharg'd of Jayl.  
 Next to the *Uxbridge* Treaty, which had been  
 For Twenty Days continu'd but in vain,  
*Shrewsb'ry* was taken by the Rump, a Town  
 Whose sudden loss prov'd fatal to the Crown,  
 And cut off all the Intercourse between  
*North-Wales* and their unhappy Sovereign,  
 Stop'd an Association ‡ that was near  
 Concluded, 'twixt the Shires of *Worcester*,  
*Flint*, *Salop*, *Chester*, and produc'd a turn  
 That gave the Royal Hero much concern ;

\* About the latter end of February.

† Sir Alexander

|| Trusted with the Affair under solemn Oaths of Secrecy.

‡ To stand by the King, &c.

A. D. 1645. But \* *Langdale*, in return of what the Foe  
 Had won, gave † *Rossiter* an Overthrow,  
 Near *Melton-Mowbray*, as he pass'd that way  
 Tow'rds *Pomfret-Castle*, where the Rebels lay  
 With *Fairfax*, unto whom he also gave  
 A great Defeat, and did the Castle save||;  
 Which almost counterpois'd the Foes Success,  
 And made the King's Misfortunes seem the less,  
 Who now thought fit to send his Royal Heir,  
 Accompany'd by † *Hyde* and \*\* *Colepepper*,  
 To perfect the Association,  
 Which in the *West* had been last Year begun,  
 That all those Counties might be more secure,  
 And the King strengthen'd with a greater Pow'r.

The Parliament now murm'ring at their small  
 Success; grew jealous of their General ††,  
 And that they might remove him from his Post  
 The better, without giving him Disgust,  
 They pass'd a self-denying Ordinance,  
 Whereby all Members were oblig'd at once  
 To give up their Commissions, and no more  
 To act in any military Pow'r,  
 Except Three Fav'rites\*†, who excepted were,  
 For their good Service and their trusty Care :  
 In due Obedience to which Law, the Four  
 Disloyal Earls of *Essex*, *Manchester*,  
*Warwick*, and *Derby*, to the House of Lords,  
 Gave their Commissions up, and sheath'd their Swords.  
 || \* *Fairfax* b'ing now thought worthy, above all  
 Their Friends, to be their trusty General.

\* *Sir Marnaduke*

† *A Rump-Colonel.*

|| In the beginning of March.

† *Sir Edward* \*\* *Lord*

†† *Essex.* \*† *Cromwel, Ireton, and Major General Skippon.*

\* *Sir Thomas*

*Cromwel*, whose Merit claim'd the next great Post,  
 B'ing made Lieutenant of the stiffneck'd Host.

A. D.

1645.

W

When thus the Rebel Army were reform'd,  
 And their proud Leaders by Advancement warm'd,  
*Fairfax* at *Windsor* rendezvouz'd his Force,  
 Whence *Cromwel* march'd with a Brigade of Horse,  
 To intercept a Convoy, which was sent  
 From *Worc'ster*, by Prince *Rupert*, with intent  
 To bring the King from *Oxford*, with his Train  
 Of Ordinance, to take the open Plain.  
 But watchful *Cromwel*, meeting, at the Town  
 Of *Islip*, with the Convoy, fell upon  
 Their Horse, and, after a severe Dispute,  
 Gave to the Loyal Side a total Rout,  
 Pursuing those that from his Fury run,  
 Into a House of strength call'd *Blechingdon*,  
 Which *Windebank*, a Col'nel for the King,  
 Basely surrender'd at once summoning,  
 Tho' a stout Garison, and might have made  
 A good Defence, but was, no doubt, betray'd ;  
 The Governour soon after, for his Fau't,  
 B'ing try'd at *Oxford*, and condemn'd and shot,  
 Whilst *Cromwel*, flush'd with this Success, march'd on  
 To *Farringdon*, another Garison,  
 Which he by Storm attempted, but in vain,  
 Losing in the Assault Two-hundred Men,  
 Many besides b'ing wounded in the fierce  
 Attack, and sev'ral taken Prisoners,  
 Which, in some Measure, tarnish'd his Success,  
 And made his former Vict'ry seem the less.

The King foreseeing *Fairfax*'s intent  
 To besiege *Oxford*, for Prince *Rupert* sent,  
 And Gen'ral *Goring*, with a strong Defence  
 Of their best Troops, to guard him safe from thence.



A.D. Who first increas'd his Arms, and when he'd done,  
 1645. March'd on to the Relief of *Chester* Town,  
 Whilst *Goring*, by the Order of his Liege,  
 Return'd without delay to *Taunton* Siege,  
 Which Town was for the Parliament possess'd,  
 But wanting timely Succours was distress'd,  
 That *Fairfax*, in Compassion, sent a Force  
 Of Foot Five-hundred and Two-thousand Horse,  
 With \* *Welden*, that he might attempt to raise  
 The Siege, or, at the least, relieve the Place;  
 But the Besiegers, hearing that the whole  
 Of *Fairfax* Army, with their General,  
 Were marching tow'rd's them to relieve the Town,  
 Resolv'd t'assault it e're the Foe came on,  
 Which they perform'd, and in a little space  
 Of time, an Entrance forc'd, with such Success,  
 That in the furious Storm Two Streets they fir'd,  
 Whilst he that govern'd in the Town retir'd  
 Into the Castle, which they could not take,  
 And therefore, when the Foe approach'd, drew back,  
 Leaving the flaming Town to those that came  
 To its Relief, but they possess'd the same  
 No sooner, than the Enemy renew'd  
 Their Siege with all the Vigour that they cou'd.

Some Discontents now happen'd to commence  
 Twixt *Greenvil*, *Berkly*, *Goring*, and the Princet,  
 Which hurtful Jars increas'd the Monarch's Cares,  
 And fatal prov'd, at length, to his Affairs;  
 For when Disputes among his Friends arose,  
 Their Quarrels gave fresh Courage to his Foes.

During this Int'rim, *Fairfax* had command  
 To lay close Siege to *Oxford*, out of hand,

\* Colonel

† Rupert

A. D.  
1645.

Whilst the King (after he'd reliev'd the Town  
Of *Chester*) did at *Leicester* sit down;  
Assaulted and subdu'd the same by force,  
Took many Arms and noted Prisoners;  
From thence retiring with a large supply  
Of necessary Stores to *Darventry*.  
*Fairfax* b'ing soon alarm'd with this Success,  
Did in all haste his Siege at *Oxford* raise,  
And march'd his Army tow'rd the King, to try  
An open Battle for a Victory:  
The King appriz'd of his approach, drew forth  
His Army, and was moving further North,  
To the relief of *Pomfret*, much distress'd,  
By Roundhead Foes, who did the same invest,  
But *Fairfax*, under *Ireton* sent a Force,  
Consisting of his ablest flying Horse,  
To overtake the King, and to impede  
His Progress, which accordingly he did,  
Falling by Night, at *Naseby*, on the Rear  
Of the King's Army, which were quarter'd there,  
Where many by the Roundhead Troops were slain,  
But more in the surprising Scuffle ta'en.  
The King, alarm'd at Midnight, made his way  
To *Harb'rough*, where his Nephew *Rupert* lay,  
There call'd a Council, who resolv'd to face  
The Rebels at the next convenient place,  
And that they might more fearless Courage show  
They march'd in quest of the advancing Foe,  
Till both the Armies, equally inclin'd  
To fight, near *Naseby* Town in Battle join'd,  
Where the unhappy King, altho' he fought  
Like more than Man, sustain'd a total Rout,  
And in that fatal Contest with his Foes,  
Lost all at once a living Prince could lose;  
Among the rest, his Cabinet, wherein  
All his kind Letters from his Vertuous Queen,

And

A. D. 1645. And other secret Papers were inclos'd,  
 Which the base Rump indecently expos'd,  
 That all the vile misjudging Crowd might see  
 Th' *Arcana's* of distressed Majesty,  
 A scandalous and poor Revenge, that none  
 But Rebels could have offer'd to a Throne.  
 The King himself, when he had lost the Fight \*  
 Escaping by a swift, but wary Flight,  
 And tho' he gather'd some dejected Troops,  
 With which he wander'd up and down, in hopes  
 To raise an Army, yet his Overthrow  
 Soon sunk the Int'rest of his Cause so low,  
 That he could ne'er recover strength to face  
 The Foe, but dwindl'd into great Distress.  
*For those that measure Justice by the Sword,  
 When Fortune changes Sides, forsake their Lord.*

*Fairfax*, as soon as he'd the Battle won,  
 Before the Walls of *Leicester* sate down †,  
 And ent'ring on the *Newark*-Side by Storm,  
 Gave the whole Town so frightful an Alarm,  
 That he who Govern'd did a Parly beat,  
 And, to prevent the loss of Blood, submit.  
*Carlisle*, who long had gallantly withstood  
 A Siege, was also by the Foe subdu'd ‡  
 Despairing of Relief, when once they heard  
 How ill their Sov'reign had at *Naseby* far'd.  
*Goring*, who lay before the wealthy Town  
 Of *Taunton*, was, by *Fairfax*, overthrow'n ||,  
 Who, flush'd with these Successes, next besieg'd  
*Bridgwater*; and, in little time, oblig'd  
 The Governour to yield, by firing Shot  
 Forg'd like *Jove's* Thunderbolts till made so hot

\* June 14.

† June 16.

‡ About a Week after *Leicester*.

|| July 11.



That they inflam'd the Thatch, and in a blaze  
 Put sev'ral Houses, to the great amaze  
 Of the poor Townsmen, that they cast aside  
 Their Arms to save their Huts from b'ing destroy'd,  
 Whilst *Fairfax* took advantage of their Fright,  
 Threat'ning, unless they did forthwith submit,  
 To storm the Town, allowing them a Day  
 To send their Women and their Babes away,  
 Which tender notice kindled up so great  
 A Feud, that *Windham* was oblig'd to treat.

*Thus Cruelty, by painting of her Face  
 With Craft, does often for Compassion pass.*

*Bristol*, by *Rupert*, was surrender'd next,  
 Which unexpected Loss so highly vex'd  
 The Royal Patience, that the King at once  
 Revok'd his sev'ral high Commissions,  
 And in a Letter full of Words severe,  
 Bid him withdraw, and seek his Bread elsewhere.  
 Nor did he merit less, since he resign'd  
 A Town that he was able to defend,  
 It being stor'd with all things that could be  
 Accounted needful for Security.

Next *Hereford*, (before whose Walls, in vain,  
 The faithless *Scots* for sev'ral Months had lain\*,  
 Till call'd into their Native Soil, to cross  
 The flourishing Success of Brave *Montross*,)  
 By Col'nel *Birch* and *Morgan* was surpriz'd  
 And taken † e're the Town was advertis'd  
 Of their approach; which further Loss encreas'd  
 The growing Troubles of the Royal Breast.

\* From July the 13th, to the first of September.

† December the 18th.

A.D. 1645. The Monarch hoping still to turn the Scales,  
 Had brought a little Army † out of *Wales*,  
 With which new Force he had not long been gone  
 From *Hereford*, to succour *Chester Town*,  
 But in his way by Gen'ral *Pointz* was met,  
 Who gave the King another shrewd Defeat;  
 In which young *Bernard Stuart* \*, who excell'd  
 In Vertue, fell an Honour to the Field;  
 Lord *Digby* also, who was sent to join  
*Montross* the Great, did in his March sustain  
 A fatal Overthrow, that made him fly  
 To *Ireland* to avoid the Enemy.  
 The King being then at *Newark*, where so great  
 A Discontent and mischievous Debate  
 Arose, that the Two Princes|| thereupon,  
 With sev'ral other Nobles, left the Town,  
 For *Norton-House*, where they obtain'd a Pass,  
 To leave the Kingdom for some foreign Place.  
 Thus all the spight the angry Fates could show,  
 Was spent this Year to bring the Monarch low;  
 For e'ery Venture that he made was cross'd,  
 And Towns were after Towns profusely lost,  
 That his whole Strength so suddenly decay'd,  
 Till 'twas almost to *Oxford* limited.

*Justice we find is but a slender Shield  
 In War, 'tis Fortune that commands the Field;  
 And she's too blind or prodigal to know  
 An injur'd Prince from a rebellious Foe.*

The End of the Twenty-first Year.

† Five-thousand, most Horse.

\* Earl of Litchfield.

|| Rupert and Maurice.







*SPENCER COMPTON Earl  
of NORTHAMPTON, &c.*

*From an Original painting at S. L<sup>d</sup> B<sup>p</sup> of Londons att-Pullum. M. V. Gucke scul.*

A.D.  
1645.

THE

*Earl of Northampton's*  
CHARACTER.

A Noble, Loyal, and Undaunted Peer,  
Who early took up Arms in *Warwick-shire*,  
When the Reforming War against the Throne,  
Was by the Roundhead Rebels just begun,  
Chasing the Rump's bold Champion, the Lord *Brook*,  
Till he that County with his Troops forsook ;  
From *Banb'ry* Castle took the Ordinance,  
And with the same, did to the King advance ;  
Rais'd at his own Expence an hardy, stout,  
And well accouter'd Regiment, of Foot,  
Also a gallant Troop of able Horse,  
First Levy'd when the King had little Force.  
Nor did he, like some cautious Peers, divide  
His Family, 'twixt one and 'tother side,  
But in the just defence of Sov'reign Pow'r,  
All his Brave Sons engag'd, in number Four,  
Who, under their own Father, bore command,  
And serv'd the Royal Cause with Heart and Hand.  
At *Keinton* Fight the noble Hero shew'd  
His Conduct, Steadiness, and Fortitude ;  
At *Litchfield* Siege, thro' many Dangers run,  
And boldly fac'd what others strove to shun,  
Bearing all Wants and Hardships, that the Field  
Of War could in the sharpest Season yield,  
Without the least Reluctancy or Tease,  
As if he'd ne'er been bred to downy Ease,

Beat

A.D. 1645. Beat Gell and Brucrton upon Hopton-Heath,  
And bravely conquer'd at the time of Death,  
For in that Fight b'ing thrown, by sudden force,  
Amidst the furious Battle, from his Horse,  
He refus'd Quarter from the cruel Foe,  
Saying, he scorn'd to condescend so low,  
As to ask Life of Rebels to the Throne,  
Who by the Law, had forfeited their own.  
Thus rather chose to perish by the Sword,  
Than Mercy crave of those that he abhor'd,  
Leaving the King to mourn the fatal End  
Of such a Subject, Soldier, and a Friend ;  
As great a loss as ever Prince sustain'd.

*How brave are those who rather chuse to die,  
Than live beneath Rebellious Tyranny :  
'Tis nobler far to boldly yield to Fate,  
Than breathe beneath the gripes of those we hate.*



A.D.  
1645.

THE

## CHARACTER

OF THE

*Earl of LINDSEY,*

Son of the former.

**B**Rave, Active, Loyal, Generous, and Just,  
 Firm to his Prince, and faithful to his Trust;  
 In all his Royal Master's Suff'rings shar'd,  
 And in his Cause no painful Service spar'd;  
 Was in the fatal Fight of *Naseby*-Field,  
 Where Show'rs of Loyal Blood, in vain were spill'd,  
 And where the King, as may be justly said,  
 Not only lost three Kingdoms but his Head;  
 Yet no severe Ill-Fortune could postpone  
 The Earl's unfeign'd Obedience to the Throne;  
 In Battle by his Princes side he stood,  
 And, with his own, defended Royal Blood,  
 In Prison daily his attendance paid \*  
 When wicked *Hammond* had the King betray'd,  
 And prov'd a faithful Servant and a Friend,  
 To his dear injur'd Sov'reign, to his End;  
 Beheld, with weeping Eyes, his rigid Fate,  
 And mourn'd the Exit of the Good and Great;  
 Paid his last Duties to the Royal Clay,  
 When the dead Monarch in his Palace lay,

\* *Lord Chamberlain.*

A. D. Follow'd the Martyr, whom he could not save,  
1645. To the dark peaceful Tenement, the Grave,  
O'er which he shed a Storm of Loyal Tears,  
As the last Tribute to the sacred Hearse ;  
Did all that, to Posterity, could clear  
The Honour of so Just and Brave a Peer,  
And as he liv'd, from all Digressions free,  
A glory to himself and Family,  
So, at a Rev'rend Age, his Soul in peace  
Was summon'd calmly to Eternal Bliss,  
Whilst all that knew his Greatness mourn'd his Fate,  
Which came too soon, but could not come too late,  
For King and Country never yet sustain'd  
A better Subject or a truer Friend,  
Whose Father died in fighting for the Throne,  
And left his Vertues blooming in his Son.

*Thus worthy Parents great Examples give,  
By which their noble Race unblemish'd live,  
Whilst Rebels to Posterity convey  
That Sullen Pride that led themselves astray.*







*The Lord Digby.*

A.D.  
1645.

THE

Lord DIGBY'S

## CHARACTER:

FEW noble Plants had in their Youth been rear'd  
 With greater Care, as by his Parts appear'd,  
 Upon all Subjects he could well discourse,  
 And reason with unconquerable force;  
 Nor did his Talk alone abound in Sence,  
 But was adorn'd with pow'rful Eloquence,  
 Set off with all the Majesty and Grace,  
 That Words could borrow from a comely Face,  
 And awful Presence, by such Art refin'd,  
 That his whole Frame seem'd equal to his Mind,  
 Consenting both, like mutual Friends, to add  
 A gracefulness to all he did or said.  
 Nor had he any Failing to eclipse  
 The shining Sence that pass'd his flowing Lips,  
 Except an Affectation which he us'd,  
 But scarce so much as not to be excus'd.

The Father of the Lord, when *Buckingham*  
 Was in the Zenith of his Pow'r and Fame,  
 Having receiv'd some Usage from the Duke,  
 Which did himself and Family provoke,  
*Digby* the Son, then sitting in the House  
 Of Commons, still resenting the abuse,

D d

Join'd

A. D. 1645. Join'd with the Faction, hoping to compleat  
 Revenge upon an Enemy so great;  
 But, when that daring Villain gave the Blow  
 That rid the Lord of his imperious Foe,  
 He then deserted Faction, when he saw  
 Their ill Designs did tow'rs Rebellion draw,  
 And found some secret Methods to obtain  
 The Grace and Favour of his Sovereign,  
 Who, when the Convert Lord had purchas'd Peace,  
 By Vows of future faithful Services,  
 And to the King, without reserve, made known  
 The dark intrigues against the Church and Throne,  
 Call'd him to th' House of Lords, where he appear'd  
 The King's true Friend, and very wisely steer'd  
 A steady Course, approv'd by all but those  
 Wh' admir'd him once, but now were turn'd his Foes.  
 That Monarch-teazing-Clan whose factious Zeal  
 Was such, they lik'd him well when he did ill,  
 But threw their Dirt upon him when they found  
 He'd chang'd a Miry-Slough for firmer Ground.

From his first entrance into Royal Grace;  
 In the King's Favour he advanc'd apace,  
 His Majesty scarce knowing who to trust,  
 His Friends were grown so tim'rous or unjust,  
 Therefore that some such Persons might be nigh  
 The King, that were of great Fidelity,  
 The Lord his Int'rest with the Throne employ'd  
 To promote Falkland, Colepepper, and Hyde,  
 Three worthy Men of Parts, in whom his Prince,  
 Or self, at least, might place a Confidence;  
 For 'twas observ'd he would, in nice Affairs,  
 Wave his own Judgment and submit to theirs,  
 Provided that he found, upon Debate,  
 Their Arguments unbiass'd, and more great;



But in some things, where his ambitious Soul  
 Desir'd the Reputation of the whole,  
 Or to secure a part, that he might claim,  
 Distinct from others, a peculiar Fame;  
 Then would he hold back some reserve, and Act  
 Without a ministerial Compact;  
 By which rash Temper he was often steer'd  
 Upon those very Dangers that he fear'd,  
 And frequently involv'd in such Affairs,  
 That promis'd well, but sunk in the reverse.

A.D.  
 1645.  
 ~~~~~

*'Tis fatal to the Great, tho' ne'er so wise,
 To singly steer, or singly to Advise;
 That prudent Statesman always fares the best,
 Who jointly Acts in concert with the rest.*

D d 2

THE

A. D.
1645.
W

THE

Earl of LITCHFIELD'S CHARACTER.

AN active Youth, of an Heroick Mind,
 Valiant by Nature, and to Arms inclin'd,
 In the harsh Discipline of War well skill'd,
 Loyal and Brave as ever grac'd the Field,
 Did early high in Royal Favour stand,
 And of the King's own Troop had the Command,
 Consisting of such Quality whose clear
 Estates, by computation, did appear,
 At least, thrice Fifty-thousand Pounds a Year,
 A noble Guard, fit only for defence
 Of such a Cause, and such an injur'd Prince :
 Nor did this Gallant Body only grace
 Their Sov'reign in his March from Place to Place,
 But perform'd Wonders wheresoe'er they came,
 And purchas'd with their Swords immortal Fame,
 Much to the Glory of the Valiant Peer,
 Who led 'em on thro' Danger, void of Fear :
 At *Litchfield* he deserv'd, by Deeds of War,
 That Title which the prosp'rous Hero bore :
 At *Marlborough* three Posts he bravely won,
 And had two Horses shot before the Town,
 Losing, by Computation, as he stood
 Engag'd, near forty Ounces of his Blood :
 At *Newb'ry* second Battle he retriev'd
 Sir *Humphry Bennet*, Col'nel *Legg* reliev'd,

And

And flank'd the Enemy with such Success,
That he destroy'd vast Numbers on the place.
Lastly, near *Chester*, upon *Routon-Heath*,
He boldly fought till he receiv'd his Death,
Falling, in his Retreat, the last of Three
Dear Brothers who had serv'd His Majesty.

A. D.
1645.
~

*'Tis hard the cruel Sword should sacrifice,
Out of one Family, so rich a Prize;
But when such Blood was by the Rebels spilt,
It heighten'd not their Glory, but their Guilt.*

A.D.
1646.

The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Twenty-second Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

Anno Dom. 1646.

THE King to *Oxford* being now retir'd
 With's broken Troops, still earnestly desir'd
 That some Relief to *Chester* might be sent,
 To save that City from the Parliament;
 Accordingly some Troops and Bands were drawn
 From severall Western Garisons, by * *Vaughan*,
 Who, near to *Chester*, meeting with the Foe,
 Unhappily sustain'd an Overthrow,
 That now despairing of Relief, the Town
 Surrender'd to Sir *William Bruerton*,
 Who gave 'em Terms more honourably fair,
 Than those within could reas'nably desire,
 Because himself was first made Flesh and Blood,
 Within that County where the City stood,
 O'er which he hop'd to exercise the Pow'r,
 (Since he had won the same) of Governour;
 And therefore was unwilling, by a Storm,
 To do the Townsmen, or their Houses, harm.

Hopton, soon after this, was overthrown
 By *Fairfax*, at the Town of *Torrington*,

* *Sir William*

Where,

Where, from the Prince*, he had the Chief Command *A. D.*
 Of a divided Host, that would not stand *1646.*
 The Foe, but left their General to seek
 His safety, wounded by a Pike i'th' Cheek,
 Who fled to *Stratton*, and from thence retir'd
 To *Bodmin*, as his present Case requir'd,
 Where *Goring's* Horse, upon a neighb'ring Down,
 Were posted as a Safeguard to the Town,
 But without Orders march'd away and left
 The faithful *Hopton* and his Foot to shift;
 When the flush'd Foe, encourag'd by their Spoils
 At *Torrington*, were march'd within three Miles,
 And forc'd the Prince of *Wales*, for safety-sake,
 To move from *Launceston*, and to betake
 Himself to strong *Pendennis* †, where he staid
 Till he to *Scilly* Island was convey'd ||,
 Whilst *Hopton*, when the Foe advanc'd so nigh,
 Did, with his broken Host, more Westward fly,
 Where Mutinies arose among his Horse,
 And such Disputes between his Officers,
 That he was forc'd, at length, when past all hopes
 Of doing Service with such treach'rous Troops,
 To send his Foot, who'd been of great Account,
 Thro' all the Troubles, to the *Cornish-Mount*,
 And to *Pendennis*, giving, with regret,
 Consent that his unruly Troops should treat
 With Gen'ral *Fairfax*, who before had sent
 A Trumpeter with Terms, to try their Bent;
 So that the Horse did, to their shame, disband
 Themselves, according to the Foes demand;
 Whilst *Hopton*, who had gen'rously refus'd
 The best Conditions *Fairfax* had propos'd,
 Retir'd with *Capel* to the Mount, from whence
 They both took Shipping to attend the Prince.

* of Wales.

† Castle.

|| March 2.

A. D. 1646. When *Fairfax* thus had broke the Western Force,
 The *Cornish* Garifons fell in of course,
 Few holding out upon the King's Account,
 Except *Pendennis*-Castle and the Mount,
 That having done the Senate's bus'ness there,
 He now return'd toth' Siege of *Exeter*.

After these fatal Blows the King had none
 But the Lord *Astley* * to rely upon,
 Who'd kept together the Remains of those
 That had, near *Chester*, suffer'd by their Foes,
 And tow'rd's the King was marching with his Force,
 To join with *Campsfeld* and the *Oxford* Horse,
 Who had agreed to meet him in his way,
 But thro' misinformation or delay,
 It was so long e're *Campsfeld's* Troops came on,
 That *Astley* was by *Morgan* † overthrown,
 And routed near a Place call'd *Donnington* ||,
 Himself b'ing taken Pris'ner, to the great
 Disint'rest of the King's declining State,
 Who now had little hopes to long secure
 The Town of *Oxford* from the Rebels Pow'r,

The King who had so oft desir'd, in vain,
 To reconcile th'Annoyers of his Reign,
 Had lately shewn a peaceable intent
 To treat in Person with the Parliament;
 But they by Message ‡ pray'd him to forbear
 His Purpose of approaching *Westminster*,
 Alledging 'twas unsafe for him and them;
 And voted thereupon, that if he came
 To *London*, the Militia should have Pow'r,
 To oppose, to apprehend and to secure

* Sir Jacob, created Lord about two Years since.

† A Parliament Colonel;

|| March 21.

‡ March 30.

His Train of Followers, himself, in short,
And all that to their Sov'reign had resort.

A.D.
1646.

*Thus prosp'rous Rebels triumph o'er the Great,
When once reduc'd to a defenceless State,
With the same Tyranny they falsely charge
On Kings, whose Pow'r they always think too large.*

Exeter City, which for Months had been
Besieg'd, and now was much distress'd within,
For want of Succour, yielded to the Arms
Of Fairfax, upon honourable Terms*.
Soon after this, the Mount, and sev'ral more
Strong-Holds, surrendring to the Rebels Pow'r :
That Fairfax having now subdu'd the West,
Had little else to do but to invest
The King in Oxford, which had been oblig'd,
Of late, to many Straits, tho' not besieg'd,
By Roundhead Troopst, that hover'd up and down,
To intercept Provisions from the Town.
But the King hearing of the Foes intent,
Resolv'd upon a new Expedient,
In hopes to stop his Ruin, by a strange
Surprising Scheme, that probably might change
The face of his Affairs, which now appear'd
So desperate as to be justly fear'd.
The King, to put in practise what he'd kept
So Secret, that his Project only slept
Within his Royal Breast, did so disguise
His sacred Person, to avoid surprise,
That he escap'd from Oxford with no more
Attendance than a sober Minister ||,
And such another trusty Friend, whose Name,
Among the Loyal List, was Ashburnham :

* April 13.

† Under Command of Fleetwood and Rainsborough.

|| Mr. Hudson.

A.D. With these the King stole privately away *
 1646. To the *Scotch* Camp, which before *Newark* lay;
 None guessing where the Sov'reign could be gone,
 Tho' most believ'd he was conceal'd in Town,
 Which so alarm'd the Senate, that they pass'd
 A Vote, with all imaginable haste,
 And order'd, *That whoever should conceal*
The King, and not immediately reveal
The same to both the Speakers, they should be
Esteem'd a Traytor, and an Enemy
Toth' Commonwealth; and, for a Crime so great,
Dye without Mercy'nd forfeit their Estate.

But they'd no sooner made their Order known,
 By publication to the Factious Town,
 But they receiv'd Advice, their Injur'd Prince
 Had trusted to a *Scotch* Deliverance,
 Much rather than to fall into the Pow'r
 Of those who'd sought his Life so oft before.
 This gave the Senate such a deep surprize,
 They scarce knew what to do, or to surmize:
 At length, recov'ring Spirit, 'twas agreed,
 By Vote, *That they forthwith should interceed*
With Lesly and the Scotch Commissioners,
And shew 'em 'twas the Parliament's Desires,
That Both the Houses should intirely be
The sole Disposers of His Majesty:
Also that they'd agreed, and did appoint,
The King to Warwick-Castle should be sent;
And that John Ashburnham, and whosoe'er
Did to their Army with the King repair,
Byth' Sergeant tending on the House, should be
Sent as Delinquents into Custody;

*And that the Parliament's Commissioners,
Who then at Newark manag'd their Affairs,
Should, with all speed, a Narrative dispatch
Toth' House, of the King's coming to the Scotch.
But just as they had pass'd their Votes, there came
A Letter from the Scots that cross'd their Aim,
Importing, That since Providence had sent
So great a Blessing to their Camp, they meant
To mediate 'twixt the King and Parliament,
That both the Kingdoms might establish'd be,
In Peace and Godly Uniformity,
And all things center in a good Event,
According to the League and Covenant.*

A.D.

1646.

*Newark, which had begun to treat * before
The King surrender'd to the Scottish Pow'r,
Did, on the Ninth of the same Month, agree
To yield the Town unto the Enemy,
Where † Bellsas had made a long Defence,
Like a brave trusty Servant to his Prince.*

*Lesly the Scot, the better to secure
His Royal Charge, now march'd with all his Pow'r,
From Southwel to Newcastle, where the King,
By th' Scots, was put upon the publishing
An Order to his Governours of Towns,
Forts, Castles, and all other Garisons,
Requiring, that, on honourable Terms,
They should surrender to the Senate's Arms;
Which, in a little time, was e'erywhere
Perform'd, according to the King's Desire;
Oxford submitting ||, after treating long,
Whose Garison was Seven-thousand strong.*

* May 4.

† Lord

|| June 25.

Fairfax

A.D. 1649. *Fairfax* transmitting all the Seals of State *
 To *Westminster*, where, after some Debate,
 The same were hammer'd, by a Smith, before
 The Lords, who, when they'd bruise'd the *Tools of Pow'r*,
 Order'd the broken silver Scraps should be
 Divided 'twixt their Speakers, as a Fee.

The crafty *Scots*, who were with plunder stor'd,
 In marching 'twixt the *Tweed* and *Hereford*,
 Were now desirous, with their Loads of Spoil,
 To haste in safety to their Native Soil;
 But hearing that *Montrose*, altho' his Pow'r
 Had been quite routed but the Year before †,
 Was now again beginning to advance
 His Loyal Sword in Royal *CHARLES* Defence,
 They press'd the King to lay Commands upon
 His Friend to give up his Commission,
 Who, in Obedience, did his Troops disband,
 And then took Shipping to a Foreign Land ||.

*Thus Wisemen, when they see those Mischiefs nigh,
 They cannot frustrate, from the Danger fly.*

Whilst the King staid at *Southwel* there had been
 A fruitless Treaty put on foot, wherein
 The Rump insisted upon Terms so high,
 As if they only scoff'd at Majesty,
 And rather strove to irritate the King,
 Than that a Peace from such Efforts should spring
 Who, notwithstanding, from *Newcastle* sent ‡
 So mild a Message to the Parliament,
 Wherein his Arguments must be allow'd,
 By all but Rebels, to be Just and Good,

* *Broad-Seal, Privy-Seal, King's-Bench, Exchequer, Court of Wards, Admiralty, and Navy Seals.*

† By David Leslie.

|| France.

‡ August 1.

And

A.D.
1645.

And must have work'd on any but so base
 A Herd, that wanted Sense as well as Grace,
 But all, unless the Sov'reign would resign
 His Kingship, was but off'ring Pearls to Swine,
 For still his Condescensions were despis'd,
 And as he stoop'd, the more they tyranniz'd.

Now great Debates between the Scots* arose,
 And the warm Leaders of the Common-House,
 About which faithless Rebels should Command
 Their Suff'ring Prince, that weighty Point in hand:
 The Scotch Commissioners set forth how base,
 How cruel, treacherous, and vile a Race,
 Themselves and Brethren would appear to be,
 In case they render'd up His Majesty,
 When in Distress he'd chosen them alone,
 As Guardians of his Person and his Throne:
 But all this crafty outside Tenderness,
 Prov'd nothing but an Artifice to raise
 The Sum, for which they villanously sold
 The King they lov'd, but not so well as Gold.

*So Traytor Judas did his Lord betray,
 To Jews, for Pence, and taught the Scots the way.*

The End of the Twenty-second Year.

* Commissioners for Scotland then residing here.

A.D.
1646.

The Lord FAIRFAX'S CHARACTER.

A Faction Hero, by the Roundheads fam'd,
 True to that Cause which all good Men condemn'd,
 Was, by the Rump, made Gen'ral of the North,
 As early as the flagrant Storm broke forth,
 Where he soon levy'd a Rebellious Force,
 Of near Six-thousand *Yorkshire* Foot and Horse,
 With which he rang'd about in Martial Pride,
 Declaring loudly for the Rebels Side;
 And tho' in War-Affairs but poorly skill'd,
 Was, for a time, sole Master of the Field;
 Till Brave *Newcastle*, much enrag'd to see
 Such Rigour us'd with Sov'reign-Majesty,
 Like a just Peer espous'd the Royal Cause,
 And toil'd to save the Church, the Crown and Laws;
 By whose Industry, Courage, and Success,
 The Rebel-Troops were chas'd from place to place,
 Till *Fairfax* and his Host of Rural Swains,
 At length, were forc'd to quit the Northern Plains,
 And in close Garisons unactive lye,
 To shun the Fury of the Enemy,
 Till Fortune chang'd her Side at *Marston-Moor*,
 And did the Roundhead Peer to Pow'r restore:
 But by himself few Laurel-Wreaths were won,
 The Father's Fame depended on the Son.
 We'll therefore say but little of the Lord,
 Whose only Brav'ry was to draw his Sword
 Against the best of Kings, to serve a base,
 Rebellious, cruel, and perfidious Race.





M. J^d Gucht scul.

*S^r THOMAS FAIREAX, Cap^t General
of the Parliaments Forces, &c..*

A.D.
1646.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

Sir THOMAS (Son of the Lord)
FAIRFAX.

WHate'er the Father wanted to compleat
 A Gen'ral, for the Rebels purpose fit,
 Was found confirm'd in the disloyal Son,
 Who with uncommon Zeal oppos'd the Throne,
 In sundry Battles Loyal Heaps destroy'd,
 And prov'd the truest Friend the Rump imploy'd:
 Took Col'nel *Bellasis* at *Selby Town*,
 Defeating a strong Party of the Crown,
 And by that means regain'd the Roundhead Host,
 That Northern Footing which his Father lost.
 Soon after, for his Service, was, instead
 Of *Essex*, by the Rump, their Gen'ral made.
 Invested *Oxford*, but without Success,
 Drew off his Forces, much to his Disgrace,
 Having at the Assault of *Borstal-House*,
 Been vig'rously resisted to his Loss;
 Whilst harras'd Majesty sat down before,
 And took, by Storm, the Town of *Leicester*.
 By which sad News the disaffected Side
 Were much surpris'd, and greatly mortify'd,
 The Rump, as 'twas their Custom, charging all
 Ill-fortune on their new-made General;

For

A.D. For all Success they challeng'd as their Right,
 1646. And when God fail'd, at Man they cast their spight;
 ~~~~~ However, *Fairfax* very soon retriev'd  
 The Loss, at which they were so much aggriev'd,  
 And in the fatal Field of *Naseby* won  
 That Victory which cost the King his Crown,  
 And at one Blow o'erturn'd the Royal Cause,  
 Subdu'd the Throne, Religion, and the Laws.  
 Flush'd with this Conquest, for it prov'd no less,  
 He boldly march'd in quest of new Success,  
 And in the Western Shire of *Somerset*,  
 With *Goring* and his Troops near *Lamport* met,  
 And in their Quarters gave them a Surprise,  
 That added to his former Victories,  
 Follow'd his Blows, and took *Bridgewater-Town*;  
 At *Torrington* bore *Hopton's* Forces down;  
 From *Bedford* a superb Epistle sent,  
 To sharply reprehend the Parliament,  
 For joining with the City to evade  
 An Ordinance themselves before had made.  
 To *Hounslow-Heath* his Army march'd in Pomp,  
 Awaiting, by their approach, the jealous Rump;  
 Forc'd Lords and Commons to receive their two  
 Old Speakers, after they had chosen New;  
 And to their Seats restor'd Eleven more,  
 Secluded by their Arbitrary Pow'r.  
 March'd into *Kent*, a Rising to suppress,  
 Chas'd 'em to *Maidstone*, fought 'em with Success,  
 Forc'd \* *Norwich* and his Forces to retire  
 To *Essex*, block'd 'em up in *Colchester*,  
 Which, after many sharp Disputes, between  
 The Foes and those that sally'd from within,  
 At last surrender'd, where the Gen'ral us'd  
 Barbarities too black to be excus'd.

---

\* *Earl of*

A. D.  
1646.

Yet, after he had done these mighty Feats,  
 Waded in Blood, and toil'd in Colds and Heats,  
 To curse his Native Land, and overthrow  
 That Prince to whom he did Allegiance owe,  
 He rather chose to fling up his Command,  
 Than head an Army 'gainst the *Scottish* Land ;  
 Because those faithful pious Saints profess'd  
 The same Religion he approv'd the best.  
 In which he shew'd more Conscience, than in all  
 The Hero evèr did since General.

*So crafty Men, who covet high Command,  
 To injure and oppress their Native Land,  
 Do always with some goldly Party side,  
 To sanctify their Villany and Pride.*

Nor was he other than a useful Tool,  
 To crafty *Cromwel*, who usurp'd the Rule,  
 Tho' to the credit of the Knight, who long  
 Had persever'd and glory'd in the wrong,  
 He did refuse to grace that bloody Court,  
 Which made the best of Prince's Lives their Sport,  
 And sent his Lady, 'tis suppos'd, to see  
 The manner of the curs'd Solemnity ;  
 Who, as their Clerk was loudly calling o'er  
 The odious Names of each Commissioner,  
 Hearing her Spouse in the Rebellious List,  
 Twice summon'd to appear among the rest,  
 Reply'd, *He had more Wit than to be there ;*  
 Which Voice ascending from they knew not where,  
 The Court, in a surprize, began to look  
 About, demanding who it was that spoke ;  
 But finding no return or answer made,  
 Proceeded, and their High-Commission read,  
 Till to that part they came, where they had strain'd  
 Their Cant to, " All good People of the Land.

A. D.  
1646.

At which the Lady answer'd in a Scoff,  
*No, no, nor yet the hundredth part thereof.*  
Which so provok'd the Court, who plainly heard  
The words, that the Commander of the Guard  
First bid them fire upon the Box from whence  
Arose that false and daring Insolence;  
But soon perceiving who it was that spoke,  
Did, with regret, his rash Command revoke,  
And Madam, 'twixt Perswasion and Constraint,  
Quitted her Station and away she went,  
Leaving the Court in Anger, to record  
Her Presence, and the Absence of her Lord.

*But he that could, without Reluctance, run  
Thro' the whole Series of Rebellion,  
And sneakingly refuse to crown the Evil,  
Stuck only out at last to cheat the Devil.*



A.D.  
1646,  
~

THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
*Sir* ARTHUR HASLERIG.

A Bold and busy Knight, bred up by *Pym*,  
Till qualify'd for e'ery vile Extream,  
A factious Member in the Commons-House,  
Forward of Tongue, and daringly morose,  
An active and unweary'd Tool in all  
The impious Projects of the dire Cabal;  
None prouder to perform whate'er was Ill,  
The first that brought in the Militia Bill:  
Also that fatal, infamous, and base  
Attainder which was pass'd in *Strafford's* Case;  
Thro' all the Series of Rebellion run,  
Doing whate'er he ought not to have done,  
Had no regard to either Church or State,  
But did in both all Form and Order hate,  
And chiefly sided with those Wolves and Bears,  
Who glory'd in the Name of *Levellers*,  
Made up of all the wild and unrestrain'd  
Enthusiastick Sect'ries in the Land,  
Wh' oppos'd each single Person that aspir'd  
Aloft, yet knew not what themselves desir'd,  
But fought for Spoil and Plunder, in the Name  
Of God and Conscience, without Fear or Shame;  
Yet had the Knight the Luck, in spite of War,  
And all the Dangers he encounter'd there,

A. D. 1646. To see his own and all his Party's Pride,  
 By the King's Restoration mortify'd;  
 A Blessing that he ne'er deserv'd to find,  
 Because ingrateful to his stubborn Mind.

*Thus many oft possess, yet not enjoy,  
 Those Comforts which their wrong Conceits destroy:  
 But as the Fable-Cock, by Nature led  
 To rake the Muck-hill, where he first was bred,  
 The precious Jewel in their Pow'r despise,  
 And think the Horsedung-Oat the richer Prize.*

THE

A. D.

1646.

THE

*Earl of KINGSTON'S*

## CHARACTER.

Born of an ancient Race, who first came o'er  
Among the *Normans*, to the *British* Shore,  
And, like his Ancestors, enjoy'd a Soul,  
Of Vertue, Loyalty, and Valour full.  
When first those Civil-Wars began to spread,  
That prosper'd till they reach'd the Monarch's Head,  
The Noble Earl, with full Four-thousand Men,  
Attended on his wand'ring Sovereign ;  
One Loyal-half assisting with no less  
Than twice Twelve-thousand Pounds in his distress,  
The rest beneath the Royal-Banner staid,  
And frankly tender'd him their pers'nal Aid :  
But Fortune who too often takes a Pride,  
In War, to frown upon the juster Side,  
Suffer'd th' unhappy Earl to be surpriz'd  
At *Gainsbrough*-Town, and by the Rebels \* seiz'd,  
Who knowing him a Man severely bent  
Against the Int'rest of the Parliament,  
Put him on Board a Pinnace, with a Guard,  
That he for safety might to *Hull* be carr'd.  
Which mournful Tidings happening to reach  
The Ears of Loyal Col'nel *Cavendish*,

\* Commanded by the Lord Willoughby.



A. D. 1646. With friendly speed he labour'd to o'ertake  
 The Boat, in hopes to bring the Pris'ner back,  
 But when the Col'nel's Vessel came so near  
 To hail the Pinnacle and demand the Peer,  
 The Rebel-Crew refus'd to quit their Charge,  
 And with more strenuous Pulls row'd on their Barge,  
 Which so provok'd the Col'nel, that he fir'd  
 A fatal Shot \* by which the Earl expir'd,  
 And his poor Servant, whom the Rogues had plac'd  
 I'th' front of Danger, as their Boat was chas'd ;  
 Which sad Misfortune gave so keen an edge  
 To the Pursuer's Grief, as well as Rage,  
 That bidding his dear injur'd Friend adieu,  
 Like angry *Jove* his Thunderbolts he threw,  
 And to his Manes sacrific'd the Rebel-Crew.

\* Out of a Drake.

A. D.

1647.

The most

## Remarkable Transactions

Of the Twenty-third Year of the Reign of  
King CHARLES the First.

*Anno Dom. 1647.*

NO sooner had the King refus'd to grant\*  
The base Proposals of the Parliament,  
Contriv'd with veh'mence to divest him quite  
Of Kingly Pow'r, and all his Sov'reign Right,  
But the Rump-Senate readily agreed  
To pay the Rebels, who had cross'd the *Tweed*,  
Two-hundred-thousand Pounds upon the Nail,  
When they deliver'd *Berwick* and *Carlisle*,  
Also *Newcastle*; and a second Sum,  
As weighty, to be paid in time to come,  
Firmly secur'd by Parliament, upon  
The Publick Faith, altho' the Land had none.  
When thus agreed, the treach'rous *Scots* began  
To treat about their injur'd Sovereign;  
And tho' their Managers first talk'd so much  
Of Honour, and the danger of Reproach,  
Yet had the Rump no sooner sent the Coin  
Agreed for, to *Newcastle* upon *Tine*,  
But, notwithstanding all their former large  
Professions, they resign'd their Royal Charge,

\* January.

A.D. 1647. And fix'd upon their faithless scabby Race,  
The Epithets of Infamous and Base.

*Thus Honour often serves the crafty Saints,  
To blind the Credulous with Sham-pretence,  
But nothing binds the Godly but the Pence.*

The King thus wretchedly betray'd by those  
He trusted, to the hands of cruel Foes,  
Set forth \*, with them that had him in their Care,  
To Hold'nby-Palace in Northampton-shire,  
Where not a Chaplain, Servant, or a Friend,  
Were on his Person suffer'd to attend,  
Refusing him a Book of Common-Pray'r,  
When ask'd for by the Royal Prisoner;  
Which look'd as if their impious Rage pursu'd  
The Quiet of his Soul, as well as Blood.

No sooner had the Rebels thus immur'd  
Their King, and all his Garisons secur'd,  
But now the restless Faction, who before  
Had join'd their Hands to pull down Sov'reign Pow'r,  
Began themselves to quarrel and divide,  
Altho' so near in Villany ally'd.

The Presbyterian Tribe presum'd a Right  
To form the Commonwealth as they thought fit,  
Who, by their Covenant with Scotland, were  
Oblig'd to govern here as they did there;  
At least 'twas their Opinion they were bound  
To plant Geneva Thorns on English Ground,  
Because they thriv'd in Scotland, where the Soil  
Was barren, and the common People vile.



The moody *Independant* thought that he  
 Had equal Title to Authority,  
 Therefore oppos'd the Scheme the Presbyter  
 Had laid, as too conclusive and severe,  
 Allowing no Parochial Guide should low'r  
 His Holy Pride to a Provincial Pow'r,  
 But that each Pulpit (now become a Tub)  
 Should be Co-ordinate, instead of Sub-  
 The Guides by whom these Saints were chiefly led,  
 Had sev'ral Years before a Ruffle made  
 In the Assembly of Divines, which then,  
 Excepting few, were *Presbyterian*,  
 Who having, in the Year of Forty-three,  
 Compil'd their much-ador'd Directory,  
 In order to impose the same on all  
 The Nation, as a Form in general,  
 Five of their Members \*, more reform'd than they,  
 Oppos'd the Model which before 'em lay,  
 And being full of Grace and stubborn Zeal,  
 Made from their own Assembly an Appeal  
 To Parliament, wherein they humbly pray'd,  
 No hardships upon Conscience might be laid,  
 By the Assembly, neither might they be  
 Concluded by their Votes, but still be free  
 To seek the Lord the way they were intent  
 Upon, without Compulsion or Constraint.  
 By this Appeal they made themselves secure  
 Against the *Presbyterian* then in Pow'r:  
 And from that time so very fast encreas'd,  
 That by degrees they craftily possess'd  
 Most of the Church-Preferments, and the best.

A.D.

1647.

~

}  
}

\* Thomas Goodwin, Philip Pye, Sidrack Simpson, Jeremiah Burroughs, William Bridge.

A. D. Cromwel and Ireton now, to serve their Ends  
 1647. The better, prov'd the *Independants* Friends,  
 Laid hold of all Occasions to oblige  
 That Party, and encourag'd Privilege  
 Of Conscience, tho' themselves did both incline  
 Unto the *Presbyterian* Discipline.  
 But crafty *Cromwel* finding that he gain'd  
 The Love o'th' Army under his Command,  
 Compos'd of more Enthusiastick Throngs,  
 Of diff'rent Sects, than *Babel* e'er had Tongues;  
 And finding all but those who had acquir'd  
 The Rule, a common Liberty desir'd,  
 That e'ery Zealot's Conscience might be eas'd,  
 And each plod on to Heav'n which way he pleas'd,  
 Us'd his best means to humour 'em, in hopes  
 To make himself the Darling of his Troops,  
 That he, in time, might influence the same,  
 To thwart the Rump and disappoint their Aim,  
 Well knowing when they'd vacated the Throne,  
 The Sword had the best Title to the Crown;  
 Therefore Old *Nol* did all Occasions seek,  
 To make the *Presbyterian* Sect more weak,  
 Discharging many by his Courts of War,  
 And *Independants* did as oft prefer;  
 Which made the jealous Rump suspect he meant  
 No good to Presbyter or Parliament,  
 Who therefore soon determin'd to disband  
 The Army e're it gain'd the upper-hand;  
 But when Both Houses to St. *Edmund's* \* sent  
 The Orders they had made to that intent,  
 The Officers would not obey, but met,  
 And did themselves the weighty Point debate,  
 Chusing their Adjutators from among  
 The scoundrel Class of the *Bellonian* Throng,

\* Bury, the Army's Head-Quarters.

Which wise Assembly was to represent  
 The Army as a Martial Parliament:  
 These were so manag'd that they soon agreed  
 To ruffle those they had so long obey'd,  
 Engaging solemnly to not divide  
 Their Body till the Senate had comply'd  
 With all their Gen'ral-Council should demand  
 On their behalf, e're th' Army should disband.  
 But during these Commotions, Cornet *Foyce*,  
 With a strong Party, came to *Hold'nby*-House \*,  
 And the next Day did tow'rds the Army bring,  
 From close Confinement, the dejected King,  
 Toth' great Surprize of those who had the Pow'r  
 Of using him so barb'rously before :  
 But on the sixth of *June* the Gen'ral † sent  
 A Letter to his Lords the Parliament,  
 In which he utterly deny'd that he  
 Had order'd *Foyce* t'attend His Majesty,  
 Or that he knew one tittle of the same,  
 Before the King into the Army came.

A.D.

1647.

~~~~~

This was the first sly Trick that *Cromwel* play'd,
 Which gave him such Advantage, that he said,
 With no small Boast, That in his Pocket now
 He'd got the Parliament and City too.
 Which was indeed but truth, for when they heard
 The News, they both alike concern'd appear'd,
 The more, because 'twas rumour'd up and down,
 The Army were advancing tow'rds the Town,
 Which made 'em jealous *Fairfax* would restore
 The injur'd Sov'reign to his lawful Pow'r.

*But that, alas, was an attoning Act,
 Too glorious for such Rebels to effect.*

* June 4.

† Fairfax.

A.D. 1647. The King with Ostentation now was carr'd
 From Place to Place, beneath a pompous Guard,
 Till settl'd at his Palace *Hampton-Court*,
 Whither his Friends had freedom to resort,
 And where his *Hold'nby* Insults and Neglect,
 Were chang'd for more Enlargement and Respect;
 Besides a Promise passionately made,
 By treach'rous *Cromwel*, basely to perswade
 The King, amidst his Troubles, he should be
 Restor'd to all the Rights of Majesty.

The Senate mov'd their Gen'ral Officers
 T'return the King to their Commissioners.
 Instead of which the Army boldly sent
 Articles, frightful to the Parliament,
 In which they charg'd a National Abuse
 Upon Eleven Members of the House,
 Requiring they should all suspended be
 From Parliamentary-Authority.
 With many more Demands as gross as this,
 Relating to whate'er they thought amiss.
 They also forc'd the City to agree
 In changing of their old Lieutenantcy,
 And wholly to resign into the Hands
 O'th' Army's Friends their Military Bands.
 The Mob * arose and made the Rump restore
 The same toth' City as enjoy'd before,
 Which caus'd each Speaker to forsake his Chair,
 And seek his Safety with the Men of War;
 Who, tho' the City bravely mann'd their Works,
 And firmly were resolv'd to fight like *Turks*,
 Oblig'd the Heroes soon to answer all
 The stiff Demands of the proud General,

* London Apprentices, July 26.

A.D.

1647.

Who, by a Party, got within their Lines,
 On *Southwark*-side, which strengthen'd the Designs
 Of *Cromwel* and his Followers so much,
 That they convey'd a Letter of Reproach
 Toth' May'r and Aldermen, on whom they cast
 The Blame of all the *London* Tumults past,
 Requiring, among other high Demands,
 The City and their Military Bands,
 To be giv'n up into the Army's hands,
 Forcing them also to withdraw their Guard
 From the poor Senate, who were all so scar'd,
 That many flinch'd, and thought it time to run
 From Rump to Army for Protection.
 When these and whatsoever were desir'd,
 Were punctually comply'd with as requir'd,
 The Army march'd in Triumph thro' the Town,
 And in a little time made all their own.
 Nor did the Rump, in Power so severe,
 Now over-aw'd by Arms, less Tame appear;
 For when the Gen'ral, to reform the State
 From impious Knaves, by putting in as great,
 Sent his Lieutenant *Cromwel* to restore
 The Speakers, who had fled the Rump before,
 And other Members who'd secluded been,
 When *Calvin's* Rebels did in triumph Reign.
 No sooner had the Speakers repossess'd
 Their Chairs, but Rump unitedly address'd
 The Gen'ral with a Compliment of Thanks;
 For all these crafty countermining Pranks,
 Did also fix a Day that Heav'n might be
 Most insincerely thank'd as well as he.
 And, like true Saints, their Gratitude to show,
 Chose him, thro' Fear, their Gen'ralissimo;
 Also t'enlarge his arbitrary Pow'r,
 Made him Lord-Constable of *London-Tow'r*;

Which

A.D. 1647. Which was indeed no more than underhand
 Advancing *Cromwel* to the same Command;
 For tho' the Gen'ral had the Property,
 His Second was the Usufractuary.
 The lank-hair'd *Independants* now pull'd down
 The Works the Rump had rais'd about the Town,
 Divided the Militia *, which had been
 United in the *Presbyterian* Reign;
 Remov'd all Governours of Castles, Towns,
 And other useful Forts and Garisons,
 Who from their Faith or Int'rest did dissent,
 Tho' plac'd by Ordinance of Parliament;
 Injoin'd Both Houses to repeal their past
 Proceedings, from the time of *July* last †.
 And when thus far without a Trip they'd run,
 Imprison'd severall Lords, the May'r for one.

Now crafty *Cromwel*, who began to see
 The Way thus open to the Sov'reignty,
 To gain the easier his ambitious Ends,
 Imploy'd the trustiest of his Rebel-Friends,
 T'apprise the King the Adjutators meant
 To murd'r'im and usurp the Government;
 Also to spread a Rumour of the same,
 That it might reach his Ear by common Fame.
 His Majesty allarm'd with this Report,
 To disappoint 'em stole from *Hampton-Court* ||,
 One dark and rainy Night, when he was free
 Of Guards, who had retir'd designedly,
 As many thought, to tempt him to embrace
 That Juncture by their seeming Carelessness.
 No sooner had the King thus made his way,
 And cross'd the River, where Attendance lay

* London, Southwark, and Westminster.

† From the 26th thereof, to the 6th of August.

|| November 11.

A. D.

1647.

W

With all Conveniencies to carr' him off,
 And render his Escape both swift and safe,
 But he began his Journey tow'rds the Main,
 Near to *Southampton*-Port, where should have lain
 A Vessel, by appointment, but she fail'd,
 Being by Fate or Accident with-held,
 In which the King design'd to cross the Seas,
 To *France*, from his Intestine Enemies,
 But disappointed thus, was wasted o'er
 To *Cows* *, where *Hammond* then was Governor,
 His Brother Chaplain to the King, and best
 Belov'd, for his great Worth, of all the rest,
 Therefore His Majesty thought fit to trust
 The Soldier 'cause he knew the Scholar just;
 But Brothers, differently bred, we find
 Are oft to Contrarieties inclin'd;
 As the good Monarch, wandering in Distress,
 Experienc'd, to his great Unhappiness;
 For he'd no sooner trusted, void of Fear,
 His Freedom, Life, and all that could be dear,
 In the perfidious Col'nel, but he sent
 A Letter to inform the Parliament,
 And, like a base inhumane Wretch, betray'd
 The King, and all that had been done or said;
 And from a Friend, most treach'rously became
 His Prince's Jailor, rendering the Name
 Of wicked *Hammond*, to the just and true,
 In every Christian Age that shall ensue,
 Odious as wicked *Haman* to the faithless Jew.

}

The End of the Twenty-third Year.

* In the Isle of Wight.

A.D.

1647.



THE
CHARACTER
OF

Sir GEORGE LISLE.

BRed up to War, in Arms compleatly skill'd,
Inur'd to all the Hardships of the Field;
In the *Low-Countries* had continu'd long
A Soldier, where he trail'd a Pike, when young,
Obtaining, by Experience, the repute
Of b'ing an exc'lent Officer of Foot,
Was of a courteous Temper, cool and kind,
No Man to more Humanity inclin'd;
By which engaging Qualities he gain'd
The Hearts of all Men under his Command:
Nor would he ever suff'r'em to be led
To Action lest himself was at their Head,
That they might see he scorn'd they should be steer'd
Upon those dang'rous Shelves their Leader fear'd.
At the last *Newb'ry* Battle, in the fight
Of Majesty, he led the Foot to fight,
Strip'd to his Shirt, that others might descry
His Actions, and Example take thereby;
From whence the frighted Rebels gave it out,
That a white Witch was seen to fly about
The Royal Army, scowring to and fro,
Where'er the Contest did the hottest grow.
At *Bramdean-Heath*, by Courage and by Skill,
Kept with small Force an advantagious Hill,

Against



M. P. Gault sculp.

St GEORGE LISLE. Kn.

from an original painting.



1850

Against all *Waller's* Army, and defy'd
Ten times the number with undaunted Pride.

A.D.

1647.

At *Newb'ry* he commanded the Forlorn,
And did in safety, with Success, return.

At *Naseby*, where the King sustain'd a Rout,
He led the left-hand *Tertia* of the Foot,
Tho' beaten, did uncommon Valour show,
And bravely fought both Fortune and the Foe.

At *Colchester*, the Foot most bravely led,
When they the three grand desp'rate Charges made;
Fighting with so much Fury, to their Fame,
That to Club-Musket e'ery time they came:
In the first Charge the Word he gave was *Crown*,
Which he had serv'd so well to his Renown;
In the next Charge, *Prince Charles*; and in the third,
The Hero made the *Duke of York* the Word;
Resolving, whilst he'd under his Command,
A Man to fight, or Rebel to withstand
Their lawful Prince, to run thro', if he cou'd,
The Names, in course, of all the Royal Blood.
Was taken twice, in Sallies from the Town,
By Rebel-Soldiers, rescu'd by his own.
In short, no *Grecian* Bands, or *Roman* Host,
A Milder or a Braver Man could boast,
Who, when his Bosom-Friend, *Sir Charles**, was led
In triumph to his Stand, and there shot dead,
He run and kiss'd his Cheek, when they had fir'd,
And cry'd, *How soon is a Brave Soul expir'd!*
Adding, *I shall be with thee by and by.*
Then instantly prepar'd himself to die;

* Lucas.

A. D.
1647. And as he boldly stood, with Eyes disclos'd,
His Arms extended, and his Breast expos'd,
To nakedly submit to Rebels Law,
He beckon'd for the File to nearer draw;
At which a barb'rous Ruffain, in a Jeer,
Cry'd out, *I'll pass my word we'll hit you, Sir.*
The chearful Knight replying to the same,
I've oft been nearer when you've miss'd your Aim.
After which Words they let their Vengeance fly,
And shot him dead who never fear'd to die.

*When Rebels thus usurp the Ruling Pow'r,
The greatest Vertue is the least secure;
For base Usurpers never can maintain
By Mercy, what by Cruelty they gain.*

THE



Sir Charles Lucas.

A.D.
1647.
}THE
CHARACTER

OF

Sir CHARLES LUCAS.

None better skill'd in the Command of Horse,
Bold as a Lyon in the Field of *Mars*,
But too imperious and morose to gain
Much Reputation with politer Men,
Descended of an ancient worthy Race,
Who'd either held Commissions of the Peace,
Or serv'd High-Sheriff in the former Reigns,
Of full eleven Kings and Regent Queens;
Was also younger Brother of a Peer*,
And to the Honour and Estate the Heir,
Had been in *Holland* bred beneath the Prince
Of *Orange*, where he gain'd Experience
In War-Affairs, and at *Breda* began
To shew such Courage seldom found in Man,
Entring a dang'rous Breach before the rest,
Where num'rous Deaths were aiming at his Breast,
And with Success most manfully maintain'd
The Post which he so daringly had gain'd;
Was only then a Cornet, but was soon
Advanc'd for the great Brav'ry he had shown.

* *Lord Lucas.*

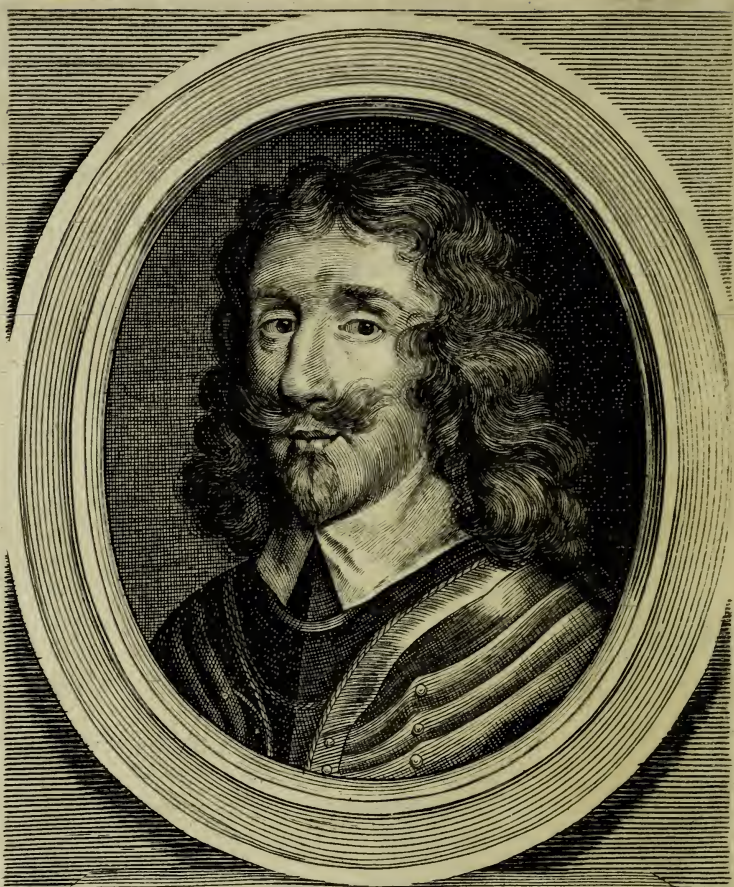
A.D.

1647.

W

In *England* he espous'd the Loyal Side,
 And was, at first, against the *Scots* imploy'd.
 At *Newbury* he led Two-thousand Horse,
 And met, on *Ouborn-Heath*, the Rebels Force,
 Headed by *Essex*, whom he bravely fought,
 With great Success, and even Wonders wrought;
 Advanc'd himself before the Fight begun,
 And Pistol'd him that led the Rebels on.
 In e'ery Action won immortal Fame,
 And reap'd fresh Laurels wheresoe'er he came;
 At *Caywood-Castle*, and at *Marston-Moor*;
 At *Newark*, *Berkly*, and at *Colchester*,
 Where Hunger, after Horse-flesh had been eat
 For sev'ral Weeks, compel'd them to submit;
 And where proud *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, and a Knot
 Of cruel Traytors doom'd him to be shot,
 Who, when he'd pray'd, expos'd his Breast and cry'd,
 Now Rebels do your worst; and so he dy'd.

*What mortal Man, that either hears or sees
 The Brav'ry of such Sufferers as these,
 Can fear expiring in a Righteous Cause,
 Back'd with Religion, Justice, and the Laws.*



Arthur Lord Capel.

From an Original painting.

A. D.

1647.

THE

Lord CAPEL'S

CHARACTER.

NO Person in the Age he liv'd possess'd,
More Vertue, or more Piety profess'd,
Having, by Friends, been often heard to say,
That when he'd strictly kept the Sabbath-day,
He always, to his great Contentment found
The follow'ing Week successfully go round.
A large Estate he, by Descent, enjoy'd,
Improv'd byth' Fortune of a worthy Bride,
Of High Extraction, eminent for all
The Gifts that to a Woman's share could fall;
By whom his Nuptials were intirely bless'd,
And with a fair and num'rous Issue grac'd,
That no Man in a marry'd State could find
More real Comforts to content his Mind.

Yet the King's Honour was no sooner touch'd,
His Pow'r invaded, and his Fame reproach'd,
But all those Blessings he declin'd to bear
A Loyal part in the approaching War,
To shew the World, at such a time of Need,
How far his Duty did his Love exceed;
Nor did he manfully alone engage
His Life, but Fortune on the doubtful Stage,
Spar'd no Expence t'encrease the Royal Force,
But rais'd, at his own Charge, both Foot and Horse;

A. D. From the first Troubles took the Martial Plain,
 1647. And bore a Hero's part, where Crouds were slain,
 Thro' various Dangers rush'd, all Hazards run,
 Envy'd by many, but outdone by none :
 In the most noted Actions had his share,
 Defended the Head-Gate at *Colchester*,
 Charging the Rebels till himself could pin
 The same, and keep the Foes from forcing in.
 But when the Roundheads had obtain'd the Town,
 And shot the two brave Champions of Renown,
 The Lord who did their General upbraid,
 In smart Expressions, was their Pris'ner made ;
 Tho' the sharp Sights and Sarcasms which his Tongue,
 At *Fairfax*, so unseasonably flung,
 Was thought to be one reason why he far'd,
 Amidst their Malice, so unjustly hard ;
 For he and * *Norwich* were to *Windso*r sent,
 From thence, by Order of the Parliament,
 Where they'd the only Comfort to bemoan
 Their equal Suff'rings with Duke *Hamilton*,
 After some Months were to the Tow'r convey'd,
 Whence *Capel* made escape, but was betray'd
 By the same Villain whom the Lord imploy'd
 To waft him in his Boat to *Lambeth-side*.
 So that, soon after, the Rebellious Court
 Of Justice cut his Days unjustly short,
 Who, in the *Palace-Yard* resign'd his Breath,
 And with a Christian Brav'ry hug'd his Death.

*Not can those Terrors which so much surprise
 The cow'rdly Wretch, when obvious to his Eyes,
 E'er daunt the Just, the Vertuous, and the Brave,
 Who, to a shameful Life, prefer the Grave.*

A.D.

1648.



The most

Remarkable Transactions

Of the Twenty-fourth Year of the Reign of

King CHARLES the First,

Anno Dom. 1648.

THE Army Faction having gain'd their Point,
 By purging the ambitious Parliament,
 The Houses now consented to impow'r
 The Earl of *Pembroke*, *Oxford's* Chancellor,
 Join'd with some Doctors, as reform'd as he,
 To purge that famous University,
 Of such as had the least good Word to spare
 For that detested Book the Common-Pray'r;
 Also'f Lewd Persons, those that were not Friends,
 And well inclin'd to serve their pious Ends;
 Small Faults in such were grounds for loud Complaints,
 When worse could be no Error in the Saints.

In *April* the Apprentices arose,
 In order to reform each Bawdy-House
 About *Moorfields*, where sev'ral Officers
 Repair'd, but not in kindness to the Whores,
 With their Trainbands, but rather to suppress
 The Tumult, fearing that it might encrease;
 And be so manag'd as to turn the Tide,
 In favour of the *Presbyterian* Side;

A. D. 1648. But the tempestuous Rabble were too hard
 For the Trainbands, and ston'd the City-Guard,
 Taking a Colours, which the giddy Rout,
 All Day, in publick Triumph carr'd about,
 Put the Lord-May'r into a sudden Fright,
 Set Guards upon the City-Gates all Night,
 Till *Fairfax* did himself with Troops appear,
 And then the swagg'ring Mob dispers'd in fear.

Most part of *Wales** at the same time arose
 In Arms against the Parliament, as Foes,
 But, in a Month, were totally subdu'd,
 After both Sides had wasted show'rs of Blood.
 No sooner was this Insurrection quell'd,
 And the *Welch* Army forc'd to quit the Field,
 But certain Persons were from *Surry* sent
 With a Petition† to the Parliament,
 But were so buffeted at *Westminster*,
 By the Fanatick Soldiers quarter'd there,
 That they return'd in vain, with Backs and Bums
 Well kick'd and beaten, to their Country Homes.
 This Usage soon was spread, by common Fame,
 Thro' *Kent*, who also were about to frame
 The like Petition, but were now deter'd,
 Since those of *Surry* had so hardly far'd,
 And raising with their utmost speed what Force
 They could, resolv'd to take another Course,
 Chusing the Earl of *Norwich* to preside
 As Gen'ral, who accordingly comply'd;
 And sending out some Troops to take in Towns
 Well situate near the *Tbames*, for Garisons,
 March'd with the rest tow'rds *London*, with design
 To pass the Bridge, with leave, that he might join

* Under Sir Nicholas Keymish and Sir John Owen.

† For a Personal Treaty between King and Parliament.

With *Lisle* and *Lucas* on the *Essex* side ;
 But his intended Passage was deny'd,
 Which caus'd his Men of *Kent* to e'ery Day
 Desert him, till his Force was fall'n away
 To scarce Five-hundred, with which slender Host
 The River, to the *Isle of Dogs*, he cross'd ;
 From whence his little Army had a clear
 And unmolested March to *Colchester*,
 Where the well-meaning Earl obtain'd his Ends,
 So far as to embody with his Friends.
 But *Fairfax* now march'd into *Kent*, to find
 Those straggling Parties that were left behind,
 Which he soon master'd, and from thence went o'er
 At *Gravesend*, with his Troops, toth' *Essex* Shore ;
 And moving on to *Colchester* sat down
 Before it, with the Roy'lists in the Town ;
 Who, tho' for two Months space they made a bold
 Defence, for want of Succours could not hold
 The Place, but were compel'd to undergo
 The cruel Usage of a barb'rous Foe,
Lucas and *Lisle* * b'ing sentenc'd to be shot,
 Like matchless Heroes perish'd on the Spot,
 After assurance from the Rebels side
 Of Quarter, which their General deny'd.
Capel † was close Imprison'd, and allow'd
 A longer time before they spilt his Blood ;
 Others of Note sequester'd and abus'd,
 And more like Monsters than like Christians us'd,

Duke *Hamilton* had into *England* brought,
 Of scabby Loons, Ten-thousand Horse and Foot,
 Who saw their wicked Folly, when too late,
 And would have interpos'd and stop'd the Fate,

* See their Character.

† Lord. See his Character.

A. D. Which now they saw, too evidently plain,
 1648. They'd brought upon themselves and Sovereign:
 But *Cromwel* marching Norward, from among
 The *Welch*, in Arms Eleven-thousand strong,
 Near *Preston** met the *Scots*, and, in Two Hours,
 O'erpow'rd the Duke and routed all his Force,
 Made him his Pris'ner, who, e'relong, was sent
 Toth' *Tower*, where the Northern Captive spent
 Some Months, till try'd and sentenc'd, by the Mock
 Cabal of Justice, to the Axe and Block.
Cromwel, to forward his Designs, march'd on
 To *Scotland*; and in *Edenborough Town*
 Remain'd, t'ingratiat with a Faction there,
 Who gave him their Assistance, to prepare
 The bloody Scheme, by which he was to bring
 About the dire Destruction of the King.

Whilst this was hatching in the Northern Air
 The Parliament became more mod'rate here,
 And over-rul'd that rash imprudent Vote
 Of Non-Addresses to the King, and thought
 'Twas now their wisest and securest way,
 To Treat, whilst *Cromwel* at a distance lay;
 Accordingly the Houses both agreed
 That new Proposals should be sent with speed,
 Toth' King, wherein the Tyrants did abate
 Something of their Severities of late;
 And, when the King had answer'd, did appoint
 Commissioners, who were to *Newport** sent,
 To treat with Suff'ring Majesty, about
 The peaceable Affair they'd put on foot;
 But those intrusted manag'd Matters wrong,
 And about worthless Trifles dodg'd so long,

* In Lancashire.

* In the Isle of Wight

A.D.

1648.

That, in the interim, *Cromwel* came to Town,
 And broke the hopeful Measures they'd begun,
 Who set his Adjutators to impose
 A bold Remonstrance on the Commons-House,
 Requiring, *That the King forthwith be brought*
To Justice for the Evils he had wrought:
And that the Prince and Duke, tho' fled away*
To France, be summon'd on a certain Day
To appear, and that the Houses should proceed
In Form, as should hereafter be agreed.
 Thirdly, *That Government should settl'd be*
By Parliamentary Authority:
And that Both Houses should a time appoint,
Periodical toth' present Parliament:
And that all future Parliaments that meet,
No longer than a Year or two should sit.
 And lastly, *That a number competent*
Of the King's Friends be brought to Punishment.
 Nor did they wait an Answer, but before
 The Commons-House, to shew their daring Pow'r,
 Set Guards of Soldiers, who permitted none
 To enter but the Army Faction,
 Made some, for fear of Evil-treatment, fly,
 Whilst they took others into Custody,
 Suspending Ninety Members 'cause their Votes
 Had been refus'd against their Friends the Scots,
 And others who had lately voted down
 The Vote of Non-Addresses to the Crown;
 So that the rest who were allow'd to sit,
 Were all for *Cromwel's* wicked Purpose fit.
 A Faction in the City also pack'd
 A Common-Council, qualify'd to Act
 Whate'er their Leader *Cromwel* should exact.

* of Wales and his Brother.

A.D. Forty of which in all Proceedings were
1648. Impow'rd to be superior to the May'r.

W The first vile treasonable Step they made,
Was framing a Petition, where they pray'd,
The King to speedy Justice might be brought ;
Which impious Scroll, that base Fanatick Sot,
Tichburn, then May'r, most humbly did present,
In Form, to the Rebellious Parliament,
Involving the whole City in the Guilt
Of Royal Blood, so barbarously spilt.

At the same time the Rebels rudely forc'd
The King from *Newport* to the Castle of *Hurst*,
Where his curs'd Foes compel'd him to remain,
Till they prepar'd their infamous Divan.
In the mean time, that they might safely break
The solemn Oaths they'd been oblig'd to take,
The Popelike Senate, by an Ordinance,
Dissolv'd the Bands of their Allegiance :
Then made another, which was worse, to bring
To speedy Tryal the Imprison'd King,
Voting, that Lords and Commons do declare
'Twas Treason in the Crown to levy War
Against the Parliament, to which the Peers
Would not consent, which rais'd such sudden Jars
Between 'em, that the Commons growing hot,
Render'd the Peers quite useles, by a Vote ;
Therein affirming, that the Pow'r supream
Was, by the People, fix'd alone in them,
And that all Acts, byth' Commons only made,
Were Laws, and should futurely be obey'd.
This done the Rebels did in Triumph call
Their Hellish Court, that curs'd the wrangling Hall.
And how that black Cabal of Villains us'd
The best of Princes that was e'er abus'd :

And

And how the patient Monarch did deport
Himself before the black Rebellious Court,
Is too well known, and is a bloody Scene,
Too sad and piercing for a Loyal Pen;
A Tragedy too deep, a cruel Deed
Too wicked to be writ, or to be read;
A barefac'd, impudent, presumptuous Evil,
Wherein the Canting Saint out-did the Devil.
Therefore since those whose Fathers dip'd their Hands
In Blood, that on eternal Record stands,
Cannot, without regret, be put in mind
Of what has left so great a Curse behind;
And that no good Man can delight to see,
Or read, so dreadful a Catastrophe;
The Martyr's mournful Exit I forbear,
And finish with his sacred Character.

A.D.

1648.

w

The End of the Twenty-fourth Year.

A.D.
1648.

W

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
ROYAL MARTYR.

NO fetter'd King, but CHARLES, could ever raise
His Fame so high, above the reach of Praise;
Nor e'er was Christian Throne before possess'd
By any Prince with equal Vertues bless'd:
The Laws of God and Man he rightly knew,
And squar'd the Actions of his Life thereto;
Perform'd all Duties Moral and Divine,
And made the Christian with the Monarch shine,
Like the Great Ruler of the Heav'nly Throne,
(Whence he deriv'd a Title to his own)
Postpon'd that Justice which he thought severe,
And Mercy shew'd when Punishment was near;
For if inclin'd to any Fault, that made
His Crown sit heavy on his Royal Head,
'Twas being too Compassionate to such
Who thought their Pow'r too little, his too much;
A Failing always dang'rous to the Hand
That sways the Scepter of the *British* Land,
Where Faction, Beggar-like, if once they find
The Prince that Governs of a Giving-Mind,
Will still crave on, to further be supply'd,
And murmur, as if injur'd, when deny'd.

*Thus, like base Misers, thankless for their Store,
Ne'er bend a Knee, except to pray for more.*



And for Drink four

M. J. Craske. Scul.

*CHARLES the I. King of
Gr. Britain, France, & Ireland, &c.*



A. D.
1648.

No *David* greater Piety could boast,
Or in a stricter Conscience put his Trust;
For neither Bus'ness, Pleasure, or Distress,
Could hold him from Religious Offices,
Or, at fix'd Hours, engage him to delay,
Or wave, the sacred Duties of the Day,
Which he perform'd, as all Records agree,
With such a Saint-like Warmth and Purity,
That his Devotion shew'd his Heav'nly Mind,
So full of Zeal, so totally resign'd
To God, as if his Eyes, impow'rd by Grace,
Amidst his Pray'rs, beheld his Maker's Face;
And that he was not only born to sway
A Scepter, but to teach the World to pray;
And, by his Meek and Holy Life, to shew,
Like *Moses*, he was Prince and Prophet too.

Nor did his Moral Vertues disagree
With his unfeign'd exemplar Piety;
For e'ery Vice was hateful to his Breast,
And sinful Pleasures nauseous to his Taste;
No beauteous Comets that adorn'd his Court,
Could influence his Eyes or warm his Heart,
His Continence despis'd their winning Smiles,
And arm'd his Breast against their Arts and Wiles,
That his Example kept his Peers in awe,
More than Religious Preaching or the Law,
And caus'd those Vices which so oft profane
The Throne, and in the Courts of Princes Reign,
To be accounted odious by the Great,
Who did around such Royal Vertue wait.
No Irreligious Jesting did he love,
Tho' cover'd with that Wit which some approve,
But in the chearful'st Seasons would exact,
In Holy Things, due Rev'rence and Respect.

Nor

A. D. Nor in his sacred Presence would he bear

1648. The Knave, the Drunkard, or Adulterer,

But, with a Saint-like purity of Soul,
Abhor'd all Actions that were base or foul.

Thus was he bless'd with such a Godlike Mind,

As if by Heav'n peculiarly design'd

To be the Second Great Reformer of Mankind.

}

Tho' born in that misl'd unhappy Land,
Where *Moloch's* Priests have such ascendance gain'd,
That they've advanc'd, by outward shews of Grace,
Their Calves-head Idol of *Geneva* Brass*,
Yet was his purer Faith intirely clear
Of all those Errors that had footing there,
Harb'ring no Tenets in his Royal Breast,
But what the Church he govern'd here profess'd,
And wisely steer'd his Christian Conscience free
From Pop'ry, and her Child Presbytery,
Oft being heard to solemnly declare,
He thought the Holy Church, beneath his Care,
The most reform'd that could on Earth be found,
Her Worship pure, and Doctrine truly sound,
In whose Defence, like that great God and Man,
Who bless'd us with the Name of Christian,
He sacrific'd a Life which scorn'd to stray
From that Great King of Kings who led the way.

His Politicks from Scripture he deriv'd,
And, like a Christian Monarch rul'd and liv'd,
Strictly maintaining, by the Laws of Heav'n,
'The Pow'r which God into his Hands had giv'n.
No *British* Sov'reign better knew than he,
The just and legal Bounds of Majesty,

* *Moloch was a brazen Idol, having a Body like a Man, and a Head like a Calf.*

Or kept, with more unspotted Innocence,
 Within the Limits of that sacred Fence,
 Till daring Rebels tore the Sep'ment down,
 And with inhumane Rage attack'd the Throne;
 Forcing the most abus'd of Kings to draw
 His Sword, and have recourse to Nature's Law.
 Till then, and after, no Forgiving Prince,
 That ever rul'd the Land before or since,
 Could have a Heart more peacefully inclin'd,
 Or tow'rds his People bear a juster Mind.
 No crafty *Machiavelian* Arts possess
 The pious Closets of his Royal Breast;
 But with a Dove-like Innocence he reign'd,
 And by Religious Rules his Crown sustain'd;
 Till Faction first compel'd him to submit
 To Councils not so truly *Just as Fit*,
 And at length forc'd him to unsheath his Sword
 In such a Quarrel that his Soul abhor'd,
 Which they unjustly charg'd upon the Throne,
 When both the Faults intirely were their own.

But 'tis a Rule with Faction first to gain,
 By cunning sly Petitions, what they can;
 And when they've Pow'r sufficient to molest
 Their Prince, to impudently claim the rest;
 Which, if not granted, they conspire his Fall,
 And call him Tyrant 'cause he gives not all.

Few Kings were better qualify'd to guide
 A Throne, tho' ruin'd by rebellious Pride;
 His Courage firm, his Understanding clear,
 And well proportion'd to his Royal Sphere;
 His Penetration deep, his Judgment great
 And quick in all Emergencies of State;
 Yet was so easy to be work'd upon
 By those he trusted to assist the Throne,

G g

That,

A.D.
 1648.
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A.D. 1648. That, thro' Self-diffidence, he'd oft Reverse  
His own Opinion, to rely on worse.

Thus, upon Friends depend in nice Affairs,  
When Royal Wisdom far exceeded theirs.

*So Confidence o'er Modesty prevails,  
And with less Merit often turns the Scales.*

No *Hannibal*, before a *Grecian* Host,  
More Pers'nal Brav'ry in the Field could boast,  
Or Danger in the heat of Battle face,  
With greater Courage, Majesty, and Grace :  
Nor any Prince with cooler Temper bear  
The Turns and Changes of deceitful War ;  
Where the *Just* Cause, as well as Stronger Side,  
With the best Heads and bravest Hands supply'd,  
For Reasons to the *Highest* only known,  
Are oft by fatal Accidents o'erthrown.  
Nor is it wondrous, since we daily see  
The *Just* afflicted, whilst the *Wicked*, free  
From Sorrow, flourish in Prosperity.

His Person was in e'ery part compleat,  
Truly Becoming his Majestick Seat ;  
And in his Looks the Christian World might see  
A sweet and Saviour-like Humility :  
His Temper mercifully kind and good,  
Flowing with Bounty, Love, and Gratitude :  
His Recreations void of all Offence :  
His Pleasures circumscrib'd with Innocence :  
His Appetites and Passions in a full  
Subjection to the Christian Holy Rule,  
Squaring the Actions of his anxious Life,  
By that great Law, in spite of Civil Strife.  
And when rebellious Furies drag'd him down,  
With barb'rous Hands from his Imperial Throne,

And

And damn'd themselves, in envious Crouds, to load *A.D.*  
Their Malice with the Guilt of Royal Blood, *1647.*  
No Saint or Martyr ever stoop'd to Fate, *W*  
With Christian Patience more divinely great.

In short, all Vertues center'd in his Breast,  
Of Friends and Masters he was deem'd the best;  
The faithful'st Husband, may be justly said  
To be, that ever blest a Nuptial Bed;  
The kindest Father to his Royal Brood,  
And a sincere true Christian to his God:  
Nor could the World produce, or Throne sustain  
A more compleat accomplish'd Gentleman:  
And tho' the most unfortunate on Earth,  
No Court could boast a Prince of greater Worth,  
Whose blooming Fate will find an annual Spring,  
As long as Nations know the Name of King:  
And at the last Great Day, when we shall all  
Be try'd, damn Thousands that conspir'd his Fall.

*For if fresh Crimes can wash away the Guilt  
Of Royal Blood, with so much Malice spilt,  
And Rebels can be sav'd that ne'er repent,  
Then all are happy and the Devil's a Saint.*

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F I N I S.









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